

The Dominion  
Book Concern





THE ROYAL TOUR  
OF  
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK





*Photo: Central News Ltd.*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT SEA.

# THE ROYAL TOUR

OF

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

BY

TAYLOR DARBYSHIRE

*The Special Correspondent for the Australian Press Association, who  
accompanied the Royal Party throughout the Tour*

WITH A FOREWORD BY  
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK

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FOREWORD BY  
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK

**I** MUCH hope that this book will be the means of inducing English men and women to take a yet greater interest in the Dominions and Colonies than they do at present.

The author, Mr. Darbyshire, accompanied us throughout our tour and was most helpful. Himself an Australian, he is well acquainted with everything that he describes and the conditions which prevail.

As I have already stated, the Duchess of York and I have returned thorough optimists about the future of the Empire, but that future must depend on the close personal touch between the people at home and their kinsmen overseas. If, therefore, this book induces even a few to go out to the distant parts of the Empire and see things for themselves, it will, indeed, serve a good and useful purpose.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Albert", with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

145, PICCADILLY, W. 1.

TO  
MY WIFE  
THIS FIRSTFRUIT OF  
HER UNENDING ENCOURAGEMENT  
TO WRITE A BOOK

## PREFACE

**B**EFORE closing my work on this most pleasant task of writing the account of the tour of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York round the world, I must, with every feeling of gratitude, extend my hearty thanks to the many people who have, in various ways, helped me in its preparation.

There is Mr. P. K. Hodgson, who in the midst of his manifold duties as Private Secretary to H.R.H. the Duke of York found time, not only to read the whole book through in MS., but also to offer many very valuable suggestions, since incorporated in its pages. There is Sir Harry F. Batterbee, whose political sagacity and ready advice were at my service on all occasions. Miss Nellie M. Scanlan and Mr. J. Cowan, of Wellington, were good enough to see that my facts regarding New Zealand in general, and the Maoris in particular, were accurate. My daughter Shirley was of enormous assistance to me in taking on her own shoulders the exacting duty of reading the entire set of proofs.

There were, all round the world, numberless hosts and hostesses to all of whom I render tribute, especially to Mr. Herbert G. de Lisser, of the *Kingston Gleaner*, Mr. Alport Barker, of the *Fiji Times* and the Honourable R. Pezzani, of Mauritius, three public men who, in addition to being most courteous and most hospitable, supplied me with a great deal of information concerning Jamaica, Fiji and Mauritius respectively. My colleagues, Mr. F. W. Tonkin, of the Australian Newspapers Cable Service, and Mr. Ian Lucas of Reuters, were most congenial companions

and unselfish competitors throughout my association with them.

Finally, I want to tender my most heartfelt recognition of the numberless kindnesses extended to me by the whole of the members of the ward-room mess of H.M.S. *Renown*—"without whose hearty co-operation this book would have been finished in half the time," to paraphrase an American author's dedication to his wife. My cabin lay in the fairway to the ward-room, and it was their cheery and very welcome custom, whenever they heard the click of my typewriter, to visit me there with all manner of suggestions as to the importance of the pages on which I happened to be engaged. The resulting discussion was usually continued along the half-deck to the ward-room, and I must confess that the details supplied there and elsewhere would have lengthened this book inordinately—had they been publishable. But, to speak in more serious vein, a man who embarked on a six months' cruise, as I did, hardly knowing a soul on board, and who finished that cruise the richer, not only in knowledge and experience, but in the acquisition of a score of friendships with "the men who did the job," can only offer them the deepest gratitude for their unfailing friendliness, and the warmest wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

TAYLOR DARBYSHIRE.

*August 1927.*

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# THE ROYAL TOUR OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

## CHAPTER I

### DEPARTURE

'Twixt my house and thy house what talk can there be  
Of headship or lordship, or service or fee,  
Since my house to thy house no greater can send  
Than thy house to my house—friend comforting friend ;  
And thy house to my house no meaner can bring  
Than my house to thy house—King counselling King ?

RUDYARD KIPLING.

ON May 9, 1901, His Majesty King George V, then H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York, laid the foundation-stone of the Legislature of the Dominion of Australia when at Melbourne he opened the first Parliament of the Commonwealth. On May 9, 1927, his son, the Duke of York, set the coping-stone to that monument to the enduring qualities of the Mother of Parliaments when, at Canberra, he opened the first Parliament to be held in Australia's own capital.

Much water has flowed under the mill in the years that have elapsed between the two ceremonies. At the date of the first, there were still Australian troops in South Africa, whither a stream of Light Horsemen had gone from

all parts of Australia to help in the subduing of the Boers. Perhaps the majority of those who went across the Indian Ocean on that expedition did so in a spirit of adventure rather than in any mood of patriotism. But fifteen years later the Great War found Australia ready and eager to face the sterner task. The high emprise of the earlier enlistments who flocked to the colours as soon as the call went forth, and proved their mettle at Gallipoli, gave place in the later volunteers to a dour determination to see the thing through. Those four grim years brought to the men who fought and suffered and to the men who stayed at home, alike, a new conception of Empire. It was not the thing of easy lip-service, of patriotic speeches on appropriate occasions, to which the average Australian paid but scornful attention; it was a living, breathing entity born of the brotherhood of battle and cemented in the common blood of millions of kinsmen. That new viewpoint manifested itself in many ways once the task of the war was ended and man had turned himself again to the pursuits of peace. It manifested itself in the evident desire of all alike, at home or overseas, without distinction of class or party, to continue the policy of consultation among leaders, which the war had rendered imperative and which peace could profit by no less. Successive Imperial Conferences brought home to England the men who were guiding the destinies of the Dominions, and allowed their aims and aspirations to become known and appreciated to the people of the homeland. It manifested itself even more emphatically in the successive tours made by members of the Royal House to all parts of the Empire—and, indeed, beyond the Empire to other parts of the world. The lines of those tours are the outward and visible sign of that “crimson thread of kinship” to which the statesmen of a generation back were fond of referring.

From these two main lines of development, arising out of the Great War, there has come a twofold embodiment of Empire. First, there is the deep, abiding conviction

that it is a bond of comradeship strong enough to withstand all the shocks that could possibly be dealt it and resilient enough to recover from any conceivable crisis ; second, there is the feeling of personal loyalty to the Royal House—a loyalty that has passed from what that term usually connotes into a well-founded affection, not to the Throne as an abstract ideal, but to each and every member of the Royal Family—an affection, be it said, engendered by the charm and democratic attitude of them all.

During the tour of which this book is a record, we were to have many instances of this. Of the mass manifestations of loyalty there were many experiences. The cheering crowds which thronged the quay-side at Portsmouth and blackened the beaches to well beyond Southsea were to be multiplied over and over again as the tour progressed. But there was another aspect of the same affection which stirred the heart more. And the first of these revelations was to come when the Royal train was but an hour out of London. There on a brown hill-side, rimmed by the leafless trees, black in the pale January sunlight, there stood a man stiffly at the salute beside his horses as the train passed. He was an ex-Service man, for the military breeches and the puttees were there in evidence. That one lone man on a Surrey farm, paying fealty to his Sovereign's son and to the Empire which that son was on his way to visit, drove home more poignantly than anything that occurred that day the meaning of it all.

We were to have recurrent instances of the same thing : the little rowboat rocking in the swell at the mouth of Kingston Harbour, with its crew of two dusky rowers keeping her head to the roll while the English family saluted the flag, father and mother standing bareheaded, children waving their Union Jacks ; the Maori chief come from the remote King Country to do honour to the great-grandson of the great White Queen who had con-

firmed his people in their heritage ; the little groups of five or six on remote railway platforms in the Australian States, who had ridden their scores of miles just to be there and to cheer as the Royal train thundered through ; the silent figure in the Australian bush standing at four o'clock in the morning, with a lantern at his feet, while the shuttered Royal train thundered past—these were the incidents, apparently unrelated, but withal united in a common emotion, which drove home the lesson of Empire and of Throne more surely than did the cheering thousands of the cities under the Southern Cross.

With that picture of the meaning of Empire embodied in one single figure to remember, the Royal train slid into Portsmouth Harbour station and drew up alongside the *Renown*, all dressed and manned for her Royal passengers. There is no body of men in the world more steeped in ritual and ceremonial, with all it means, than those who serve the King in the Senior Service ; there are no more dignified forms of ceremony than those which, in the long centuries since first the British Navy took the seas, have become crystallized by usage into the various acts that have become part of the life of a man-of-war's man. And on January 6th the *Renown* gave of her best. The ship was fortunate in having, in Captain Sullivan, a man who had devoted himself to the study of naval history and the part such history and customs bore to the various prescribed rites ; he had, too, in the officer commanding the Marines, Major Hunton, an enthusiastic coadjutor, while every officer and man in the ship was on the tiptoe of determination to do his best. Thus, as Their Royal Highnesses stepped from the train to the quay, they saw the long, low, silver-grey ship, with her bunting fluttering gaily in the breeze. They saw the hands standing in long lines from stem to quarter-deck, arms outstretched and hands crossed as they stood in Nelson's day. Then it was on the foot-ropes of the yardarms, with arms crossed and holding on to the guard-ropes, whenever the ship was

manned. The new Navy has no yards to man, but they still preserve the method. As in Nelson's day, too, T.R.H. were piped overside by the bo'sun and his mates, because in Nelson's day distinguished visitors coming aboard were hoisted in in their boat, and the bo'sun's pipe conveyed the orders. As they stepped on board they saluted the quarter-deck, as has been the custom since the quarter-deck carried a crucifix as a symbol that a King's ship was a defender of the Faith. And, finally, there was the Royal guard drawn up along the whole broad quarter-deck itself for the clashing general salute, as Royalty have ever been welcomed when they boarded one of their ships. It was soon over, that simple, dignified symbolism, so essentially English in its import. There were official farewells to be said to the Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Hampshire, to the Mayor of Portsmouth, the naval and military chiefs of the area, and others to whom was entrusted the duty of bidding the Royal party farewell. There were the family leave-takings in the privacy of the Royal apartments, where the Prince of Wales and his brothers said the last good-byes. They had hardly reached the dock-side again before the *Renown*, shorn of her gala dress, was on the move, almost imperceptibly drawing away from the wharf into the stream, while the hands, fallen away from their stations for manning ship, were grouped as they should be for "ship leaving harbour." And she left harbour much as a warship does, and did, whether her mission be war or peace—without unnecessary fuss. Before it could be realized, the great ship was slipping at half-speed down the Solent, the only thing to mark the occasion being the seaplanes overhead and the destroyer escort which later picked up the *Renown* and took her out to sea past St. Catherine's Point.

That, and one other. For all along the foreshore, crowding the wharfs, standing packed along the Hard and down to the Southsea pier, were masses of people assembled there for their final glimpse of the Royal couple,



their final chance of cheering them as they went. They even followed in tugs and steamers, cheering, siren-blowing and handkerchief-waving until the big ship, gathering speed, left them far behind, shrieking their last farewells from the brazen throats of their whistles. In that demonstration there was, perhaps, more than what has been called earlier in this chapter a mass manifestation of loyalty; there was a touch of romance about it, too. For the first time for many years a Royal husband and wife were leaving on one of their most important duties—that of carrying the Throne to the furthest flung of all the Dominions. As the father had done, the son was doing. As the Queen had left her young family at the behest of Empire, so was the Duchess of York leaving her baby. There was not a man who did not feel the significance of the event; not a woman who did not sympathize.

The short winter day had not yet worn to a close before the *Renown* had resumed its normal aspect as a ship of the line. The commissioned officers had been duly presented to the Duke and Duchess in the Royal apartments. The Duchess had, under the guidance of Captain Sullivan, made a brief survey of the home she was to occupy for many weeks, and Commander Moore had seen to it that all unnecessary gear had been well stowed away and the decks as far as possible brought back to the condition which a warship's decks should present. The Channel was kind, a little run of sea just stirring the *Renown*; but the Bay lived fully up to its reputation. As soon as Ushant was rounded and a course shaped for the Canaries, there was a change, and a decided one, for the worse; for a heavy beam sea came rolling in from the westward, and when the Atlantic means business and sends down on the French coast one of its real winter gales, even 30,000 tons of steel, deep in the water and supplied with bulges supposed to lessen the tendency to roll, cannot fail to respond to the urgency of the case. The *Renown* did. Rolling her decks, awash so that the quarter-deck was almost—and



*Photo: Central News Ltd.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES BIDS FAREWELL TO THE DUCHESS OF YORK.



at times quite—unapproachable, with scuttles all closed and everything movable secured, she held southward all the second day. T.R.H. walked their deck in the morning. Most of the “passengers” succumbed, though it must be said that it was alleged by them that it was not the ship’s motion but the inoculation for typhoid most inhumanly administered by the doctor just before leaving which caused them to keep their cabins. Even so, they had many companions in the ship’s company, and altogether Friday was a grim, unpleasant day, to be got through as stoically as possible, with the hope of better things ahead. Hope told no flattering tale, for next morning broke bright and pleasant, and though seas were still coming aboard, there was far less bite to them, and it was possible to walk the quarter-deck in the bright sunlight, with a wary weather-eye lifting for contingencies. Everybody was abroad, and the Duke and Duchess began their visits to different parts of the ship, which were to continue until every part of it had been seen and thoroughly inspected—by the Duchess with all the eagerness she has always evinced for learning new things and acquiring new experiences; by the Duke with a sailorly eye to the condition of the men’s quarters, the efficiency of the equipment and the fitness of the crew.

During the first few days at sea both of them made daily pilgrimages on this mission—one day down to the floor of the ship, going thoroughly through the engine-rooms and condenser chambers in grilling heat, in and out of the boiler-room, where the big oil furnaces roared and the air came down from above as though with a palpable weight in it. But the Duchess went through it all unperturbed, pleased and interested in everything Engineer-Commander Sutton showed her. She specially liked the boast of the engine-room staff that it would not be necessary for her to seek protection in overalls, for the new oil-fired Navy has none of the dirt and grime of the bad old days of coal. The Duke, in addition to visiting

the ship's quarters, spent many hours these first days at sea with Lord Cavan and his staff, working out the details of the programmes submitted to him for the reception and the entertainment ashore at the various ports of call *en route*, and especially in New Zealand and Australia. He did not neglect his exercise for this, and the afternoon found him in shirt and shorts in the squash-racket court—at deck tennis, or even playing deck hockey—a most strenuous game—with the gun-room. An informal chat in the ward-room afterwards endeared him to the officers, who were keen to appreciate his interest in them and their work. The Duchess was no whit behind him in establishing friendly, homely relations with the ship's company, and quarter-deck visits were frequent, while every evening there were members of the ward-room dining with the Royal party "in the cuddy," to borrow a phrase the Navy has taken from the Merchant Service. Indeed, they went out of their way to identify themselves with every form of shipboard activity.

The first Sunday at sea was in every way normal. After divisions there came church on the quarter-deck—a most inspiring affair. No man, atheist or agnostic or devout believer, could remain unresponsive to the sentiments called up when, as a member of a congregation of some five hundred or so, he faced the Padre standing under the great guns of the after-turret praying and preaching simply and well; nor could he fail to experience an emotion, sensuous or religious, when he stood, with the men in serried ranks behind him singing lustily to the greater glory of God, as the ship surged southward in the strong sunlight, on her lawful occasions. The absolute converse of the picture must inevitably have occurred to him—the same ship, or one of her fellows, stripped for action, throbbing through her entire length under forced draught, storming through the North Sea to the succour of some of her sisters beset by hardship. Prayers were held then just as they were held on that

peaceful Sunday. It may have been only a standing service, held under the shadow of a quick and unsought end, none knowing when, if ever, they would worship together again. But the Navy is the same through every stress and strain, and Sunday means church, whether the men come from action stations to attend it or are summoned, as on this occasion, by a peal of bells as though from across the peaceful English meadows.

## CHAPTER II

### LAS PALMAS

WE came to Las Palmas in the strong sunlight and balmy breeze one is taught to expect from the Canaries—those “Fortunate Isles” of the Ancients, found and lost and found again through the ages. All the morning, still holding the course set on rounding Ushant, the *Renown* had had Tenerife abeam, its soaring peak looming above the sea haze and low-lying cloud drift. It was not until after lunch that the big battle-cruiser rounded to anchor in the roadstead of Las Palmas on Grand Canary. Here again there were the due rites for entering harbour to be observed, and though we were too far from the shore for the watching crowds to appreciate it all, not a detail was slurred or scamped until the crack of the saluting guns honoured Spain with the twenty-one guns accorded by custom—to be answered from the battery at Puerta Luz. Preparations had been made for the welcoming of the Spanish and British dignitaries on board, but there was a nasty swell running, and the only ones to come aboard were the British Consul and Lieutenant-Commander Ferrer, the Commander of the Spanish gun-boat *Bonifaz*, whom His Majesty the King of Spain had specially assigned to H.R.H. Owing to the swell, the Spanish Military Governor, the Governor and other Spanish officials had asked to be excused from making the trip, but they were at the Nautical Club to extend a welcome to T.R.H. on landing later in the afternoon.

Las Palmas and its port can neither of them be said to

be inviting, the squalor of the latter being depressing, but the visit provided an opportunity for a rehearsal—or, rather, to borrow a theatrical phrase, “a quick run through”—of the formalities and the mechanism of the receptions and farewells which were to be the lot of T.R.H. for so many weeks to come. The crossing to the shore was not by any means a pleasant one. The Royal barge, gay in its blue paint and twinkling bright work, tossed about uncomfortably at the gangway, and embarking on her was a matter of some difficulty and agility, especially for the ladies of the party. It was successfully accomplished, however, and once inside the breakwater all was well.

Las Palmas and its port supply yet another instance of the genius of the English for making themselves at home wherever they may happen to be. Both are typically Spanish—indeed, in many respects they reflect the Spain of past centuries rather than the Spain of to-day—but grafted on to that mediævalism is a very real commercial prosperity, and the English have come down to take whatever share they can of that prosperity. Being English, they brought with them their habits and customs, their sports, their affection for the homeland and their loyalty to its Throne. Though only a handful, they had done their very best to honour their Sovereign, and in that they were enthusiastically assisted by the Spanish population, and, indeed, by all the people of the island. The ships in harbour were all dressed. Flags fluttered from the wharves and from the landing-places and through the narrow, unpaved streets of the port, which were thronged by a motley crowd, ranging from the smartly dressed winter tourists of the colder lands to the north to the ragged agriculturist in from the upland, with his load of produce on his two-mule cart. But they were all united in one thing—a determination to impress the Royal party with the genuineness of their pleasure in seeing them on Spanish soil.



On landing, there were first of all the official welcomes by the Military Governor, the Governor, the Mayor of Las Palmas, and the British Consul. Another salute greeted the landing, and after the Duke had inspected the guard of honour drawn from the Grand Canaria Regiment of the Spanish Army, the party were taken in motor-cars to inspect the British Hospital and the Seaman's Institute, both records of the enterprise and public spirit of the British community. From Puerta Luz they drove out along the road to Las Palmas itself, disputing the right of way with old-fashioned tram-cars of an ancient vintage or with stubborn ox and mule teams.

The roadway was execrable, and we were congratulated that the visit had been made in fine weather, otherwise we were assured that the whole course would have been through a sea of liquid mud. As proof of the statement we were shown the mud splashes high on the walls of the houses on each side of the road. In Las Palmas itself conditions are somewhat better, but it cannot be said that the island, at any rate where the traffic is greatest, is well served with thoroughfares. That being the case, it is rather disconcerting to see more well-bodied high-powered motor-cars everywhere than in a locality much better suited to their needs—indeed, it is confidently asserted that the Canaries, never having had a railway, never will have one. Motor traffic has developed so enormously there within the last few years that all the needs of the island in the way of transport of goods and passengers, where the old-fashioned horse or mule cart is not used, can be served by cars. There is plenty of prosperity in Las Palmas, and that prosperity is reflected in the magnificence of the motor-cars one sees in the streets or winding a tortuous and speedy path through dilatory traffic and over hog-backed roads.

After their visit to the port the Duke and Duchess were taken to the British Club, and it was possible once more to see how the British community was striving to

increase the amenities of the place ; for there, springing up round the two big tourist hotels and stretching back to a low range of hills that later rose to higher points in the interior, was a veritable garden city. True, the architecture was somewhat mixed, varying from an attempt to produce the lacy stonework of old Spain to the more appropriate Spanish mission style which has predominated in the architecture of California ; but the houses look "liveable in," and most of them are surrounded by delightful gardens, luxuriant in their semi-tropical shrubs and flowers. To that garden city the British community is slowly drifting away from the port and from the town, which remain incurably Spanish. Some still prefer the other side of the low ridge which forms the isthmus upon which Luz is built. There are many cosy little bungalows there facing a glorious bathing beach, protected from all dangers by a low reef to seaward. It is possible to walk from one's front door straight into the sea, and many therefore cling to the spot.

But all the signs are that, before many years are past, the great bulk of the British community will be housed in the garden city or thereabouts. Already they have located their club there—a comfortable-looking place with the inevitable tennis-courts attached. T.R.H. took tea with the members and were introduced to the whole of the British community, including some fifty ex-Service men. Their journey back to the landing-stage was again the occasion for a hearty burst of cheering from the crowds who had waited for the opportunity. A formal dinner on board to the Spanish Governors had to be curtailed because the Military and Civil Governors begged to be excused from facing the swell.

Had T.R.H. gone ashore for dinner they might have been lucky enough to see a demonstration of how little in many respects the habits and customs of Las Palmas have changed since the days of Philip the Great ; for it was granted to those who stayed ashore to witness

the time-honoured rite of love-making as practised in the Canaries. There is no "haste to the wedding" about the swains of Las Palmas; everything must be done decently and in order. The first step is the promenade on the Plaza, the recognized place for these first meetings. Lasses and lads walk up and down in groups, half a dozen to each; but if, in each group, there are two who show by dropped eye or self-conscious blush that they are not averse to each other's appearance, then their companions soon see to it that they are manœuvred into company, though never alone. Someone is always with them to see that due decorum is observed. Once the ice is broken, the swain is permitted to visit the street wherein his Juliet dwells. There he stands outside in the roadway—there are seldom footpaths in Las Palmas—and instead of whispering sweet nothings to his adored he shouts them to her as she sits coyly behind the curtains of a first-floor window, with her mother or some stern duenna sitting behind her in the room to see that her lamb's ears are not offended with too passionate declarations, or it may be to see that the aforesaid lamb does not respond too ardently to the protestations of her Romeo and elope forthwith. After several weeks of this neck-cricking exercise on the part of the swain and demure listening on the part of the lady, her family, judging from his behaviour in the public roadway, and it may be from discreet questioning as to his position and prospects, decide that he is a fit and proper person for their daughter. They signify the same by sending out a chair for him to sit on when next he pays his visit. That is the seal of their approval. Hereafter he can sit on the chair instead of standing in the roadway, and talk to his lady-love through the curtained ground-floor window. The chair episode may be said to be the official acceptance of his suit, and if he breaks off the match thereafter, he does so at his peril—in the old days it would be a case for knifing. Still, he has many weeks to go before he reaches the last honour of being

invited inside the house, and a still longer time before the priest blesses the union. With all this precaution, however, if one is to believe the local residents, marriages in the Canaries are no less happy or successful than they are in more modern countries, where a week's wooing and the registry office sometimes start an ideal match.

The second day's stay in Las Palmas roadstead was void of any formality. The sea was running a little higher, so that the Duchess abandoned her intention of seeing something of the island and remained on board. The Duke slipped ashore for a few sets of tennis at the British Club, returning to the ship again about noon. The departure of the *Renown* from Las Palmas gave T.R.H. some inadequate idea of what had been the experience in the harbours of New Zealand and Australia when the Prince of Wales visited there. The whole available tug force of the port came out to the roadstead to bid good-bye. There was a big sea running by this time, and the tugs, dressed from stem to stern, had a very wet time. But they stuck to it, shipping it green over their bows and madly blowing their sirens as soon as they saw the *Renown* actually under way. They did it continuously, too, so that the Marine band's music for leaving harbour was completely drowned out—as completely as were the occupants of the tugs. It was not long before, at her normal cruising speed of sixteen knots, the *Renown* had left the tugs far astern and Las Palmas had faded to a dull brown smudge on the horizon.

With the Canaries well astern and the *Renown's* bows pointed definitely westward, life on board assumed quickly all the characteristics common to long sea voyages. True, there were differences between the routine on the warship and the somewhat less restrained life on a liner, but in essentials they were very similar. All deck sports were organized as far as possible, the men being drafted into divisional teams for athletic contests and the officers joining with them in these, while aft on the quarter-deck

every afternoon a strenuous game of deck hockey could always be found in progress, in which on more than one occasion the Duke joined. The fo'c'sle contests ranged from chess to boxing, from tug-of-war to obstacle racing. The men were enthusiastic at first, but before the Atlantic had been crossed the tropics had had its usual effect and the keenness markedly fell away, except among the officers and, of course, also with the Duke and his staff, all of whom daily indulged in the most vigorous sports.

The passage across the Atlantic was uneventful, and the *Renown* made her landfall on the evening of January 18th, passing through Mona Passage into the Caribbean Sea during the evening. Morning found Haiti lying to the northward, that island of ill omen, from which come all manner of strange and terrible tales of voodoo and cannibalism, of unnameable cruelty and undreamt-of superstition. From the deck of the *Renown* it all looked very peaceful in the clear sunshine, until the land fell away northward and a course was shaped for Jamaica under easy steam and in a pleasant sea, warming rapidly to the tropical conditions we were to have with us thenceforward for weeks.

## CHAPTER III

### JAMAICA

**D**AWN of January 20th found Jamaica abeam. Through the early morning hours the *Renown* slipped quietly alongshore, close enough in for the binoculars to pick out the plantations and mills, the little negro shacks, and the burgeoning tropical valleys running inland and upwards to the towering flanks of the Blue Mountains, crowned then with the morning glory of a thunderstorm, the misty blue distances which give the range its name vying with the purple cloud masses that hid the ultimate peaks. The contour changed as we steamed westward, and at length gave place to that long, low-lying spit of sand and jungle once called the Palisados, which forms Kingston Harbour. At the point where the ship rounded for her passage to her moorings is Port Royal, of famous and infamous memory. But in place of the ranting, roaring Alsatia of three hundred years ago, when the buccaneers made it their headquarters, there are to-day a few shabby buildings peering shamefacedly through a girdle of palms and tropical vegetation. Military cantonments cover the streets where "the careless captains" roistered and ruffled, selling their ill-gotten gains, slaking their wild desires. The beaches where they careened their ships held only a few naked bathers; the bays in which they swung to anchor accommodated a dingy tramp steamer and a few fishing craft. It needed imagination to reconstruct the day when Port Royal was at once the richest and the wickedest city in the West Indies until

the judgment of Sodom and Gomorrah fell upon it, and in one stupendous, shattering earthquake its glory and its shame departed. Then it was that Kingston, at that time consisting of a few sheds, began its course towards becoming the first town of the island; a course it has held straitly ever since, through many trials and tribulations—earthquakes, hurricanes, insurrections, and wars with the African negroes, who had taken refuge in the mountains after they had been abandoned by their Spanish masters. To-day it is a busy little port, the excellence of its harbour and its central position making it a splendid place for the handling of the imports and exports of the island, the bulk of which go over its wharves. There are not many imposing buildings in the city, which is still in the process of recovering from the devastating earthquake of 1907, but the Government offices, with plain white façades and deep colonnades, look entirely appropriate to their setting, and out in the suburbs there are many inviting-looking residences, all surrounded by luxuriant gardens, and evidently designed to secure the greatest amount of coolness possible. King's House, as the Government House is called, is a beautiful mansion, the new portion built to take the place of what the earthquake threw down, blending in well with the remnant of the older structure which was left standing, while the grounds are most picturesquely laid out.

The entry into Kingston Harbour by the *Renown* was as perfect a bit of naval ceremonial as one could desire to see. The sea breeze—the Kingston “doctor”—had not sprung up, and the ship moved majestically up a glass-smooth harbour with the hands at stations. The militia battery at Port Royal had given the Standard the Royal salute as the battle-cruiser rounded the point, and Kingston itself opened out, its buildings showing through the green of trees and its vantage-points crowded with the waiting populace. There were only a few boats about, a steamer or two, and some motor and rowing boats,

while in the distance could be seen the ships at anchor in the harbour flying all their bunting. Almost imperceptibly the *Renown* glided on. Of movement on board there seemed absolutely none, from fo'c'sle head to quarter-deck, where stood the Marines for the Royal Salutes they were to give later. The two cruisers of the West India Station, the *Calcutta* and the *Colombo*, were at anchor, dressed and manned, and as the *Renown* moved to her berth and the anchors roared down, she also dressed ship, while the cruisers commenced their salute of twenty-one guns. "Carry on" was the order then till the official visitors began to come aboard, to be received with all due observance from officers on the quarter-deck and salutes from the Marines. First came the Governor, Sir R. E. Stubbs, with the Colonial Secretary, Mr. A. S. Jelf, the Chief Justice, Sir Fiennes Barrett Lennard, and the Officer Commanding Troops, Colonel-Commandant A. Mudge. They were followed half an hour later by the Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, and his Flag-Captain, Flag-Lieutenant, and Secretary.

It was not until after lunch that Their Royal Highnesses went ashore. Kingston had decked itself royally for the occasion, and flags fluttered from every available point, the main street being garlanded from end to end with a double row of Venetian masts, marking the route of the Royal procession. The Royal party, whose appearance in the Royal barge was the signal for a burst of cheering, landed at the Victoria Market Pier, where they were received by the full array of Jamaican dignitaries and leading officials. The guard of honour—from the Green Howards—with the band of the West Indian Regiment (sole survivors of that famous corps) in attendance, having been inspected, the Royal procession moved off through a cheering, flag-waving throng, whose black faces, flashing teeth and gaily-coloured clothing contrasted vividly with the soberer garb and whiter skins of the infrequent English and American tourists in the streets,



whose welcome, however, was no less vocal and enthusiastic. Driving first to the Ward Theatre, the Duke was received by another guard of honour—a naval one this time, from the *Calcutta*—and then in the theatre was presented with loyal addresses of welcome from the city of Kingston and from the whole of the island of Jamaica, the Duke replying briefly. Then the procession was resumed to King's House, stopping twice on the way, where great gatherings of school-children, shrilly singing the National Anthem, were drawn up for T.R.H. to see. Ten thousand in all colours were there, and all along the route were thousands of people clamorous with their loyalty. At King's House the Duke played tennis, while the Duchess inspected the Girl Guides, remaining on for the dinner and reception in the evening. The Governor had invited a hundred or more of the local residents to the dinner. It must have been quite an experience for T.R.H., for every grade of colour was represented, from the pure blood of the African black through the several gradations to pure white. There is no colour question in Jamaica, where less than two per cent. of the inhabitants are pure white and over seventy per cent. pure black. Many of the State offices are filled by coloured members of the public service, and, of course, in the shops and offices the staffs are largely non-white, though none the less efficient for that.

The reception which followed the dinner was a very elaborate affair. Over two thousand guests filed past the Duke and Duchess, and then found their way into the brilliantly illuminated grounds of the King's House. There was a full moon shining from a deeply blue sky, against which the festoons of electric bulbs flashed their beams. Lanterns were hung on every tree ; and refreshment tents at frequent intervals, each with its knot of guests in full uniform or soft-hued evening dresses, provided a scene which was exceptionally fascinating to those but lately removed from the greys of an English winter. The day ended as it had begun, with that sure sense of loyalty to the Throne,

indicated not only in the manner in which Kingston had turned out to do Royal guests honour, but in the chances of conversation to be had with local residents, to listen to their viewpoint and discover that Jamaica is firmly British and firmly resolved to remain so. The two editorials which appeared in the *Gleaner*, admirably written and phrased, emphasized this strongly—indeed, to a pressman, one of the significant things about the visit was the attitude of the local newspapermen. For, in their anxiety to have as much honour as possible done to T.R.H., the Government declared a public holiday, and, *mirabile dictu*, included the Press in the proclamation, so that on the day of our arrival there were no papers published. The amazing thing about it was that the embargo was accepted quite cheerfully, and an incident which would have set the Press of London all fluttering was regarded as quite fit and proper in view of the occasion.

As the opening day had been Kingston's, the second day of the visit was devoted to the other residents of the island. Early in the morning T.R.H. set out in motor-cars for a drive right across the island to Annandale, where a garden-party had been arranged in their honour. That drive was one of the most characteristic events of their stay. At first, from Kingston to Spanish Town, the way lay along a broad road well metalled, with fairly well-wooded and grassed meadows alongside, giving place to miles of banana plantations, and ever and again a splash of scarlet from hibiscus shrubs to enliven the predominant olive-green. But it was the denizens of the road that were the attraction, for everywhere there were negroes, some in motor-cars, others trudging on foot with huge bundles balanced on their heads; some with gay headdress, some with a wisp of white as a covering; here and there a peep at a cluster of buildings that might have been outside Kano or any other big town of the African hinterland. It must have reminded T.R.H. of their Uganda

experiences, and made them wonder whether they had not suddenly been transported there during the night. Then at Spanish Town they slipped suddenly back to English history ; for in that old town, once the capital of the island, they visited the cathedral of St. James, and in the many memorials covering its floor they read the names of famous people in English and in West Indian history, some of the inscriptions dating back into the seventeenth century, while outside there reared the monument to Lord Rodney. From Spanish Town the way lay along a stream which supplies a good deal of the electric power for Kingston. Beautiful scenery was their portion here, a rapid sun-flecked river flowing just below the well-made road, and on the other bank high cliffs clad from bank to crest with verdant trees and shrubs. Such beauty should not be cursed with such an unlovely name as Bog Walk, but incongruity is ever obtruding itself. From Bog Walk the Royal cars sheered north across the island, through mile after mile of magnificent scenery, sharply-pointed peaks stretching away into the blue distance, happy valleys radiating into the hills, the wild vegetation giving place at very frequent intervals to the cultivated patch of some negro family. Here a group of negroes outside a store would stand bareheaded as the cars went by, there a group of school-children were lined up to sing the Anthem and cheer lustily as T.R.H. went past. Lunch was taken on the way at Moneague, and at four in the afternoon the party arrived at Annandale, where, as guests of the Hon. Walter Roxburgh, one of the island's most important citizens, they met some three hundred residents of all parts of the island who had ridden and driven in for the great occasion. A long day, which might have been tiring were it not for the continuous interest it presented, terminated in the trip back by train to Kingston and a quiet dinner and evening on the *Renown* watching the illuminations with which the *Calcutta* and the *Colombo* had decked themselves. It had been

hoped that T.R.H. would attend the Jamaica Club ball and although this was not possible, the Club had really laid themselves out for it. All the grounds were brilliantly illuminated—too meticulously so in the opinion of some of the younger members of the *Renown's* ward-room—and an open-air dancing platform had been laid down so that it was possible to dance in and out of doors. All Kingston seemed to be there, and the dancing was kept up till “dawn’s left hand was in the sky.”

On Saturday morning, the last day of the visit, the old and new Navy were interestingly linked. Immediately after breakfast the Duke went in the barge to Port Royal, where he was met by the Governor and the Officer Commanding Troops and taken round the old place, so full of ghosts of its former greatness. It was there, when it was a naval station, that Nelson was stationed in 1799, and the Duke was shown Fort Charles, where he used to pace the ramparts, telescope under arm, as though on his own quarter-deck. H.R.H. was also shown a barracks that had been tilted intact by the earthquake of 1907, so that inside it felt as though one were on board a badly heeling ship at sea. In the garrison church he found much that was pathetic in the mural inscriptions, and was visibly touched with the many “In Memoriam” tablets to midshipmen who at the age of twelve or thirteen years—no more—had been killed by falls from aloft or died of the dreaded yellow fever. That the old Navy, of which Port Royal was so vivid a reminder, still lived in the new was apparent as soon as the Duke had returned to the *Renown*, for he set out immediately for his formal calls on the *Calcutta* and *Colombo*. Piped overside as he would have been in Nelson’s day, and with all formality, he went, accompanied by the Duchess, first to the *Calcutta*, the flagship, where again they were piped overside and saluted by the Royal guard of Marines. Standing on the after-end of the quarter-deck, they watched the entire ship’s company march, or rather double, past, each man saluting. Similar

scenes, where tradition was reflected in every item of the arrangements, were enacted on the *Colombo*. When T.R.H. returned to the *Renown*, the barge was again called into requisition to take them ashore, where the Navy gave place to the Army. H.R.H. placed a wreath on the cenotaph to the memory of the Jamaican soldiery who had fallen in the Great War, and laid the foundation-stone of the war memorial, which is to take the form of a clock-tower. A short service was held in the parish church, and it was again an experience to see a little negro chorister, with shining black face, complete in surplice and correct Eton collar, present the Duchess with a bouquet. Admiral Benbow's grave was visited, as was also the Renown Club (an institution specially organized by the United Fruit Company for the entertainment of the crew of the *Renown*) and the Seaman's Rest. Thereafter T.R.H. drove through the streets, where the enthusiasm of the crowds had by no means lessened, to Trafalgar Park, the residence of the Officer Commanding Troops, where they lunched and attended a garden-party, the guests at which were almost entirely from the naval and military sections of the community. A dinner for about thirty of the leading officials of Jamaica, followed by a reception on the quarter-deck of the *Renown*, concluded the list of functions. The *Renown* was brilliantly decorated and illuminated, all the resources of the ship being called on for the occasion, and T.R.H. expressed their extreme pleasure with the result. The last of the guests had hardly left the ship's side, nor the last switch of the electric festoon been turned off, before the working parties were hard at it swinging in the boats and getting the ship into sea-going trim again for an early start on Sunday morning. Before breakfast the *Renown* moved quietly away from her anchorage, saluted by cruisers and shore batteries. Early though it was, crowds watched the departure from the shore, the final manifestation of enthusiasm that had been so unabated during the whole stay being a little group of cheering

negro children on the seaward beach of Port Royal. The last link was a telegram to the Governor expressing the Duke's warm appreciation of the magnificent welcome accorded them in Jamaica, adding that it was a special source of pleasure to them to see so many children.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE PANAMA CANAL

FOR two days the *Renown* drove southward through seas redolent with romance. Every name of boyhood's heroes, from Drake and Frobisher, Morgan and Blackbeard, Amyas Lee and Diego Valdez, recurred and recurred as we sailed the blue waters of the veritable Spanish Main, until one half-expected, and perhaps half-hoped, to see a frigate's topsails lifting over the horizon. Instead, we came on the third day to the very modern and very business-like task of putting the *Renown* across the Isthmus of Panama, through country that reeked of all men's highest adventures and lowest passions. The night was at its darkest when we picked up the American battleship *Arkansas* outside Colon breakwater—indeed, so dark that for a time the two big ships lost touch with each other. The *Arkansas*, which led the way, saluted as the *Renown* drew in through Colon breakwater, and as the dawn lightened, the first of twenty-five aeroplanes from the Francefield Aerodrome roared overhead, to be followed squadron by squadron by the rest of the fleet rising against the golden sky and offering an impressive welcome to American territory from twenty-five machines—indeed, that welcome lengthened until well after breakfast, when the fleet dropped away until only two were left to go through an amazing exhibition of aerobatics, looping the loop, rolling, and so on, as though they were sporting round the *Renown* in joy of seeing her. The most striking thing about the whole morning, however, was the business-

like fashion with which the work of getting the *Renown* into the Canal was undertaken, not only by the ship's officers, but also by the American pilot who came aboard to take her through. Moving always forward, the *Renown* was well within the dredged channel before the sun rose, and even the British Minister, Major Braithwaite Wallis, and other officials had to board her from a launch while she was moving at quite a respectable speed towards Gatun. Even so, the requisite ceremonial was not neglected, and nothing was slurred in their reception on the quarter-deck.

Nature has not helped to make the approach to one of the world's greatest engineering feats as impressive as it should be. The banks of the Canal from Colon to Gatun are flat and uninteresting; the vegetation is coarse and unattractive, varied occasionally by an ill-cultivated banana patch or some palm-trees. But as Gatun is approached the interest is centred in the first sight of the stupendous dam and in the well laid-out and essentially military-looking buildings and barracks erected there for the use of the Canal employees. It all looked so clean and sanitary, so typically American in its orderliness, that it served, so to speak, as an introduction to the extraordinary exhibition of efficiency to which we were treated from the time the *Renown's* bows first entered the lowest of the three locks of Gatun dam, which were to lift her into Gatun lake, 85 feet above the level of the Atlantic. For all her bulk and importance, the *Renown* might have been an ordinary sea-tramp, to judge by the absence of fuss. Pilot Osborne was in charge, the doyen of the Canal force of pilots, and the man chosen to take the Prince of Wales and also the *Hood* through—the only instances where a pilot has been detailed for a special job out of his turn on the roster. From the bridge his voice could be heard giving a few quiet orders, or he even conveyed his wishes by a wave of his arms. On the lock side the engineers of the octette of electrical mules



watched idly from their cab or responded to the pilot's orders almost casually, but nevertheless on the watch. The powerful mules—and no one knows the ultimate ounce they can pull, though they are geared to take a strain of 25,000 lb., after which an ingenious mechanism veers the steel cable so that they do not break—twisted the *Renown* apparently effortlessly from lock to lock as the water lifted her, and once she was in the first of the locks there seemed to be no time elapsing before she was out again at the highest, looking down from her towering height to the sheen of the Caribbean she had left not so many hours ago. There was another touch at Gatun, which emphasized startlingly the purely commercial aspect of the undertaking and the way in which the Americans operating the Canal are accustomed to take everything in their stride. The *Renown* was held up at the bottom lock for the reason that an ordinary German merchant steamer was taking longer than she should have done to get out of the topmost lock into the lake, while before the *Renown* was clear herself of the top lock there was in the bottom lock a big sea-stained freighter already being lifted through. A King's ship or an ex-enemy ship, a freighter, or a big passenger liner—it's all one to the Canal people.

At the Gatun lock the formal reception of the Royal party to American territory took place. There was drawn up there a guard of honour from an American infantry battalion as well as a force of Boy Scouts. They had been standing-to for hours under a hot sun while the delay took place, but as soon as the *Renown* was in the lock and rising, the customary compliments of presenting arms and the Royal salute were paid. Then the Governor of the Canal Zone, Colonel Meriwether Walker, with the naval and military chiefs of the district, came on board to pay their respects, escorting the Royal party ashore afterwards to see the working of the locks and to make a short trip out to Gatun along the crest of the dam to see



H.M.S. RENOWN APPROACHING GATUN LOCK.

*The Central News Co.*



the Gatun spillway, which was specially run out for their benefit. Gatun dam is 8,000 feet long, with a base of half a mile in width and a crest of 100 feet. It holds back an enormous body of water, the surface of which is 85 feet above sea-level and its area 164 square miles. The Royal visit occurred in the dry season, so that it was necessary to make a special provision for the running out of the water. It was certainly a most impressive sight. The spillway, which is made of concrete and has fourteen steel gates, is 808 feet across, and with their penchant for comparison the Americans will tell you that when they are all open more water pours over them in a green, foam-flecked rushing cataract than flows over the American fall at Niagara. They are proud, too, of the fact that it is possible to take big tarpon up to sixty pounds in weight in the cataract. The mighty force there at their disposal is turned to account and generates most of the electricity used on the isthmus, and in the American way they are lavish with their electric light and power.

Not much time was spent by the Royal party at Gatun. After the visit to the spillway they went up into the control tower to see spread out at their feet the lay-out and the working of the whole huge organization, and then back to the *Renown*, by now in the highest of the locks and ready for her trip across Gatun lake. The last official honours were paid, and the big ship moved out on to the broad surface about midday for the two hours' steam across the waters to the opening of the Canal proper. It had a curious feeling, that journey in one of the world's largest ships over land that not so very long ago had been the site of villages and the abode of men and women. Through the Canal proper there were no mishaps, and the passage was absorbingly interesting to the Royal party, who stood watching on the deck the ever-changing panorama unfold itself as the *Renown* cautiously felt her way round bends that gave her only a few feet to spare

at bow and stern, and through narrow cuts that left little space between the bulges and the bank—indeed, on one or two occasions a slight shiver in the huge structure told of a touch, but there was no repetition of the propellor loss that had marked her previous passage. The huge gashes in the sides of the Canal at Gaillard Cut and elsewhere told of landslides which had blocked the Canal in former years, but since 1917 there has been no interruption from that cause, and the Americans are ever on the watch for a similar threat, so that they may at once take steps to check it. As the *Renown* passed each famous spot Captain Downes explained it all to the Royal party, such as the site where De Lesseps planned to begin the excavation that was to make a sea-level canal at Panama, that disastrous enterprise the repercussions of which, with its scandals and its law cases, shook the French Republic to its foundations. Chance was good to them, too, for though alligators are not very frequently seen in the Canal Zone, one was obliging enough to allow itself to be sighted and photographed by the Duke, who had also his film camera in action. As the *Renown* came abreast of its sand patch, it slid off into deep water with the suction from her displacement. All along the route were groups of Canal employees, and here and there a tiny motor-boat kept pace with the ship for a few miles while its occupants stared up at the huge bulk and tried to pick out the Duke and Duchess. There was, too, one touch of humour in the trip, for as the *Renown* moved on there came from a small group on the side of a pier a shout of "God Save the King!" in an unmistakable American accent, a cry which must seldom have been heard in that locality before.

At Pedro Miguel lock the process of dropping the *Renown* to Pacific level was begun. It is a single-lift lock, and both here and at Miraflores—the double-lift lock a little farther on, which completes the drop to sea-level again—one is much impressed by the solidity of the buildings and

the pleasant aspect of the residences, surrounded as they are by acres of well-kept lawns, across which stroll scores of well-dressed people and healthy, happy-looking boys and girls. The heat and sun, even at nine degrees North, seemed not to worry them at all, and hatless youngsters were to be seen in all directions, regardless of risk of sunstroke. As in the case of the Colon end, the final miles out of the Canal at the Pacific end were not very impressive, though a hilly background gave some relief to the flat shores of the Canal itself. It was between four and five in the afternoon that the *Renown* quietly drew in to the wharf at Balboa. The few ships in the harbour were dressed for the occasion, and lying inconspicuously a little up-stream were two American submarines, the crews of which had manned them—a strange sight, for who could have thought that the ceremonial that had been preserved from Nelson's day could, or would, be adapted to the narrow hog-backed deck of these latest engines of marine warfare? But there they were, a tiny row of men standing as their mates would stand on the biggest ship of the line. The *Renown* fired a salute and dressed ship in honour of the Republic of Panama, and the last hawsers had scarcely been passed before the President of the Republic of Panama, Señor Rodolfo Chiari, with the British Minister and other officials, were welcomed on board by the Marine guard of honour, which had been at call for practically the whole day, starting well before breakfast. Back of the wharf line it seemed as though the whole populace of Balboa, which is some distance from Panama itself, had turned out to do honour to their visitors, and they stood there for hours in the hope of catching more than a fleeting glimpse of them. The Duke's final act in connection with the passage of the Canal was the presentation to Pilot Osborne of a watch with his monogram on it in recognition of the way in which he had brought the *Renown* through. It was an interesting coincidence that the weather-beaten, capable-

looking officer was wearing, when he received the watch, the pair of cuff-links presented to him by the Prince of Wales for similar services rendered to the *Renown* on H.R.H. famous trip to Australia in 1920. As night shut down, there were not wanting people to tell the visitors that this was the place where the sun rose in the Pacific and set in the Atlantic, for, owing to the lie of the land, the "dawn comes up like thunder" out of the Bay of Panama and the sun sinks behind the mountains of Darien, on the other side of which are the waters of the Caribbean.

## CHAPTER V

### PANAMA

ONCE again at Panama, the Royal party had brought home to them the passage of the centuries and the deep wells of romance and of history which their tour was to emphasize for them so repeatedly. As in Jamaica, the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries are cheek by jowl, and the two Elizabeths, Gloriana and Her Royal Highness, join hands across the years. But in Panama the contrasts are more vivid and startling than in Jamaica, for the reason that a modern up-and-doing nation, with an infinitude of money to spend, have set their ineradicable mark upon Panama, and there is no parallel to be sought in the British colony. For the United States are responsible for a twofold development in the ancient city which has borne the brunt of battle, rapine, fire and slaughter for two and a half centuries. In the first place, they have in Balboa set about the establishment of as fine a modern garden city as could well be imagined. Not in the magnificence of its buildings or the costliness of its public premises, perhaps, but certainly in the absolute fitness and suitability of its whole lay-out and style of architecture, Balboa stands a monument to American efficiency and thoroughness. There is the wide expanse of the military reservation flanked by the airy barracks for the men and the rows of two and four apartment houses for the officers, with the batteries for the protection of the Canal on the seaward side and the long causeway running out to the small island of Naos, a causeway which will commemorate



for ever the Culebra—now the Gaillard—Cut, for it was built of material taken from that stupendous gash in the hill-side. There is the solid bulk of the Administration buildings crowning the hill-side, upon whose slopes are set amidst beautiful gardens the bungalows and houses of the officials and employees of the Canal Zone. There are the asphalted roadways flanked by grass plots and with feathery palms and other tropical shrubs, and everywhere there are the amenities of domestic Suburbia which the American has made his own, adapted to the exigencies of a climate which varies from warm to very hot. Nothing has been left undone to make existence for the thousands of employees not merely comfortable, but one might almost say luxurious. So much for their own special Zone.

But the Americans have gone farther, and have begun to invade Panama itself. On a sloping hill looking down over the narrow streets and open plazas of the city itself stands the Tivoli Hotel, a three-story wooden structure which might have been imported whole from some southern pleasure resort. There are in the newer portion of the city, and especially round about the area where stood the Panama Exposition buildings of 1916, example after example of the influence of American architecture upon the modern buildings, an architecture which perhaps owes some of its inspiration to the Spanish Mission style. In that very fact it brings the wheel full circle, for the Jesuits went to California sometimes through the Isthmus, and now America is carrying back to the Isthmus the spirit of the buildings they set down in the northern clime. The newer portion of the city, though still in the making, promises to be a fine, open and well-kept demesne, with prosperous-looking houses and public buildings everywhere in its wide streets. And the reason for that prosperity, so strange to meet in a Spanish town, is again American, for every year the United States Government pays into the coffers of the Panamanian Treasury the comfortable little sum of \$250,000, while its initial payment for the

cession of the Canal Zone was \$10,000,000—no slight sum for a struggling Republic but lately revolted from the parent state of Colombia. Whether the Panamanians are duly grateful for the benefaction is a matter for discussion. Our taxi-driver, for instance, apparently a full-blooded negro, made a sapient comment on a remark from the tonneau to the effect that Panama itself was not subject to the jurisdiction of the Americans, except in matters of sanitation and quarantine. "That's so," said he, "but I guess if the Americans wanted to put a gun on the cathedral on the excuse that it was for the defence of the Canal they'd do it." So that possibly the advent of the United States into the sleepy little Spanish-American town may be resented by certain sections of the community.

In any event, they do strive to maintain the old-fashioned and historical features of the place. Still, with the Canal as the main waterway between East and West America and the growing habit of tourist liners to which both sides of the States are succumbing, it is becoming increasingly difficult to prevent the commercialization of all the features of interest. But the shopkeepers and traders are by no means averse to the money that flows from the tourists' pockets to theirs. Balboa is scarcely left behind in the up-to-date electric tram-car which runs between the port and the town, before the garden city gives place to the same sort of road surroundings as were noticeable in another Spanish town, Las Palmas—a whole ocean's width away. The streets are ill-made, except where the Americans have had a hand in it, and the shops dingy and unattractive. As you leave the main street and wander off into byways, though, the romance of the place begins to step in. Here you see the ruins of a church dating back to the Spanish occupation, grass growing in the interstices between the strong red bricks of its tower, but still carrying hints of the beauty of its window design. Across the way will be a row of ugly Spanish houses of the fifties and sixties sheer to

the street, with overhanging balconies and wide-open doorways, while a street farther on will be a modern business block eloquent of the small American town. On the sea-front there stands a colossal statue to Balboa triumphantly facing the Pacific, and not very far away is one of the most modern hospitals in the world, the Santo Thomas Hospital, very scientific in its design and lay-out. They show you the Chiriqui prison, only just abandoned, where the Spaniards were wont to incarcerate their prisoners, and round the corner is a dainty looking villa which is the abode of the French Legation. The many plazas of the city act as lungs to the more congested areas. There are several modern churches, and in a squalid by-street there is the famous church of San José, with its high altar one mass of gold and goldleaf. It was originally in old Panama before Morgan sacked that hapless place in 1671, and when news of his approach came the Augustine Fathers pulled down the eight solid gold pillars of the altar and threw them into the bay. It was afterwards transferred to new Panama when that city was built, and has remained *in situ* ever since.

The twenty-four hours spent by T.R.H. in Panama must be counted among the most strenuous of the tour to date. The formal visit of the President was scarcely over before the Royal party left for a private dinner at the British Legation, followed by a reception in the grounds, which was attended by something like a thousand guests, drawn from both the American and the Panamanian sections, with all of whom T.R.H. shook hands. From the reception they went on to a big dance at the Union Club, the most popular meeting-place for all social functions in Panama. There for some time they danced or sat out in the open air under a cloudless sky and listened to the strains of a very modern jazz orchestra. The assemblage was thoroughly democratic. Membership of the Club is fairly wide, and there were no restrictions on attendance, so that it was possible to see dancing side by side a couple

in the most correct evening garb, the lady's dress evidently just out of the Paris costumier's box, and another pair the male member of which was in tweeds and brown boots, while the lady wore the gown she had worn while typing all day. It was nearly midnight before T.R.H. departed for the ship again, only to be astir very early the next morning.

Before nine o'clock the wharf was thronged with the representatives of the British colony of Panama, the British-Chinese colony of Panama, the British West Indians in Panama, and the British Indian subjects in Panama, all of whom had assembled to read addresses of welcome and assurances of loyalty. Most of the members of these societies were coloured, and many of them wore their war medals, while the Chinese, though fewest in number, earned the distinction of handing in the best prepared of all the addresses, the honour of presenting the best casket falling to the West Indians with a beautifully executed box of inlaid native woods. All the addresses breathed fervent loyalty to the Throne and affection to T.R.H. The Duke made one reply to all the addresses, and then went farther down the wharf to inspect bodies of Boy Scouts and ex-Service men, while the Duchess found a whole troop of dusky Girl Guides to interest her before returning to the ship.

The rest of the morning was spent by the Duke of York in paying official calls on the President of the Republic and the Governor of the Canal Zone. These calls afforded a striking example of the punctilio that is evidently to be observed in the ceremonial relations between the Panama Republic and the United States. The *Renown* at Balboa wharf was, of course, in American territory, and it was therefore necessary for the Royal cars to have an escort of American cavalry to the border-line between the territories. There the procession halted and the escort handed over their charge to a troop of Panamanian cavalry, who, with much jingling of accoutrements and

flashing of sabres, took H.R.H. through the streets of Panama to the President's palace. As the next call was on the American Governor, the procedure had to be reversed, and the American cavalry, which had been in waiting at the boundary, escorted him to the Administrative buildings, where the formalities were duly completed. A hurried visit to the ship again afforded a rest before attending the President's luncheon. In the meantime the Duchess, characteristically anxious to avoid any undue publicity, slipped quietly away in a motor-car with Mrs. Gilmour and Lieutenant-Commander Buist for a sight-seeing trip round Panama. She was taken out to the site of old Panama, about four miles down the coast, which once marked the beginning of the old Gold road—that dreadful pathway through the jungle, every stone of which was stained with man's blood. Along it went the Spaniards' spoils unloaded at old Panama from the galleons, which brought them from the Philippines and Peru; along it lurked the bands of buccaneers and English sailors, whose favourite adventure was to waylay the train and sack the loot. When Morgan took and burnt old Panama in 1671 the town was rebuilt on the present site. The Duchess, despite her desire for anonymity, was recognized and cheered at many points along the route.

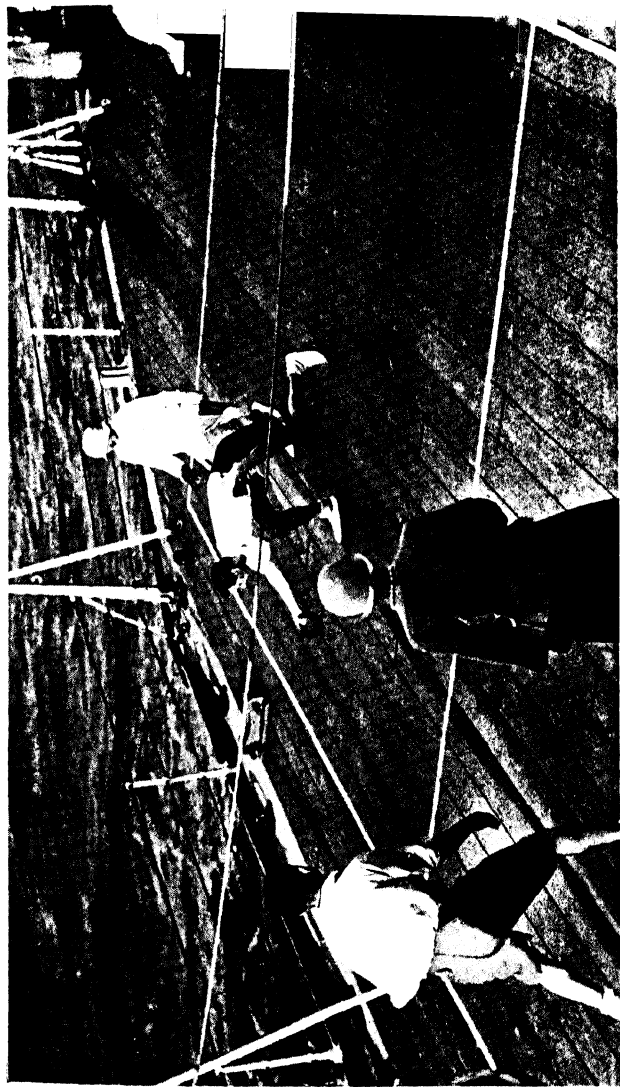
By noon both T.R.H. were ready to set out again, this time through the city to the President's palace—a beautiful building in the real old Spanish style, with a tall iron gateway guarding the entrance, and opening upon a patio where, round a pool of cool water, sat or stalked egrets and wild-fowl, while fish and turtle swam lazily in it. After the heat of noontide, which had grown very oppressive, the quiet and coolness of the patio was most refreshing. The lunch, which was attended by a number of officials from the Panamanian, the British and the United States Administrations, was an elaborate affair, served in a high-ceilinged and richly-panelled room, the

frescoes of which recorded scenes from the ancient history of Panama, beginning with the episode of Balboa rushing into the Pacific and claiming the whole of it, north to south, for the King of Spain. The guests sat round an oval table banked with beautiful flowers and ate a lunch of several courses delicately served. The Duchess sat opposite the Duke, who had Señora Chiari on his left and the wife of the American Minister, Mrs. South, on his right. The Señora is of the old school, and speaks no language but her own, though the President speaks English very well. The President spoke in Spanish, proposing the health of the Duke and Duchess, and the Duke's short speech of thanks made special mention of American help and courtesy, as well as drawing attention to the fact that Panama was an ally of Great Britain in the Great War. The lunch, like all Panamanian functions, was a long drawn out affair, and there was no time on its conclusion to do more than hurry back to the *Renown*, which sailed punctually at four o'clock, drawing out into the stream and proceeding down the last few miles of the Canal without any of the formalities which marked the arrival, except that the "still" was sounded twice to mark the passing of United States submarines returning to harbour from exercises. The quick-falling tropic night shut out the last of the city of Panama, already a blur on the horizon, and the *Renown* turned her bows definitely westward again on the long trek to the Marquesas.

## CHAPTER VI

### AT SEA

THE long, long trail from Panama across never-ending tropic seas, without sight of land, except the brief sojourn at Nukuhiva, and remote from all the sea lanes, was a real testing-time for the ship's company. In similar circumstances a liner's passengers, long before the end, would have been broken up into cliques and cabals, tempers would have frayed out in the never-ending humidity, and the quick friendships of shipboard would have been broken or readjusted in all sorts of permutations and combinations. It says much for the *Renown's* personnel that they came through the testing-time triumphantly. At the end of the seemingly interminable steaming there was no sign of any ruffle on the placid surface of the quarter-deck. Everybody seemed to have just the feeling for his fellows as he had had a week out from Portsmouth, and though a plaintive wail of "fed-upness" could now and then be heard at the end of a particularly trying day, there was always evident a determination to make the best of things and avoid at all costs getting on each other's nerves. To that very desirable state of affairs it is not too much to say that the attitude of the Royal party "in the cuddy" contributed very materially. There was always permeating from the altitude of the after-end of the fo'c'sle deck, where the Royal apartments were, a spirit of good-fellowship, a very real and sincere desire to become identified with all the activities of the ship, and a most democratic determination



*Fig. 2. Captain Ager's Lt.*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS IN A GAME OF DECK TENNIS.





to enjoy the best of two worlds, their own and the ship's. Few evenings passed but that the Duke, after his strenuous game of tennis or rackets with one or another of the ship's officers, did not drop into the ward-room for a rest and chat in shirt and shorts with any who happened to be there, entering into the spirit of any chaffing that might be in progress and eagerly making his contribution to the "leg-pulling" that was for ever going on. Lord Cavan spent as much time on the quarter-deck as he did in his own quarters, and it was one of the sights of the day to see a wild and furious game of deck hockey in progress all round him, with the charging players perilously near his "game" leg, but always avoiding a collision as by a miracle of dodging. The rest of the staff took the cue gladly from the Duke. The equerries, Major Nugent, Lieutenant-Commander Buist and the doctor, Surgeon-Commander White, spent more time in the ward-room than in the Royal apartments when off duty, and were completely identified with all its phases, while the political and the private secretaries alike willingly forgot the dignity of their offices as occasion demanded. The tall Mr. Batterbee, now Sir Harry, shed his bureaucratic austerity as a garment, and played as hard as he worked, while Mr. Hodgson—"Pat" to everybody on the ship—was ever ready for a rag.

On their side, too, the ladies, led by the Duchess, were not one whit behind. Her Royal Highness, with the cares of a long series of State ceremonial in front of her, had evidently determined to gather the roses while she might, and took every opportunity of enjoyment that offered. Winning everybody with her charm and *camaraderie*, she was as ready to dance as to talk, to discuss high politics with full knowledge, or listen to the gramophone discoursing the latest jazz. Lady Cavan and Mrs. Gilmour ably abetted her efforts. One of the most charming scenes imaginable occurred one evening when the gramophone was brought down from the Royal apartments. One

officer was seconded for the service of record replenishment, and the Duchess and two ladies-in-waiting took classes of officers in plain and fancy Charlestoning. It was unforgettable to see the line of serious faces watching the intricate steps of the experts and solemnly endeavouring to follow literally in their footsteps. From the lesson to the dance itself was but a step, and presently the three ladies were taking the pupils one by one round the deck. Though naturally less energetic than her husband, the Duchess played deck games on most afternoons—deck tennis, five-ten, and so on—while Mrs. Gilmour was expert enough to be a very valuable ally to the Ducal staff when they incautiously challenged the gun-room to a series of contests, which ranged from clay pigeon shooting to deck hockey.

Of the ordinary social functions there was no lack. Very nearly every evening guests from the ward-room or the gun-room went to dinner with T.R.H., the charming informality of the meal making experience of it one to be marked with a white stone in each officer's remembrance. Both the ward-room and the gun-room reciprocated with dinners to the Duke and Duchess, followed in the case of the ward-room by an hilarious concert, planned and rendered by members of the mess, and in the case of the gun-room by a series of charades, in which it is to be feared that the sub-lieutenants and the midshipmen took full advantage of the occasion to score off their superior officers. There were also cinema shows on deck, with the balmy trade wind blowing coolingly after the heat and burden of the day, and the pictures alternated with community singing of sailors' shanties, in which the Duke and Duchess joined as heartily as any—indeed, the Duke did more, for when there was a temporary breakdown in the apparatus he brought his expert knowledge of cinema machines to come to the aid of the operators with advice.

Perhaps the high lights of this part of the journey were

all grouped together on February 1st, when Father Neptune came aboard in the morning, and the festivities of the day ended with a most cheery reproduction of a cabaret in London, dinner, turns and dancing all complete. The "Crossing-the-Line" ceremonial was of a most elaborate description. Under the direction of Instructor-Lieutenant-Commander Hall and Lieutenant-Commander Spencer, the Commissioned Warrant-Officers and others were trained and rehearsed into a most efficient theatrical company, the Herald (Mr. J. Corfe, a gunner) having almost as many lines to say as a leading man. "Costumes by Clarkson" might have appeared on the programme, so theatrical-looking was the garb of Neptune and his consort. The rites followed the accustomed path, under the guiding hand of Captain Sullivan, who had made a special study of the whole ceremonial, historical as well as traditional. He read out the message from Neptune to the ship's company after divisions on the previous day, and welcomed the Herald from the bridge when he came aboard the same evening, wreathed in cascades and lit by rockets, to let loose his bears with summonses on all novices for the ordeal of initiation. The bears spared no one. Invading the Royal apartments first, they growled and threatened as to the manner born, and thence dredged the ship for victims. Next day Neptune and his consort came aboard in all the pomp and majesty of his realm. They held a court upon the quarter-deck, whereat Neptune decided that though the Duke had been across the line before, the fact did not count, as it had been in a merchant-ship. To soften the blow, he invested him with the Order of the Old Sea Dog, or, as the Duke in his reply preferred to call it, "the Order of the Hound, Marine and Ancient." Then Amphitrite bestowed upon the Duchess

The Order of the Freedom of the Seas,  
Freedom of tumbling wave and hustling breeze,  
Mistress of Mermaids, Sea-nymphs and all such,

while various members of the Staff and ship's company were likewise honoured—Lord Cavan, a General of the Horse Marines ; Mr. Batterbee, the Order of the Flattened Kipper, and so on—to the accompaniment of gusts of laughter and shouted witticisms from the crew perched on every point of vantage possible. It is a tribute, by the way, to the versatility of sailormen that the insignia of the orders—and the trophy of a mermaid which accompanied the order to the Duchess was really a fine piece of work—were all made on board. Ordnance-Artificer Lycett moulded the mermaid, the rest of the work being in the hands of Chief Ordnance-Artificer Taylor and the Ordnance-Artificers.

From the quarter-deck the procession passed to the fo'c'sle, where the time-honoured ceremony of shaving, ducking, and so on was entered upon with zest. The Duke and the Captain "took the water" first, after being well lathered and scraped, the ladies being let off with a sprinkle from Neptune's silver bowl. Then, officers first, the whole ship's company, except the lucky ones (and very few they were), were put through, the proceedings developing very quickly into a wholesale rag. A belated breakfast of bacon and eggs and beer—as well as other beverages—which the whole of the Royal party attended in the ward-room, finished the proceedings, except that at the instance of the Duke the main brace was spliced for the whole ship's company, much to the gratification of the crew.

But although the actual celebration of the visit of Neptune finished in the morning, it was reserved for the evening's festivities to put the crown upon the day. Owing, in the first place, to the inventive genius of Pay-Lieutenant-Commander Gibbon and Engineer-Commander E. Sutton, the ward-room entertained the Royal party to a dinner and cabaret show on the quarter-deck. It was arranged that the tables should each accommodate four—three hosts and a guest from the Royal party.

Seats were balloted for, and the three hosts then lapsed into the throes of composition. For a day or two the *Renown* was a "nest of singing-birds" as each trio strove to set to appropriate verse their desire to entertain the guest who had fallen to their lot. Thus the three officers who had the good fortune to "draw" the Duke—Engineer-Commander Sutton, Lieutenants Hutton and Owen—evolved the cryptic verses :

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS.

There are three men so very rash  
Who think that they might cut a dash  
If they might ask the Duke of York  
To come and help to draw a cork  
And further ply a pretty fork.

On Tuesday next at eight o'clock  
(We trust the vessel will not rock)  
At table seven you will find  
The three men, p'raps a little blind,  
To whom, for God's sake, do be kind.

Of course, Sir, you might like to know  
In what vile company you go.  
One's the great chief Bulgineer;  
Another's the Bulge that deals in beer;  
The third? His pockets bulge, we fear,  
For he's the bookstall profiteer.

That last verse needs some interpretation. Bulgine and Bulgineer are Navy slang—some say the terms originated in America—for engine and engineer. Lieutenant Hutton was the mess wine-caterer, and has not that symmetry of form one associates with the men of the Russian ballet. Bearing in mind the fact that the *Renown* recently had had bulges fitted to her hull as torpedo protection, what more natural than that the mess should apply

the term to those among them whose waistline had assumed somewhat the same contour as the ship's side? Lieutenant Owen was O.C. bookstall, and it was a joyful jape to hint slanderously that he made money from his position. The verses, with their pathetic plea, evidently went to the Duke's heart, and there came the following acceptance, written in H.R.H.'s own hand and of his own composition :

TO THE BULGES.

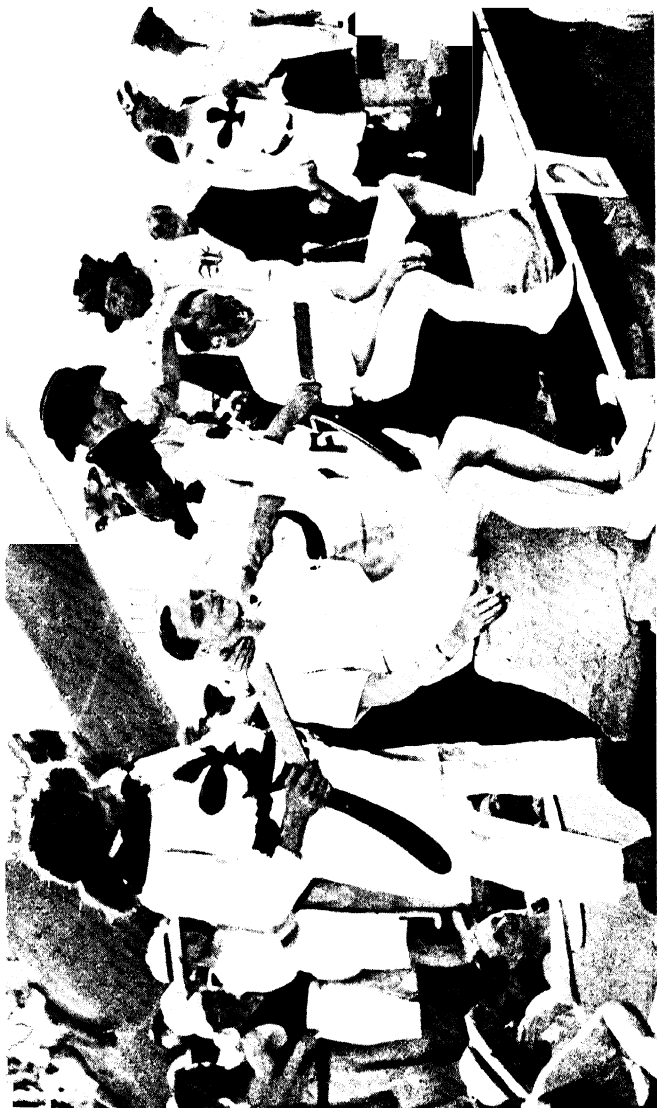
To you three bulges I say "Yes"  
To your kind words of politesse.  
I thank you all for your address,  
Which I accept with all express.

From ward-room to the quarter-deck  
Is fully a cable and a half by heck,  
So pop up here for a horse's neck  
Before we start to quaff and peck.

ALBERT.

The invitation to the Duchess was couched in musical terms, and produced a reply in kind, while other of the invitations showed a most versatile ingenuity. The Captain's was a signal in international code, to which he cleverly replied by combining the signal letters with verse. Sir Harry Batterbee paid the penalty of confessing that his nickname at school was "Squash-bug" by being pictorially reminded of the fate of that insect under the impact of a boot.

When the evening arrived it was found that the resourcefulness of the Navy had effected a remarkable reproduction of the true atmosphere of a cabaret. Tables were set round a dancing-place in the middle of the quarter-deck; there was a commissionaire—alone worth the money—resplendent in a blue frock-coat, gauntlets (to hide the badges of rank), red cap from the Marines' store, and white gloves. The hosts had even thoughtfully



*Photo Courtesy: New York*

CROSSING THE LINE. THE DUKE OF YORK BEING SHAVED.





provided a taxi for their guests. It was made by lashing two of Lord Cavan's invalid chairs together, but it had a real hooter—filched from the launch for the occasion—and was propelled by the simple process of the rear passenger twisting the wheels by hand, while the forward passenger endeavoured to steer. Turns were even put on for the delectation of the guests, and two of the midshipmen put up a remarkably good demonstration of the Charleston, though perhaps the "lady's" legs had not quite that soft seductiveness of curve one looks for from the experts on the cabaret floor. But it was so well done that the Duchess insisted on having the "lady" to her table to congratulate her on her performance. As the evening wore on the proceedings grew merrier and merrier. Every table seemed to be intent on some special stunt of its own, and between the courses the dancing was fast and furious. In one corner of the dancing space could be seen a staid senior officer (ordinarily staid, that is) solemnly dancing with an enormous Dismal Desmond ; in another the Secretaries were performing an amazingly intricate version of some dance invented on the spot by themselves. The Duke and Duchess both entered very thoroughly into the spirit of the whole affair, and very evidently enjoyed themselves immensely, as did everybody. The entertainment came to an end with the vigorous dancing of a Sir Roger de Coverley—surely the only occasion when that typically English measure had been trodden on the Equator. It says much for the stamina of the company that it was the band who first gave in, exhausted with the effort of playing the tune over and over and over again. The guests then withdrew—in the taxi—and within half an hour the quarter-deck, scandalized no doubt with the wholly unwarranted use that had been made of its sacred planks, had resumed its wonted aspect.

The last episode in a series which will live in the memory of everyone who had the good fortune to take part in

them was a charming "duty letter" addressed to the whole of the ward-room, thanking them all very warmly for a good time, and declaring that the experience would have to be repeated. It was signed by the Duke and Duchess, Lord and Lady Cavan, and the whole of the Royal staff, and is now a treasured possession of Commander Moore, to whom, as president of the mess, it had been addressed.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS

**D**OUBTLESS with memories of Herman Melville's *Typee* in their minds, the ship's company were agog as the *Renown* swung in, in real Navy fashion, to the harbour of Tai-o-hae, on the southern shore of Nukuhiva, the second largest of the Marquesas Islands, along whose coast we had been steaming all morning. But, alas! no be vies of brown beauties swam out to the ship, as he described them; the decks were not invaded by any well-shaped Polynesian lassies to laugh and joke with the sailors. Somewhere inshore a whaleboat or two could be seen, while groups of curious natives could be picked out along the beach, fringed by its scattered street of low-built houses. It was a real tropic setting to which the *Renown* had come after her days and days of steaming. The harbour of Tai-o-hae is a horseshoe-shaped bay, enclosed by two much-serrated ridges running out into two islands called the East and West Sentinels. The settlement stands at the head of the bay—just a line of houses, mostly wood and iron, but occasionally of the veritable native structure of bamboo and banyan plaited fronds raised on a platform of basaltic slabs. At one end of the village stands the Residency, where the French Government activities—such as police, post-office, and so on—are carried on, and the resident doctor's house, a comfortable bungalow type, down on the shore, where Robert Louis Stevenson once stayed. At the other end of the street is the famous French Mission, which dates

back almost to the first days of the French occupation of the group, and whose chief to-day, M. Delmas, has been in indefatigable charge there for forty years, remembering the days of cannibalism and recounting more tales of the early days than ever could be put on paper. The mission is a large one, possessing a little church, a residence for the two priests who conduct it, and a convent cared for by three French nuns. The Order of the Sacred Heart maintains the mission, which has done much good to the district. Its memories must be sad ones, for it has seen the islanders dwindle in numbers, ravaged by the triple scourges of smallpox, consumption and leprosy, introduced from contact with the outer world, until their numbers are but a twentieth of what they were when the French first took possession. Back of the village the land rises steeply to a forbidding-looking precipice, which was frequently cloud-crowned during the fifty hours or so the *Renown* was in the bay. Running up to its escarpment are numerous valleys, lush with the rich green of tropic vegetation and teeming with all manner of food and fruit plants—mangoes, bananas, breadfruit, mangosteens, avocado pears, limes, oranges, and, of course, the inevitable coco-nut. Everywhere in these valleys—which are the usual formation of the island of Nukuhiva—could be seen the remnants of a vanished population which once lived an easy, unmoral and pagan life in them. The stone platforms which had been the foundations of native houses were to be found in all directions, and even the rectangular stone-enclosed compounds, called *Meaes*, where once the cannibal orgies were indulged in, still stand almost untouched, except for the creeping fingers of the jungle that sooner or later will obliterate them altogether.

A somewhat intriguing coincidence lies in the fact that Nukuhiva, the island whereon is the bay of Tai-o-hae, is, in English, the Land of the War Fleet, its name telling the tale of the days when the fierce and revengeful Marquesans could put many canoes into the water to raid and murder

in neighbouring islands or up nearby bays from seaward. In these times its ancient epithet is still justified, for the sight of great grey warships in its landlocked harbours is no uncommon one. A few weeks before the *Renown*—the greatest of them all, and probably the greatest that will ever visit there—dropped anchor, two cruisers of the United States Pacific Squadron, the *Trenton* and the *Rochester*, had lain in the harbour. A few miles down the coast, in the deeply indented Baie de le Controleur, the German Pacific Fleet—*Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Nürnberg*, under Admiral von Spee—laid up for a few days to levy toll on the French and revictual before they fled farther eastward, under the continuous threat of the *Australia* and her attendant cruisers, to harry the South American trade routes, to smash the British squadron at Coronel, and to meet their own doom in the Falkland Island battle. A French cruiser, of course, occasionally shows the flag there, and always through all the generations since Cook went there first in the *Endeavour*, the British have had King's ships slipping in and out, so that it was no novel sight to the natives to see the *Renown* sail grandly up the bay, followed by the oiler *Delphinula*, which had been awaiting her there, and had been told by signal to scuttle seaward so as to give the big ship more room for manœuvring.

Being a day ahead of time, the usual calling formalities could not be at once entered upon, and the barge went ashore with two of the Royal suite to discuss the matter with the Administrator. He does not live on the island, but on Hiva-oa, and his resources at Tai-o-hae were of the most limited character, so he begged that as much as possible of the formal programme should be left out. He had no facilities for entertaining, and no troops, save one gendarme, to provide a guard of honour. His wishes were acceded to, and after he had paid his official call in the early afternoon, to be received with a guard of honour and farewelled with a salute, the Royal party

gave themselves up to a very welcome holiday, secure in the thought that no formal functions or tiresome ceremonial would interrupt their enjoyment. Late in the afternoon they went ashore for a stroll through the village, the residents of which, all clad in gala dresses, waited for them at the head of the jetty, on what might pass for the village green. It was a scene full of colour into which T.R.H. walked, for, in addition to the Sunday best of the villagers, there were several groups of native dancers who had come in from various other villages and islands to entertain the Royal party with a programme of dances and songs. These dancers were dressed in vivid-coloured frocks of more than modern design, for they reached to their ankles and to their necks, so that a modern flapper would have felt very much *démodé* in them. All the girls of each "set" wore the same costume—in one case flame-coloured chiffon with flower-chapleted heads, in another green with a fringe of fibre dyed red wound round the hips to simulate the *ramie*, or grass skirt, wherein they danced in the pagan days; another set were in white, with a girdle of twisted banana leaves, and so on. The men were in shirt and trousers, bare-footed, very neat and clean, and they, too, for the most part, wore a chaplet of flowers, or, in Hawaiian style, the red bloom of the hibiscus, or flame-tree, stuck behind the ear. The villagers themselves were not far behind these dandies. Many of the men were in spotless white shirt and trousers, or in the blue, well-washed dungaree so familiar as a hospital dress during the Great War. Here and there could be seen the horizon-blue of the French infantry, and a few—evidently minor officials, boats, crew, or something similar—might have been the crew of a smart Solent yacht, in blue serge trousers, white shirt and peaked cap. The Marquesans have the reputation of being the handsomest of the Polynesian races, and, so far as the men are concerned, that reputation is fully borne out by the villagers of Tai-o-hae—great strapping

fellows with beautifully moulded arms and shoulders and a torso that a Greek god might envy, while in many cases their features were quite Caucasian. The women—ungallant though it be to say so—are not so handsome, showing more of the flattened nose and wide, thick lips of the accepted Polynesian type. Moreover, the ugly, shapeless, one-piece dresses they universally wore, hanging limp from the shoulders and almost trailing the ground, did nothing to enhance their beauty. They also affect bright colours, and vary their headdress from straw hats of the “flopping” variety to the same effective wreath of flowers, which seems to be the prevailing fashion in headgear for the island.

The next day was an absolutely free one until the evening, everybody being left to their own devices. The Duchess spent some time sailing with Captain Sullivan in his gig and trolling for fish, but without much success. The officers went off on various fishing and shooting excursions, bent on the slaughter of some of the wild goats which frequent the high cliffs at the back of the settlement. Their arduous toil of climbing the steeply-graded valleys was rewarded on both days by four head. Attempts were made to replenish the ship's larder by seining and, illegal though it was, by exploding a few depth-charges. The harbour does not boast much marine life, though what did come to the surface or the shore lacked neither variety nor hue, some of the specimens being as kaleidoscopic as any in the famous Honolulu aquarium. But few looked safe to eat, though the resident doctor assured us that none of them were poisonous. At the instance of the Duchess, the Marine band played on the village green during the afternoon, the villagers responding with a few native dances. In the evening the Administrator was entertained at dinner on board the *Renown*, and after dinner the Royal party went ashore to witness the performance of native dances and songs which had been prepared in their honour. The setting for the



entertainment was bizarrely beautiful. On a rough grass plot in front of the Residency, on the verandah of which were grouped the guests, sat the whole of the population of Tai-o-hae round an open space lit by the flares of four primitive paraffin torches. The groups of natives were quiet and well behaved, and the only sounds that came from them were the occasional cry of a child, the low murmur of appreciation as one dance or another took their fancy, or the quiet chuckle of amusement when some comedy interlude was staged. Into this scene ever and anon flashed the searchlight of the *Renown*, through the red blossoms of a grove of flame-trees, throwing the whole scene into high relief. The dances themselves were for the most part variations of a common form. Nearly all of them were danced by a row of five women, one behind the other, and on each side of them a corresponding row of men. The women danced with modestly downcast eyes, the bodies absolutely immobile from the waist up, their feet shuffling on the ground, while hips and thighs were in continual motion, showing an extraordinary muscular control of that part of the body which swayed from side to side and from back to front as the dancers slowly circled on their own ground. Occasionally a graceful wave of the hand gave some point to the action. By some of the spectators it was compared to the "shimmy," but the movements differed essentially from that obsolete dance of the American negro in that the shoulders were almost entirely motionless. The men were much freer and more vigorous in their movements, throwing their arms about and twisting their legs into all manner of strange posturing, while their "footwork" was far more pronounced. Each set had a leader, who shouted the names of the movements and apparently directions as to the dance. When he thought his team needed additional stimulus he provided it himself by throwing himself into the dancing with extraordinarily extravagant antics, accentuating and in some cases

burlesquing the figures being danced by the men, while occasionally a girl, who might have been the *première danseuse*, would do the same thing, her movements being far more sinuous and pronounced than those of the "troupe." The dancing was varied by songs, which, as is all native music, were an interminable dirge like a chant, sung seated on the ground, girls in the centre and the men in two rows round them, facing inward. The subject-matter of the songs was a closed book to the audience, though we were told that in one of them the natives sang the praises of the Duke and Duchess, a pæan recently composed by the island laureate in honour of the occasion. The chant was rhythmic enough, and those with a musical ear found that the vocalists were singing not in unison, but in four-part melody. One of the most "popular" of the numbers was a dance for men only, which was said to be a reproduction of the boar in search of a wife. The men all the time they were dancing it gave vent to the most curious grunting sounds, which seemed to come right from their diaphragms, and in the character of their actions it was more reminiscent of some of the movements of the Maori *haka*—probably of a common origin. The music was in all dances supplied by drums—genuine ones in the case of two of the more wealthy sets, and in the other cases by petroleum tins, which the instrumentalists handled with quite startling effect.

The stories of the dances were not unfolded to us, but it can be conjectured that they had to do, as all native dances the world over, with fighting, with love-making, with hunting, and with the supply of food—indeed, one of the dances quite definitely showed the contest for the fair but frail one, the men on either side of her going through all the motions of a fight and the conqueror dragging her away to his side of the arena. Another appeared to represent the hunting of the wild cattle of the island on horseback, while the women alternately

represented the cattle and prepared the cooking-places for the spoils. But with it all, the decorous dressing and the more or less restricted movements must have been but a pale shade of what the original dances were in the bad old days, when the dancers, naked bodies glistening with oil, senses stimulated by copious draughts of the intoxicating coco-nut toddy, wrought themselves and their fellow-villagers to a frenzy of all the evil passions. Those orgies, begun with the dancing, sometimes lasted for days at a time, and such were the unbridled scenes which accompanied them that the French had to put them down with a stern hand. As a matter of fact, there was one painful moment in the course of the entertainment. The dancers seemed to be lapsing into the old-fashioned freedom of movement and the figures to be becoming more emphatically sensuous, when the official who was acting as "producer," to use a theatrical term, hurriedly stepped between the dancing rows and peremptorily stopped further dancing—much, it may be said, to the disappointment of the younger naval officers among the spectators.

The final day of the stay in the harbour of Tai-o-hae was devoted by the Royal party to a short trip in the barge round the coast to the little bay at Haka, at the foot of a most gorgeously clad valley running up into the towering cliff-wall of the interior, with every imaginable fruit and flower to beguile the senses, and finishing in a gorge at the head of which a waterfall nearly a thousand feet in height leapt through space. Indeed, it was just the setting that Herman Melville describes in *Typee*, though, as a matter of fact, his valley lies on the other side of Tai-o-hae, at the head of the Baie de le Controleur, devastated now, alas! and depopulated shockingly, a few score men and women taking the place of the swarming tribes which, when Melville was there, could put two thousand fighting men into the field. At Haka T.R.H. were shown a veritable *Meae*, the name given to the sacred enclosures where the old kings were buried and the scene

of cannibal feasts and of human sacrifices to the war god. There are only a few scattered huts at Haka, but from one of them the natives haled out an aged veteran tattooed with the characteristic straight lines of the Marquesas and exhibited him, it is to be feared with a certain amount of pride, as a cannibal who could still remember the orgies of human flesh-eating in which he had as a young man participated. Back to the ship again, the Administrator paid his farewell call and was presented with a souvenir of the visit, with the grateful thanks of T.R.H. for all he had done for them during their stay. He, in his turn, had had prepared two complete sets of French Oceania stamps specially post-marked with the Marquesan die, one of which he presented to the Duke and asked him to convey the other to the King, whose hobby of philately had become known even in this remote part of the world.

The departure from Tai-o-hae and the course taken gave us a magnificent panorama of the whole island of Nukuhiva as we steamed close in along its southern shore. The westering sun threw all its grandeur into high relief. The dark grey basaltic cliffs, rearing their head to a height of nearly four thousand feet, rose from a perfect welter of valleys, radiating out from their shoulders in all directions, green with the many-hued trees of the tropics or red with the lava-beds that had at some time flowed molten from the island's craters. In sun and shadow the many folds of ground, rising to saw-toothed ridge or conical hill, looked like an immense green handkerchief crumpled and flung there by some tellurian god. The ridged sapphire of the Pacific broke against cliffs that tumbled steeply to the sea from the uplands, or here and there showed a riven break in their side of some valley running down to the ocean from the dark gorge of the interior, where first the earthquake had torn its sides asunder, and where the ages had given its floor a rich covering of volcanic soil, so that the easy-growing vegetation of the Equator might serve its inhabitants with all they needed in the

way of food without the necessity of working for it. To all of us, none expecting ever to see the island again, it held many mysteries—the secret of its older civilization and of the race which left the strange carvings of stone idols and *tikis* hidden in its forest fastness. Whence went the war fleet in its cruises of conquest, and why has the art of boat-building apparently vanished altogether, the natives now preferring the handy ship's whaler, doubtless first introduced to them by the Nantucket and New Bedford whalers, who were wont to call at the island and revictual? Whence came the strange and gloomy legends of such a care-free people? What ancestry was it that their sagas and genealogies commemorate? And as the island faded into the purple cloak of nightfall, with these questions revolving in the mind, there came to the recollection those lines of R. L. Stevenson, from the "Feast of Famine," picturing just such a scene as was then melting away into the distance :—

Out of the groves of the valley where clear the blackbirds  
sang,  
Sheer from the trees of the valley the face of the mountain  
sprang ;  
Sheer and bare it rose, unscalable barricade,  
Beaten and blown against by the generous draught of the  
trade.  
Dawn on its fluted brow painted rainbow light,  
Close to its pinnaced crown trembled the stars at night.  
Here and there in a cleft clustered contorted trees,  
Or the silver beard of a stream hung and swung in the breeze.  
The valley was gouged like a vessel and round like a vessel's  
lip,  
With a cape of the side of a hill thrust forth like the bows  
of a ship,  
On the top of the face of the cape a volley of sun struck fair,  
And the cape overhung like a chin a gulf of sunless air.

## CHAPTER VIII

### FIJI

ON the voyage between Nukuhiva and Fiji the first saddening event of the tour took place. Of significant import to the superstitious, on the 13th of February a bandmaster of the Marine band died from pneumonia and pleurisy and was buried at sea. The poor fellow—J. E. Burnett by name—had been taken from a shore job specially to conduct the Jazz orchestra which had been formed for the tour, and just after leaving Colon went down with pneumonia. It was no sort of weather for the disease, and he gradually lost ground, until the fatal hour of two o'clock in the morning, when he quietly gave up the struggle. The burial took place the same afternoon, the Duke of York himself and the whole of his staff attending the funeral, which was held on the quarter-deck, with the ship's company grouped in serried ranks round the bier. There was something heart-searching in the simple, dignified service, with the nobility of language so characteristic of the Book of Common Prayer, and in the rites that accompany it, something of deep pathos as the hammocked shape slid quietly to rest in mid-Pacific at a spot almost as remote as it could be from his own home. No ceremony could have been more impressive. It began with Chopin's Funeral March as the body was brought from the sick-bay, the Marines resting on arms reversed after presenting them. The commodore's salute was played by a single bugler as the body sank from view. At the end of the service the three volleys were fired by

the Marines, and that throbbing bugle-call, "The Last Post," was sounded by the massed buglers before the band broke into the traditional quick-step which in both Navy and Army follows the conclusion of the burial service, and the crew dispersed soberly to their quarters, to remember the occasion for long years.

At the request of T.R.H. the course of the *Renown* had been deflected slightly so that they might have an opportunity of seeing something of Samoa, and the next day we were steaming along the southern coast of Upolu, one of the largest of the group—a green and smiling land which, though it had its rugged background of volcanic mountains, offered a much more kindly face to the voyager than did the Marquesas. Appropriately enough a wireless message from the Administrator came aboard a few hours earlier wishing T.R.H. *sofoa* (good luck), and assuring them of a loyal welcome from the Samoan representatives in New Zealand and of the loyalty of the people of the islands towards His Majesty the King. The Duke's reply informed them of the change in the course of the *Renown*, and doubtless many eyes watched her as she passed along, though it was, of course, too far distant to distinguish. On the same day the ship crossed the date line, and we had a to-day and a to-morrow in one minute—in other words, Monday afternoon became Tuesday afternoon on the stroke of eight bells. There was much speculation in the ward-room as to the financial effect of the change, it being generally held that pay would be available for that instantaneous day as if it had really been twenty-four hours long, but there was an undercurrent of suspicion that the Admiralty might introduce a catch somewhere. Another solar phenomenon observable on the same day was the fact that the sun was directly overhead at noon, as it made its way northward to the Equator, after drenching Australia and New Zealand with its summer rays.

Again, at the request of T.R.H., the *Renown* swung out

of her course the next day so that they might see a real coral atoll which was found for them in Whalengilala, where there stands a lighthouse to mark the channel towards Fiji. It was not a very impressive sight, reminding one of Kipling's

. . . Piece of red-hot sand  
With a palm on either hand,

but it had a character all its own, and as a representative of its class fulfilled requirements.

With her schedule well in hand, the *Renown* loafed along all that night and next morning, so as to reach Suva at the appointed time, and at one o'clock she turned her half-circle and headed straight for the narrow entrance of the harbour, fringed by its far-stretching coral reefs, showing an ugly fang or two here and there, and backed by the low, green-clad hills, with the red roofs of Suva peeping through. All about the entrance was a fleet of Fijian canoes, small replicas of the huge double war-canoes the Fijians won fame all over the Pacific for building not so many decades ago. To-day the outrigger canoes are not usually over thirty feet long, but they carry a big spread of the brown triangular mat sail, and can slip through the water with quite a surprising burst of speed, which enabled them to keep abreast of the *Renown* and act as her escort as she slackened down for her anchorage. With the canoes were several modern sailing craft and motor-boats, and the native samples held their own quite respectably with them. The anchor was down at two o'clock, and the usual business of official calls was proceeded with. The Governor, Sir Eyre Hutson, was aboard soon after two, and at three o'clock T.R.H. and the staff were received at the landing-place by His Excellency and Lady Hutson, who presented the Mayor, Mr. Harry Marks, the Acting Chief Justice, members of the Executive and Legislative Councils, and other dignitaries. The Duke and



Duchess also met a contingent of ex-Service men before moving out from the wharf to find a dense crowd of Europeans and natives waiting to welcome them. It was a strangely quiet crowd, too, with none of the exuberant enthusiasm one associated with such occasions, the explanation being that the Fijian shows his respect by keeping silent, and the quieter he is the more honour he is doing his guest. The Duke inspected a guard of honour of sturdy Fijians, with their mops of black hair surmounting the familiar khaki tunic and the snowy *sulu*, or loin-cloth, which covered their bare legs to the knee. Then the Royal party moved off to the Government House grounds, where a throng of two thousand school-children of all colours and races awaited them in the rain. Not only were there pupils from the two grammar-schools—girls and boys—but also from many Fijian and Indian schools, while Levuka had sent along a contingent of Girl Guides to do honour to their Vice-President. The function was short and distinguished most of all by the hearty cheering of the youngsters—three and a Tiger—and their singing of the National Anthem. The Duchess had presented to her three bouquets by tiny girls, and the Duke made a short speech, in which he asked for a whole holiday to be granted to all the schools. After chatting with the Chief Scout and Chief Girl Guide, the party repaired to the Town Hall, where the formal civic welcome was accorded them and the address of welcome was read, recalling that both His Majesty the King and the Prince of Wales had visited Fiji—the former going to Levuka in 1881 and the latter to Suva in 1920. The whole affair was over in a few minutes, and the way was clear for the outstanding function of the day—the native ceremonial on the Albert Park recreation ground.

This was most picturesque, and would have been much more so were it not for the fact that an outbreak of measles had necessitated the cancelling of the arrangements to bring in troupes of native dancers from outlying centres.

It was felt advisable to keep on the safe side, but the proceedings were certainly shorn of a good deal of their attractiveness. The wide lawns of the recreation ground were thronged with groups of Fijian chiefs and chieftainesses in all the glory of their ancient finery. The men and women alike wore huge kirtles of tappa cloth wound many times round their hips until no panniered maid of yore could hope to have competed with them. The upper parts of their bodies were variously clothed, some with ropes of sennit, some with necklaces of whales' teeth, while the women wore mostly garlands of leaves and flowers. In addition, the men had their faces smeared with broad bands of soot or some other pigment, and in some instances their eyes were made up deeply with black markings. With them on the grass was a group of chiefs in the Fijian idea of modern dress: English coat and waistcoat, with a *sulu* of the same material, and shorts underneath the *sulu*, calves and feet being bare. It should be a most comfortable dress for the climate, and it reveals a Fijian aptitude for adapting things and customs to their own needs. A pavilion had been prepared for the Royal party, framed with green palms, its ceiling lined with tappa cloth, while in front crossed native spears and a small but very well-worked "pineapple" club were displayed. Round the spacious lawns, on the roof of the grand-stand, and on the balconies of the hotels and houses within sight of the ground were clustered seemingly all the inhabitants of Suva. As soon as T.R.H. entered the grounds the chiefs greeted them with the booming "Tama," an "Ave" of respect only paid to the chiefs of highest rank.

It is a singular thing that the Fijian, once the most ferocious cannibal in the South Pacific and the terror of all mariners sailing those seas, should have developed a code of social customs and amenities characterized by delicacy and courtesy far in advance of any of the surrounding Polynesian races and of those of his Melane-

sian kin. They slew without compunction any shipwrecked sailor unfortunate enough to be cast away on their shores, for, as they said, "no one with the salt water in their eyes may live." Not only that, they ate him, a practice which did not cease until the advent of the missionaries—but in the eating of their victims an exquisite politeness was observed, and the question of the suitable division of the delicacy was a matter for long and thoughtful discussion by the masters of ceremony. So keen were they in this matter that if a slip were to be made, and one chief got the helping that another chief thought was due to him, the insult rankled, grew by what it fed on, and many of the Fijians' most ruthless wars arose from some fancied slight put upon a touchy chief at the banqueting board. In those wars they practised every kind of treachery, sparing neither woman nor child, and giving play to the most ruthless cruelty and barbarism. But side by side with that the warriors showed a chivalry and a loyalty to their chief no whit less knightly than that of Arthur's Brotherhood of the Holy Grail. There is the story, for instance, of the chief who was shipwrecked with his men in shark-infested waters. The warriors formed a ring round him on his way to shore so that his sacred body should be protected, and as one after another of them swirled away in a flurry of bloodstained foam the others drew in the circle closer, and closer until, when shore was reached, only three were left; but the chief was unharmed, and the sacrifice was justified in their eyes.

Out of that devotion to their chief, no less than out of their complicated social code, has arisen the ceremony and the ritual which T.R.H. were shown in all its perfection on the recreation ground—indeed, the first ceremony was the ancient act of homage shown by a village to which its chief had come by way of the sea. His people swam off to his canoe and presented him with sperm-whales' teeth—*tambua*, the ancient sacred currency of Fiji. It was an act of fealty and homage,

and was probably the most sacred custom the Fijian knew, paid only to the highest chiefs. The ceremony is now only performed on land. It is known as *Qaloqalovi*, and is short and impressive. The presentation was the first item in the ceremonies performed, and its ritual was appropriately in the hands of Ratu Pope E Seniloli, the grandson of King Thakambau, who ceded Fiji to Great Britain. He was a magnificent specimen of a man, and as he strode forward with the whale's tooth held out in front of him he epitomized in his dress and bearing the old-time might of the Fijian warrior caste. The tooth was handed to the Herald of the Duke, a white-haired chief from Bau, the ancient council place of Fiji, and his proclamation of its acceptance by the Duke was followed by a low-voiced chant of satisfaction and a soft handclapping. A kindred ceremony, called *Qalowaga*, was then performed by the women to welcome the Duchess, and here a little more symbolism and imagination was observable. It is an act of homage tendered only to women of the very highest rank, and is therefore very seldom seen in Fiji. On the lawn in front of the pavilion was a model of a large *drua*, the double canoe of the Fijian, and the suggestion was that this canoe had borne the Duchess to Fijian shores. Its bow pointed towards the women, who advanced with stately measured steps towards it in two long lines, chanting meanwhile a cry of welcome and respect. The two lines diverged to enable two of the chieftainesses to approach, one with a *kitu*, or water-container, with which she splashed the bow of the canoe to indicate its progress through the surf to the shore, and the other with a *tambua*, which was reverently placed on the deck. The women then slowly retired, and, sitting down, clapped their hands to indicate the end of the ceremony.

As has been said, these two ceremonies are only performed in token of homage to those of the highest rank—to-day, for example, only the King or the King's

representative would be so honoured—but there is another ceremony which followed on the presentation of the *tambua*, which is tendered to those of lesser rank. This was the presentation of a huge freshly-dug root of the *yaqona* plant (*Piper methysticum*), from which the *yaqona* drink—*kava* is its more usual name—is prepared. The presentation is said to represent the spontaneous gift of the products of the soil to their chief, but it is also given to guests who are not the chief, and doubtless in this instance there was some idea of, by this means, including the rest of the Royal party in the welcome. There was not much to it, however. The root was dragged on to the ground, a few interchanges between the chiefs and the heralds, and the rite was over.

There followed the most solemn of all—the “drinking-in” of the paramount chief, always practised when the chief was installed. As a matter of fact it was, despite variations in other portions of the installation, the essential part of it. It consisted of a bowl of ceremonially prepared *yaqona* being presented to and drunk by the chief in the presence of all the headmen of the tribe. It is worth recollecting that the Duke of York is the third of his house to take part in the ritual. At Levuka, shortly after Great Britain had taken over possession, a similar ceremony was accorded to His Majesty the King, then a midshipman on the *Bacchante*, and again at Suva in 1920 to the Prince of Wales. The details of the ritual were conducted with much solemnity. The *yaqona* bowl, a large wooden vessel made from a solid block of native timber fully a hundred years old, was placed on the ground at some distance from the Duke, and between him and the bowl was stretched a cord of plaited sinnet about six feet or more in length, decorated with cowrie shells, one end of the rope being fastened to the bowl. In old days, after this was done, it would have been to court sudden death to cross in front of the chief, and the rope acted as a warning of the “danger area.” The business



*Photo. Central News Ltd.*

PREPARING THE "YAQONA," SUVA.



of making the *yaqona* was then entered upon. In the olden days the root was first chewed by boys into a thick viscid mass, which was then diluted with water; but nowadays—fortunately for those who had to drink it—the root is first grated to a powder and water is added to it. To strain it, a thick heft of dried hibiscus root is passed through the liquid. The gritty particles adhere to this and are shaken off. While this was going on the men gathered on the ground behind the *yaqona*-maker maintained a solemn low chant, almost Gregorian in its character. As soon as the liquid was finished, the cord was rolled up and the cupbearer, always a man of high rank, came forward, and after performing several genuflections and posturings, bore the cup of coco-nut shell with dignity to the Duke, who tentatively sipped its contents, and then finished the draught, spinning the bowl thereafter across the lawn to the low-toned shout of “Biu” (it is empty). The next cup was taken to the Duke’s chief herald, and then in succession the Duchess, the Governor, the Captain of the *Renown*, and other members of the Ducal party were handed the ceremonial bowl—not always to their unmixed satisfaction if the study of physiognomy is any criterion.

The bearing of gifts of native craftsmanship—a *yaqona* bowl fashioned in the shape of a turtle, innumerable mats and fans, rolls of sinnet and tappa cloth, which made an imposing show in front of the pavilion—brought the strictly native portion of the proceedings to an end, and the atmosphere changed with a sudden shock from eighteenth-century paganism, with all its hints of romance and mystery, to the dullness of a twentieth-century official function while the address of welcome and the Duke’s reply were being read in English and then interpreted into Fijian. Even the costumes changed, for though the background remained barbaric, the chief who read the address and the chiefs who were subsequently presented to T.R.H. were for the most part all clad in the



coat and waistcoat and the *sulu* which have been adopted by the civilized Fijian—indeed, one (surely he must have been the dandy of the island) had evolved a really new idea in sartorial combinations. He wore a striped shirt, a waistcoat with the ordinary morning-coat piping, and over that a well-cut dinner-jacket, while his nether extremities—to borrow the phraseology of the *Tailor and Cutter*—were clad in a black *sulu*. And very smart and handsome he looked, too. This costume has a good deal to say for itself both for comfort and elegance.

The native address, which was read in Fijian and translated to the Duke, had a most felicitous reference to the Duchess: "We most respectfully wish to say how grateful we are that the Duchess of York has also been graciously pleased to visit our shores. Her Royal Highness is a member of a distinguished house of Scotland, a country that has given many of her sons to serve us, and with Her Royal Highness to-day in our midst we see a true friend of Fiji." The address breathed fervent loyalty to "that mighty Empire which guards and protects this small and weak group of islands. . . . It is this benign rule that has guided us in our infancy and in our early development—a rule that keeps our interests intact and at the same time safeguards our privileges. Under this rule we have prospered, advancing in knowledge and increasing in wealth." The Duke's reply specially noticed the reference to the Duchess and her native land. Presentation of the native chiefs to T.R.H., and gifts of ebony walking-sticks to the two chiefs, who were members of the Legislative Council, as from His Majesty the King, concluded the proceedings.

It was reserved for the evening's festivities to provide T.R.H. with the most barbaric touch of all. After dinner at Government House they set out to attend a reception and ball at the Grand Pacific Hotel. Waiting round their motor-car as they came through the door, they found a group of well-built Fijian torchbearers, their naked bodies

glistening with perspiration under the light. They trotted along with their flaming flambeaux, keeping pace with the car, chanting in booming tones an ancient war-song. The Duke and Duchess were met at the door of the hotel by four strapping native spearmen, who formed a bodyguard as they walked up to the dais. At each corner of the dais, while the reception of the thousand or so guests went on, one of these native spearmen stood absolutely immobile. It was so great a physical strain that the four men were relieved every five minutes, and this went on right through the reception, and, indeed, until the Duke and Duchess, after the formal proceedings were over, devoted themselves to dancing. When they finally decided that their day had been strenuous enough, they found their escort still awaiting them to take them down to the pier, where a real Fijian send-off song was chanted in their honour—a fitting conclusion to a most interesting day.

Compared with the first day, the second day's programme for T.R.H. was comparatively tame. In the morning they boarded the Royal barge and explored the bays and rivers which form the upper reaches of Suva Harbour. For this excursion they were under the pilotage of Captain Sukuna, a very interesting personality. A full-blooded Fijian, he was at Oxford when the Great War broke out, and immediately volunteered for active service; but at that time the War Office was still in the transition stage of its opinions about the way to conduct the war, and he was refused on account of his colour. His loyalty was, however, proof against even this rebuff, and, rejected by Britain, he crossed the Channel and found her ally much more receptive of volunteers. He joined the French Foreign Legion and fought with them until wounded, when he returned to his native land. Even then he was not satisfied, and when an opportunity of returning to France occurred in the latter stages of the war he seized it and made a second trip to the front. His local know-

ledge and love of ancient traditions were of the utmost help to T.R.H. in making them acquainted with the conditions and customs of the country, and they were most grateful to Captain Sukuna for his attention, recognizing it in a more substantial souvenir when he came on board at the last hour to bid farewell. In the afternoon of the second day the Duke and Duchess went ashore, to be welcomed by another large crowd, swelled on this occasion by scores of Australian and New Zealand passengers from the liner *Niagara*, which had been specially speeded up on her trip from Auckland in order to reach Suva before the *Renown* left. The functions for the afternoon were not arduous—a visit to the War Memorial Hospital, only just completed, where the Duchess unsuccessfully tried to quell the voluble protests against this life by a tiny brown baby, who, be it said, was quite unimpressed and went on with her jeremiad. A round trip of twenty miles or so along the Prince's road and the Rewa road had been planned, but whatever they might have seen of the Fijian scenery and Fijian life, as well as East Indian life along the route, was entirely spoilt by a torrential downpour, which veiled the low hills and fertile plains, the teeming jungle and the grassy plain alike in a thick wall of rain. Nevertheless, they had the opportunity of hearing a real Fijian chorus or two at the Suwana school for the sons of native chiefs, who had lined up in the roadway under a triumphal arch of their own construction to do honour to their Royal guests as the cars passed. Similar arches had been erected elsewhere along the road. Of these, that of the Wesleyan mission at Davuilevu was one which roused the keenest memories, for the place represented in its fine modern buildings and organization the culmination of the efforts of three generations of devoted workers, beginning with William Cross and David Cargill, who crossed from Tonga to the "Cannibal Islands" in 1835, and at once set about the grim task of turning the Fijians from paganism to Christ-

ianity. Gradually they won through by devoted labour and unbounded hardships, the records of the mission being studded with names whose noble work remains impressed on the Fiji of to-day. Now the mission stands beyond the risk of all mishap. At Davuilevu native students are educated both secularly and religiously, as well as in technical crafts and trades. A short distance away the mission has taken up about 800 acres of land for the purpose of training the native youth in agricultural pursuits and dairying, the farms being worked on a co-operative basis so that the students may reap some of the benefits. In addition, there are several schools for girls maintained by the mission, where they are taught domestic and social economy in all its branches. Altogether the mission is a model of what such enterprises should be.

The last official function for T.R.H. in Suva was a small dinner on board the *Renown* on the Friday night, and at ten the next morning the big ship, watched from the shore by crowds of natives, quietly steamed seaward, moving out through the sunlit waters of the harbour to the entrance between the coral reefs, crowned by their chaplet of creaming surf, with even more expedition than she had entered it three days before. Outside the last breaker the vessel's head was turned definitely south for New Zealand, and the near approach of the more temperate climes, as well as the anticipation of the added interest of a new country, could be felt throughout the ship.

## CHAPTER IX

### NEW ZEALAND—AUCKLAND

THE Maoris have a belief that the arrival of a chief in the rain is proof that he is of the highest rank, because only the *mana* of the greatest is sufficient to call down sudden heavy rain from heaven. They had plentiful confirmation of the greatness of Their Royal Highnesses as they arrived in New Zealand. The *Renown* steamed up Auckland's lovely harbour under lowering skies, which veiled the grim bulk of Rangitoto, that mountain famed in Maori mythology, whose rounded crest appears the same from whatever angle it is viewed. A fleet of sailing craft, ranging from the stately schooner yacht to cheeky little dinghies, carrying far more sail than they should, and from crowded ferry steamers to fussy little outboard motors, had put out from their moorings early enough to meet the battleship as she steamed out of the wide waters of Hauraki Gulf into the narrow straits of the Waitemata, as Auckland's harbour proper is called. They clustered round the *Renown*, sometimes too close for her equanimity, as a blast or two from her siren intimated. As she slowed down for anchorage the fleet was able to keep pace with her, helped by a freshening squall, which drove the sailing craft through the water, gunwale under, and kept the motor-boats under showers of spray. It wanted sunshine to complete the picture of the white sails showing up against the silver-grey battle-cruiser; instead, there came almost at the moment of anchoring a blinding rainstorm, which blotted out the whole foreshore,

drenched the occupants of the boats, and even forced the captain of the *Renown* to give the order to the sailors, already in position manning ship, to break for cover, marring in some degree the stately ceremonial of anchoring. On the other hand, a very welcome feature of the whole entry was the complete silence maintained; not a whistle or motor-horn was heard as the *Renown* slowed down for her anchorage, and it seemed as though the crowd themselves stilled their voices and watched, absorbed, the ritual, making it far more dignified than the shrieking sisterhood of sirens at Portsmouth and Las Palmas had done.

The rain cleared off as the anchors dropped, and the *Renown* quickly became the focal point of the scores of boats now on the water. Even a rowing four added itself to the jostling, bobbing mass of craft which crowded round the ship, all the crews and passengers striving for a first glimpse of the Royal couple, while the welcoming functions by the Governor-General (Sir Charles Fergusson), the Prime Minister (Hon. J. G. Coates), and others were being conducted on the Royal deck. To the discreetly veiled horror of Captain Sullivan and Commander Moore, an incident, unrehearsed in all the preparations for landing, occurred when the Royal barge left the ship's side with T.R.H. on board. According to precedent, even a Royal barge has to "come to attention," so to speak, whenever a salute is being fired, and as the Standard had been lowered to be rehoisted on the barge, a salute had to be fired to mark the occasion. When the first gun of that salute barked high overhead the barge was only twenty yards or so from the gangway, right in the middle of all the thronging boats. Stopped she was, and immediately became the centre of a milling, manœuvring mass, everybody striving, at the risk of their own lives, or at any rate a wetting, to get a nearer view of the whole Royal party. It was an opportunity not to be missed for a "close-up," and it was fully taken advantage of by

enthusiastic, excited men and women, who cheered the smiling Duke and Duchess to the echo. Their ordeal was soon over, and the barge sped shorewards, accompanied to the end by its self-appointed escort. The remainder of the morning was spent in the more formal functions of the presentation of addresses of welcome and replies from the Duke of York, and in triumphal progresses through the city of Auckland, decked in gala dress for the occasion. The rain pelted down at intervals, but nothing damped the enthusiasm of the waiting crowds, which at one period of the morning's procession broke all bounds and overwhelmed the cordon of stalwart six-foot policemen who had been recruited from all over the Dominion to act as police guards and escorts throughout the tour. Little harm was done, though the Royal car had great difficulty in forcing its way through. A similar scene took place in the afternoon, when T.R.H. were taken for a motor drive through the environs of Auckland. They alighted to walk through the beautiful gardens of the Ellerslie Racecourse, and the crowd which had been following them all day were again too much for the police. Both the Duke and Duchess were surrounded and lost to view among a surging, camera-clicking mob, so that the slim form of the Duke or the smiling face of the Duchess was only visible at intervals, as though cast up on the crest of a wave. They took the incident remarkably well, and were evidently enjoying all the experiences of the afternoon, which showed them Auckland from all aspects. One unforgettable view was from Mount Eden, with the whole of the red-roofed, comfortable-looking suburbs outspread beneath them, and the waters of the Waitemata and Onehunga harbours separated only by a narrow neck glistening in the late sun. The feature of the day was, however, the manifest way in which both the Duke and Duchess captured the hearts of the populace—the one by his cheeriness, the other by her charm. Auckland, indeed, taking to itself the responsibility of speaking

for New Zealand as a whole, gave every assurance not only of loyalty to the King's House, but a very present affection for the two representatives in its midst.

Great as that welcome on the first day was, however, it was eclipsed by the one on the following day. It was young New Zealand's chance, and right well did they avail themselves of it. The main function was a display by some fifteen thousand school-children on the Government Domain, while five times that number of spectators covered the slopes around the arena. It was the first and in many ways the best of many children's gatherings which were later to inspire the Duke to coin his slogan, "Take care of the children and the country will take care of itself"—repeated by him more than once in the course of his tour. The day was a glorious one of sun and blue sky, further accentuating the Maori belief that a visit begun in rain goes on in sunshine. On such a day, one that makes Auckland justly proud of its summer, the spirit of youth was abroad in the streets, thronged again by smiling, cheering crowds. Everybody was young, or seemed young, vigorous, full of life and the zest of it. Happy, laughing faces peered into the cars of the Royal party at every stoppage, and as the procession approached the Domain the lines along the mile of route thickened and swelled until at the entrance a perfect sea of young Aucklanders, in bright coloured frocks or light summer suits, hemmed in the Ducal car. It was reserved for the actual entrance into the Domain to give T.R.H. their greatest thrill. Turning sharply, the car plunged downwards into a dense throng of people, through which it slowly threaded its way into the arena, whereon were grouped thousands and thousands of children, mostly white-clad, but the prevailing colour note was set off by the khaki of the Boy Scouts, the navy blue of the Girl Guides, the vivid green of the grass, and the more sombre foliage of the encircling trees. As the Duke and Duchess moved on to the ground the whole place seemed a living, moving



carpet of white and green, flecked here and there with red, white and blue, while thousands of tiny flags fluttered a welcome ; thousands of young throats poured forth a crescendo of cheering ; thousands of young hands pattered a continuous staccato of applause. The welcome was emphasized spectacularly by the schoolgirls from the Auckland district, who stood in the centre of the arena in a formation of the Maori word for welcome—*Hairemai*. Afterwards they spelt it out letter by letter, calling each one separately, and heightening the effect by a clever use of flags.

After the Boy Scouts—all varieties—had marched past, there was a charming little interlude, when two wee Brownies presented the Duchess, on behalf of the Girl Guides and Brownies, with a doll almost as big as themselves for the Princess Elizabeth. The Duchess was obviously touched, though her eyes twinkled into merriment when one of the tots, backing away from the august presence, put out her tongue in an irrepressible gesture of relief that her ordeal was over. The Brownies then went past at the trot, hundreds of slim black legs flickering, hundreds of eager little faces upturned to the Royal stand. Each pack was harnessed as a team with multicoloured ribbons. The Girl Guides made a very brave show, considering that, as a New Zealand organization, they have not been more than three years in existence. The advent of their Vice-President, the Duchess, was, of course, the stimulus which enrolled many thousands throughout New Zealand in anticipation of the visit. Maori school-girls and boys respectively gave T.R.H. the first impression of what the *poi* dance and *haka* were like, though their movements, as befitted "young ladies and gentlemen," were perhaps a little too decorous and refined compared to what the Duke and Duchess were to see later at Rotorua. Some excellent Swedish drill by the boys and a huge mass formation of the Flag of St. George brought the children's display to a conclusion. But the final scene of all put the

culminating touch to the whole day's proceedings, perhaps, without exaggeration, to the whole of the Auckland visit.

Instead of departing as they came, T.R.H. gave instructions that their open car should thread its way down the avenues of children still standing to attention. Broad lanes were made for the passage between the ranks, and the theory was that the car should drive slowly along these lanes while the children stood and watched the progress. But what child already worked up to a pitch of very real excitement could "stand and be still to that sort of drill" when right before their eyes were a Duke and a Duchess standing in their car bowing, smiling, hand-waving in an effort to show how much they had appreciated the morning's display, how much they loved the sight of so many healthy, happy children! Discipline went to the winds.

At first a few, then more and more, broke ranks, and soon there was a shouting, cheering mob of almost hysterical children all round the Royal car, which drove slowly and more slowly through the packed throng as it rushed from vantage-point to vantage-point and poured about the arena in a stream of white-clad figures. The car made the whole circuit of the ground, driving off at last through lines of Boy Scouts struggling manfully to keep a lane open with their staves held longways in their hands, T.R.H. still standing in their car, still bowing, waving, smiling, very plainly as happy as the children. After that most stirring scene the rest of the day seemed flat and unprofitable, though it sounds somewhat churlish so to describe the garden-party at Government House, or the reception at the Town Hall, society at the former and the citizens at the latter emulating each other in their endeavours to do all honour to their visitors. The Auckland visit came to an end early in the evening, for the *Renown* had to weigh anchor before midnight for the Bay of Islands.

In such a tour as the present one, when apparently

the object of the authorities is to cover so much ground in the shortest space of time, it is not possible to form any definite impressions of a place. Auckland remains like a cinema film out of focus. A city blurred by rain, or seen from a motor-car at thirty miles an hour, cannot etch out any lasting picture. But Rudyard Kipling's "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart" city can justly lay claim to all the epithets, though perhaps with reservations. It is not the loneliest, for its friendliness both of aspect and of people has made it almost cosmopolitan in character. With that cosmopolitanism comes also a quickened civic sense. There was a very distinct cleavage observable in the old and the new architecture of the city. Buildings older than a quarter of a century were undistinguished in outline or design, strictly utilitarian in character, even ugly in façade. But the new architecture in flats and business premises, in suburban cottages and residences, alike shows a striving after the artistic and æsthetic which soon is to make Auckland a realized garden city—if one may be permitted to use that much-abused term in its old-time significance. They build a good deal in wood in Auckland, so far as the homes of the people are concerned, and they are beginning, just as America has, to discover that wood is a kindly, malleable medium wherewith to work, so that the old box-shaped atrocity which stood for a house in the older days has given place to gracious little bungalows set in trim gardens. In the city, too, which seems to be at the present time undergoing a metamorphosis, the newer buildings show very distinct signs of modern influence, both American and English, and in the business section fine offices, banks, and flats are being, or have been recently, erected, all a tribute and a prophecy—a tribute to the civic sense of the men who have made, or are making, the city, with its beautiful surroundings, one of the joys of the southern hemisphere—a prophecy of the years to come, when Auckland will vie with half a dozen others for the title of Queen City of the South.

## CHAPTER X

### SPORT AND SIGHT-SEEING

VERY considerably, the New Zealand Government so arranged the tour of T.R.H. that a week of sport and sight-seeing was sandwiched in between the official welcoming functions at Auckland and the continuation of those functions at all manner of towns from the capital downwards. But in order to prepare the Duke and Duchess for what was to be their portion later, the authorities had arranged for one or two of the routine welcomes to be tendered between the visits to centres which were to be devoted to fishing or sight-seeing, just as a sort of reminder of what was to come—not to say a threat. So, at midnight on the day that the citizens held their reception, the *Renown* steamed out of Auckland Harbour bound for the Bay of Islands, the haunt of the big fighting fish of the southern hemisphere. Though rich as usual in all these things, New Zealand has another game-fishing ground in the Bay of Plenty, which yields quite as exciting sport. So far, however, the Bay of Islands, with the little town of Russell as its shore base, may be regarded as the headquarters of the sport which is attracting fishermen from all over the world. Especially is this the case from the west coast of the United States, where once on a time it was thought that the best big-game fishing in the world was to be had. The Bay of Islands has, however, another claim to fame. Many years before New Zealand was taken over by Great Britain the South Sea whalers had made the place their careening

ground, and decades before that again the Rev. Samuel Marsden, who was a famous figure in the early days of the penal settlement at Sydney, preached his first sermon to the Maoris on Christmas Day 1814. On his return to Sydney he left three other missionaries to carry on the work of Christianizing the Maoris, who in that district were numerous and warlike. It was a pity, though, that the missionaries did not turn their attention to the men of their own blood, for when the whalers held sway on Kororareka Beach, as the place was called, there was no wilder Alsatia in the world, almost rivalling the then forgotten glories of Port Royal. The peaceful harbour, now given over to the fast motor-boats of the deep-sea fishers or an occasional coaster, was thronged with whalers or South Sea traders, all armed, and even some with their boarding-nets up against the attacks of marauding Maoris. Their crews were ashore, rollicking up and down the shanty-lined streets of Russell, love-making with the Maori "ship girls," drinking with their boon companions, or quarrelling with the young native bloods who had come in from the surrounding *pahs* for a "good time." In that atmosphere of licence and lawlessness, during the "roaring forties" and before that, the colony of New Zealand, now a dominion and a unit of the British Commonwealth of Nations, was born. As early as 1833 a British resident was appointed to Russell, and in 1840 Captain William Hobson arrived in the Bay of Islands empowered to proclaim, with the consent of the natives, British sovereignty over New Zealand. There the Treaty of Waitangi was signed by more than five hundred chiefs, and the seat of government was fixed at Auckland. It was in the Bay of Islands, too, that the first Maori War began. Hone Heke rebelled against the establishment of customs duties in 1841, and, abetted by the lawless elements in the local tribes, had the whole district in a state of war in the early months of 1845.

To-day there is no trace of that early bloodshed and

strife except the lines in the ground which mark the site of some Maori *pah* or earthwork, a few monuments and gravestones in the churchyard. The place was for years a sleepy hollow, to be galvanized into activity once more when its immense attractions as a centre for game-fishing were discovered. And what game-fishing it is! Experts have put it on record more than once that the black marlin swordfish and the mako shark, which troop into the bay about November every year, are the finest fighting fishes in the world. The black marlin will fight for hours with almost incredible ferocity and strength, leaping many times clear of the water in efforts to shed the hook; so, too, will the mako shark, a veritable torpedo in the water, a monster of prodigious agility and strength. The mako is said to be the most powerful of all the sharks and the most active. It is the "blue pointer" of Australian waters, and is widely distributed in many seas. "It has a mackerel-shaped body, round in section," writes an authority, Mr. D. G. Stead, "and its fins are not so pronounced as in the ordinary shark. Its snout is long and sharply tapering, a little flattened above, while its eyes are large, round and lustrous. The mouth is wide and the teeth large, very prominent, and fashioned for grasping its prey at high speed. The skin is very smooth, even for a shark, and the colour is striking, the upper surface being a most beautiful deep blue and the lower half white with a silvery line of demarcation between." As to weight, it is always the biggest fish that gets away, but Zane Grey, the American novelist, who fishes the waters every year, claims that he and an English enthusiast, Captain Mitchell, had one on that weighed 1,200 lb. Captain Mitchell actually killed a black marlin that could not be weighed with the appliances at hand, so they cut it in half, and even then, with the loss of some weight, the two sections turned the scale at 970 lb., so that the claim that intact it must have weighed nearly

1,000 lb. is justifiable. Fish weighing from 500 lb. to 200 lb. are always being caught.

It was after one of these monsters that the Duke set out as eager as a schoolboy for his first taste of deep-sea game-fishing. He had the most expert advice obtainable in the specially equipped launch that took him to the fishing grounds, but it was not until mid-afternoon that he struck his first fish—and last. It was a brown shark, not considered a fighting fish, but it gave the Duke a good half-hour's battle before it was brought to the boat's side, harpooned, and secured. It turned the scale at 120 lb., quite a respectable weight to have at the end of a hundred yards of line. Another member of the Royal party, Surgeon-Commander White, had the luck to get fast into a fine swordfish before his bait had been out five minutes. It made a magnificent leap, almost into the boat as a matter of fact, to the consternation of Mrs. Gilmour, who was fishing with him, but after several exciting minutes it got away. One of the members of the *Renown's* ward-room landed a fair-sized swordfish, and several good kingfish were hooked, but the day was blank as far as the real monsters were concerned. Not so unfortunate were those who, headed by the Duchess, contented themselves with smaller game. The whole place simply teems with fish. Inshore the surface of the water at periods seemed alive with schools of khaiwhai, a mackerel-shaped fish which will apparently take any sort of bait; while round the rugged cliffs, close under which it is possible to anchor, there are endless swarms of schnapper, running to fifteen or twenty pounds in weight, as well as haupaka, groper and many other fine eating fish, which give any reasonably-minded man as much sport as he wants.

The Duchess got a fine basketful, and was out again the next morning, despite a decided change in the weather, which set the small launches dancing uncomfortably, and settled the question once and for all as to the chance of

the Duke getting a big fish. It was altogether too rough for the outside grounds, so he had to content himself with a day among the schnapper, a good catch somewhat compensating him for the disappointments of the trip in other directions. If he had had his choice, it is safe to say that he would have stayed on in the Bay until his luck turned, but schedules on Royal tours have to be adhered to, and the *Renown* left in the evening to make the night run back to Auckland, where the long overland journeyings were to commence.

Rotorua was the first objective reached after a long day's journey from Auckland, which still wept copiously as the Royal train pulled out of the station between crowds whose enthusiasm was undamped by the rain, and who lined the railway tracks for miles out of the city. It rained, too, at Rotorua when Their Royal Highnesses arrived, and though the sun shone next day, there was so much water about that, combined with the natural heat of that extraordinary place from the hidden reservoirs of steam, the atmosphere was uncomfortably muggy. The thermal region of New Zealand, of which Rotorua is the chief spa and centre, has been so often described that it is perhaps not necessary to go far into detail as to its features and attractions. It is about three hundred square miles in area, and all the way through it there are innumerable manifestations of the "super" activity of the tremendous forces at work, sometimes only a foot or two below the surface, sometimes surging upwards through hundreds of feet of the earth's crust. To go through Whakarewarewa, as T.R.H. did on the afternoon of Sunday, February 27th, is a terrifying experience. Unless the tourist keeps strictly to the paths he is liable to step into a boiling spring or fall into a deep crevasse, to die horribly. spurts of steam try to reach you from the roadside; huge cauldrons of boiling mud bubble furiously like a gargantuan porridge-pot; warm spray from a score of spouting geysers drenches you from heaven; slimy, warm



mud clings to your feet and holds you in dreadful clutches. A thrust from a walking-stick into the side of the pathway brings on its withdrawal a wisp of steam. Death in its most agonizing form is always looming, though the fact that the valley is peopled with numbers of Maoris, who build their huts and villages just where the activity is strongest, so that they may have the steam and boiling springs for warmth and for cooking, comforts the uninitiate; for the natives, long used to the terrors of the place, treat them with contempt, and little naked Maori babies swim unconcernedly in warm pools or mudlark in the fumeroles. The acme of the activity in Whakarewarewa are the geysers Pohutu and Waikite. The latter is also called the Prince of Wales' feathers from the fact that it throws a threefold spout, while Pohutu is a magnificent jet of boiling water soaring a hundred feet or more skyward. It is, however, a capricious geyser. Sometimes it spouts at frequent intervals, sometimes it sulks for hours. It is forbidden nowadays to "soap" the geysers, for the reason that the treatment eventually results in putting them out of action, but there is more than a suspicion that Pohutu had this stimulant administered on the occasion of the Royal visit. In any case the result was magnificent.

The impression made by Whakarewarewa is heightened on the realization that it is only one of thousands of indications of the infernal activities of the thermal region. There are rivals to it not so very far away—for example, at Wairakei, through which the Royal party passed on their way from Rotorua to Lake Taupo. To take a guide-book description of the place, it is "probably the most remarkable valley in the world. The earth rumbles and shakes from the action of the titanic forces beneath. Vast steam clouds float away from the valley. The visitors are guided for two hours or more among geysers that play with clock-like regularity at brief intervals, some sinister and threatening, others beautiful and fairy-

like. Some are in the bottom of the valley, and others among the most beautiful verdure on the hill-side. Mud springs—some black and forbidding, others quaint, beautifully tinted and dainty in their ever-changing formations—are everywhere. Weird hobgoblin noises and hisses and titanic throbs continue perpetually. For three hours the visitor sees new and wonderful sights. At the foot of the valley all accumulations of heated water rush in a large stream into a lake basin—some million gallons a day—from which it disappears into some hidden mysterious depths, the only evidence of its escape being a fearsome metallic sound as of giant blows on a mammoth anvil, which comes from somewhere below. At Wairakei also may be seen probably the most remarkable blow-hole in existence—the great steam safety-valve, as it is called, of the district.”

All the way through this thermal district are to be seen clouds of steam floating across the hill-side, or, as at Lake Rotomahana, emerging from geyser-pitted and many-hued cliffs, along which the motor-launch cruises through warm, sometimes boiling, water. Even at the fishing camp at Tokaanu there was a miniature reproduction of the Whakarewarewa valley—a geyser which erupted punctually every fifteen minutes, a mud-hole, two or three warm ponds with crystal-clear water, a blow-hole, and a hot spring, from which the water on its coming to the surface is led away into a steaming swimming-bath for the benefit of the residents and hotel visitors.

It is not only for its volcanic and other activities that Rotorua is famous. The Royal party were taken to the newly-erected bath-house, where the Government have, so to speak, harnessed the bounties of Nature in the way of supplying medicinal springs and adapted them to the needs of sufferers. The waters are of two main varieties—the “Rachel,” which is an alkaline sulphuretted water, soft to the skin and sedative in reaction; and the “Priest,” or free acid water, which, owing to the presence of free

sulphuric acid, is mainly stimulating and tonic in reaction. There is also a valuable siliceous mud, very soothing in painful joint affections and in some skin diseases. The Government have erected a palatial bath-house, where private baths may be taken under the advice of a permanent balneologist, and all manner of treatment followed to meet the particular variations of the diseases of arthritis, fibrositis, gout, sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, and various forms of neurasthenia. In addition, there are swimming-baths for men and women—large basins of pleasantly warm water, a plunge into which is most refreshing and invigorating in its after-effects. From sixty to eighty thousand baths are given every year, and an average of thirty thousand special treatments—massage, electric therapy, and so on—are administered at the Spa, to say nothing of the thousands of plunge-baths indulged in by tourists and residents.

From Rotorua T.R.H. motored after a week-end of exceptional interest to Tokaanu, where the Government had fitted for them a fishing camp *de luxe*. The drive there was full of beauty, after the first thirty miles of it had been passed. The way led through the new State forest, where fifty thousand trees have been planted by prison labour during the last few years. This first stage of the journey was still in the volcanic region, proof whereof was afforded by a remarkable rainbow-hued cliff-side, striated with bands of multicoloured clays. Then came the valley of the Waikato, which is the outflow from Lake Taupo, where legend says the Taupo Maoris lured their Wanganui rivals to a boat-race and let them drift all unsuspecting over the Huka falls to their death. The remainder of the journey lay along the shores of Lake Taupo itself, a broad expanse of water wherein lie, out in its depths, monster trout of twenty or thirty pounds in weight. Across the smooth waters rose against the westering sun the triple mountains of Tongariro, Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe, the last-named the only active volcano



*Photo Central News*

THE DUCHESS WITH HER 7LB. SALMON-TROUT AT TOKAANU.



in New Zealand. Only a wisp of amethyst-tinted smoke against the blaze of solar gold hinted at the presence there of subterranean powers which but recently threw smoke and flames three hundred feet into the air. Darkness had set in before the journey was completed, but all the way there had been little groups of waiting people with flags, or beside bonfires after dark, to give greeting. At their fishing camp, where they were left in complete privacy, T.R.H. found a real "bush" welcome waiting for them. A blazing camp-fire roared before the open door of a spacious, comfortably furnished marquee, its flames throwing into high relief the foliage of the white pines and kowhai-trees in the midst of which the camp was set. There, after a good dinner, they sat and lazed the hours away. Only Lord and Lady Cavan and Lieutenant-Commander Buist, with the necessary attendants, were with them, the rest of the staff being accommodated at the hotel six miles away. It was a most peaceful ending to a tiring day, and as sleep came, the rushing of the Tongariro River, swirling half-way round the camp on its way to Lake Taupo, was the only sound they heard.

Two glorious days of sun and wind must have been ample compensation for the comparatively poor sport. The Duke, like a true fisherman, refused to troll for them in the lake, where several parties were taking a dozen or score of fine fish up to fifteen pounds in weight every day. He preferred the rigour of the game, and industriously thrashed the waters of the stream from early morning. His reward was only a half-dozen the first day and not a fish the second; while the Duchess, very workmanlike in her rubber cape and heavy waders, gloried in killing a fine fish of about eight pounds. Lord Cavan, handicapped by his weak ankle, could not follow a fine fourteen-pounder, and had to fight him flat-footed, thereby losing him just at the last moment, when the gaff was almost in the air to land him. Lieutenant-Commander Buist, however, had fine sport—such sport that he declared his

two days had given him the best trout-fishing he had ever enjoyed.

It was regretfully that the Royal party turned their backs upon Tokaanu and Lake Taupo, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of March 2nd began their forty-mile motor journey through the vast area now known as Tongariro National Park, which contains, besides the three mountains, Tongariro, Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe, many stretches of beautiful forest, waterfalls, glaciers, lakes, and other natural features. The Government has built accommodation huts at various points, and made tracks thereto, so that the park is becoming quite a favourite resort for tramping parties, while winter-time provides plenty of skiing, tobogganing, and all the pleasures which Switzerland offers. The journey through the region was, however, uneventful, except for one brief, glorious glimpse of Mount Egmont, lifting against the last light of the sun in a perfect cone of deep purple, like some mystic castle of faery. The Royal train awaited them at Waimarino, as every true New Zealander prefers to call the railway station of National Park, and in the pouring rain the local inhabitants, some of whom had driven scores of miles for the occasion, stood and cheered the Duke and Duchess. Even when they had retired to their carriage, the enthusiasm continued until the Duke had to make what was probably the shortest speech of the tour :

"We've had a very good day ; we've come a long way, so we'll say good-bye, good luck."

## CHAPTER XI

### THE MAORIS

THE visit of the Duke and Duchess to Rotorua had a twofold significance. Not only were they taken there for the purpose of seeing the sights of New Zealand's most famous spa; they went there as well in order to meet the people of the other race of which New Zealanders are compound. For the Maori is proud to call himself British, as proud as are the British of the islands to acknowledge him as such. Not once, but often, in the course of their tour T.R.H. heard the expression used, "the people of New Zealand of both races." First of all they heard it in the address of welcome read by the Prime Minister, the Hon. J. G. Coates, when he welcomed them to the Dominion on that rainy morning of February 22nd in Auckland. In those words, or variants of them, other speakers emphasized again and again that the white and the coloured populations of New Zealand were indissolubly mingled in one integral part of the British Empire. As to the Maoris themselves, though there is almost an illimitable flow of legend and tradition surrounding their occupation of the "Long White Cloud," their origin has never been satisfactorily traced. So far back as the middle of the seventeenth century—in 1642—when the country was first discovered by the Dutchman Tasman, there was a race of highly developed Polynesians living there, who had plainly been established in the country for centuries. Moreover, these Maoris had ousted by conquest another and earlier



generation of immigrants of the same blood, who had previously discovered the new land, and paid to their later kin the debt of all pioneers—submission to other newcomers with stronger arms and more ruthless methods. The tradition runs that, generations ago, the Maoris dwelt in a country called Hawaiki (sometimes wrongly identified, owing to the similarity of names, with Hawaii). They were wonderful navigators—the Vikings of the Pacific—and in their big, double, outrigger canoes, capable of carrying scores of people, they made voyages hither and yon across the long leagues of the loneliest ocean in the world. In the course of one of those exploratory voyages one of their chiefs one day saw New Zealand looming above the skyline—much as Eric the Red discovered America—and having looked upon the country and found that it was good, returned to his own place and persuaded his countrymen to set out in a fleet of canoes to colonize the new land. Of that voyage, its hardships and its chances, Maori mythology and legend are replete. The names of most of the canoes are still remembered, and each tribe agrees in its account of the doings of the people of the principal canoes after their arrival in New Zealand; and from these traditional accounts the descent of the numerous tribes has been traced.

From their arrival to the discovery anew of the islands by Captain Cook, the Maoris grew and flourished. They were an intensely warlike race of cannibals, tribe warring against tribe, and they developed a military science and a bravery in the field, combined with a fierce savagery and dreadful cruelty. At the same time they responded eagerly to the efforts of missionaries, begun over a century ago, to Christianize them, and very strange were some of the sects which were based on the teachings of the apostles. With an ingenuity to be admired, they grafted the tenets of the Bible on to their own mythology, or so distorted them as to construct a new religion, and even to this day they are as avid for

evangelization as ever are the Welsh. There is outside Wanganui to-day a Maori settlement of small cottages dominated by a well-built church, which is the result of a fiery campaign by a Maori evangelist, still alive, who was able by the magnetism of his oratory to attract many of his fellow-countrymen away from their beliefs to found a new sect—indeed, he was so eloquent and so compelling that his fame reached to the other side of the world.

When finally the Maoris came under British rule—and their two wars were conducted with intense chivalry and punctiliousness—they very quickly accepted the new order of things and became most loyal subjects of the Queen. In proof of this, one of the functions performed by the Duke of York at Rotorua was to unveil a war memorial to the members of the Arawa tribe who fell in the Great War—a memorial symbolic not only of the patriotism of that tribe alone, but also of all the tribes of New Zealand who flocked to the colours when the call came. The memorial typifies in its design, if not in its execution, the double nature to which the Maori has come to-day. In the first place, it elevates the House of Windsor, busts of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII and King George V being set in relief panels, while a life-sized statue of King George V surmounts the whole. There are other panels depicting the signing of the treaty of Waitangi, by which the Maori chiefs acknowledged the sovereignty of Queen Victoria, the introduction of Christianity into the islands, and also the Army and Navy. In the second place, there are many carvings and other representations which perpetuate the legends of the Arawa tribe, from a carving of the great canoe which brought their ancestors to New Zealand centuries ago to a reproduction of the most important Maori war weapons. There is a symbolic panel showing Te Kuraimonoa awaiting her spouse Puhaorangi, a celestial being who is seen descending from the clouds. From these two many of the Arawas trace

descent through Rangitihi, who lived twelve generations ago. His statue stands in the act of throwing a spear before the memorial proper, and figures of his eight children, carved in totara wood, form a fence round the memorials. Rangitihi had seven sons and a daughter, and round each is woven a legend reproduced in the carving of the post dedicated to the individual.

Rotorua, then, teems with the Maori side of New Zealand's double nationality, and the Government wisely encourage the Maoris to make it their rendezvous when any such supreme event as the visit of a King's son and his wife occurs. It was the scene of a great gathering when the Prince of Wales went to the Dominion, and so it was fitting that it should be made the occasion of a little more elaborate ceremonial of welcome than was accorded to other towns outside the four chief centres of population. T.R.H., again, as if to emphasize the Maori tradition about the *mana* of a great chief able to call down the rain from heaven, arrived in a pelting downpour, and were met on the railway platform by an imposing delegation, which was headed by the Prime Minister, in his capacity as Minister of Native Affairs, and Sir Maui Pomare, the member of the Executive Council representing the native race, as well as some Maori chiefs of high degree. It must have come rather as a shock to T.R.H., unused to the practice, that some of these chiefs wore their native mats over ordinary European garb, while their heads were variously adorned either with the native headdress, with bowlers of ancient vintage, or with the felt hat of the modern young man. The incongruity of it all was heightened as soon as the Royal pair emerged from the station. There in the rain-drenched roadway stood a company of old men who danced the *haka* of welcome—the first of many that the Duke and Duchess were to see in Rotorua. The dancers were clad in shirt and trousers instead of the old barbaric garb, shaking sticks and umbrellas instead of spears and clubs, and stamping in

leather boots instead of naked feet. There was no mistaking, however, the sincerity of their welcome, either terpsichorean or vocal, their loyalty breaking forth again irrepressibly in an unrehearsed song as the Duke and Duchess drove off to their hotel in an open car with the rain streaming down. Their day's experiences concluded with a most interesting exhibition of *poi* dancing and *hakas* in a small hall, the stage restrictions, however, preventing quite as free an exhibition as one would have liked. The *poi* dance, of which there are many variants, consists in the rhythmic swinging in all manner of figures of small round balls of flax about the size of a fives ball. The girls are wonderfully expert in keeping the *pois* twirling, and most graceful in the precision of their movements as they sway to and fro with a swish of their *piupius*, as the skirts of patterned strings of flax pith are called. Singing, too, their voices, sweet and true, blend most harmoniously, especially in the ancient Maori melodies, which they chant sometimes in unison, sometimes in excellent part singing. It should be explained also that the *haka* is the generic name given to men's dances. They are of various descriptions, and danced by the older men, trained to simulate the fierceness of old-time warriors, can be very terrifying. The dances consist of all manner of threatening gestures, spear and club shaking, and horrible grimaces, as though the braves were seeking to frighten their enemies or impress their friends with their prowess. It must be confessed, however, that the *haka* is a dying dance. It is difficult for a public school and university trained Maori to bring himself to such a pitch of pretence that he can imagine he is going into battle with club and spear or that he is meeting a posse of warriors clad as he is, in little else but loin-cloth and flax mat. Consequently, it is probable that the next generation will only know the dances by hearsay or see them done as a curiosity by professional dancers instead of, as now, by anyone of Maori blood. For the *haka*

exercises a very potent spell upon the present generation. Once they get into the swing and surge of it they seem to be possessed by a perfect frenzy and lose themselves entirely. Even the Maori spectators will leap to their feet and join in, or, as they sit, will tap their foot or beat their hands to the measure. One very striking instance of how this fascination works must suffice. The organizer of the first Maori entertainment at Rotorua was Sir Apirana Ngata, a very highly educated man and a polished speaker in the House of Representatives, where he represents the Eastern Maoris. Yet before the end of the performance he had left his place in the prompt corner of the stage and was joining in the dances before the footlights.

But with all that fascination granted, the *haka* must eventually die. Maori scholars, such as Dr. Buck, who was the master of ceremonies at the wonderful demonstration by the Maoris which was the feature of the Rotorua visit, admit that the taste for it is waning, and that the demonstration would be one of the last, as it was one of the largest, ever held in New Zealand. It is not likely that another Royal visit will take place so soon as to inspire another such whole-hearted gathering of Maoris to offer the best that they had to their guests.

All previous experience of *hakas* and *pois* paled into insignificance before that extraordinarily brilliant display. It was truly a magnificent spectacle in the strong sunlight and brisk breeze, the men's naked bodies glistening with perspiration as they thundered through their terrifying war-dances, their limbs working spasmodically, their faces contorted, their lips slavering, their bodies writhing as they worked up the frenzy of all the old tribal passions of hate, fury and revenge. In and out of their ranks hundreds of Maori girls swayed in long lines with cadenced tread, their bodies bending with sinuous grace, their arms gracefully swinging their *pois*, the flicker of which had sometimes almost a mesmeric effect. The men either





wore their flax mats or cloaks of kiwi feathers, though sometimes the pagan effect was spoiled by the revelation of a very modernly coloured suit of pyjamas underneath the savage clothes, or sometimes by a pair of brogues, stamping out the time alongside the naked feet of greater ticklers for the rigour of the game. The girls either emulated them as to the mats with *piupius* instead of loin cloths and blouses, or some swathing of bright-coloured material covering their torsos. In the case of the *poi* girls, they wore their *piupius* over an underskirt of bright colours, with jumpers matching their girdles and shoulder-strappings of contrasting colours. The younger girls were very graceful, very stately in their carriage, but the Maori, like most native races, runs to plumpness in maturity, and some of the captains of the *poi* teams possessed very solid figures. As also was the case with the men. One humorist named Paul, who enlivened the waiting-time before the arrival of the Royal party by dancing snatches of *hakas* before the stand, must have weighed all of twenty stone, and some of the dancers were quite as bulky, while at the same time there were with them some splendid specimens of muscular development.

It is good to know that such an attractive native race is in no danger of extinction, as is the case with most coloured people coming into contact with the white. At the moment they are actually increasing in numbers. Possibly one of the reasons for this is the fact that they have no "inferiority complex." To them, union with the white, when it occurs, is an honour for the white, not for the Maori. They are as proud of their blood as any French noble of the ancient regime, and the children of any union between Maori and white honour equally both their ancestries. Perhaps it is this very thing that has made the Maori such a lovable, as well as such an interesting, character. It has developed his sense of humour, has widened his intellectual outlook, has stimulated the



poetry that lies latent in most nations. Certainly they have to-day a most extraordinarily complete mythology and endless store of folk-tales, distinguished alike by a witty touch and poetical outlook which make them most attractive. And one finds the educated Maori—men like Sir Maui Pomare and Dr. Buck, for instance—as eager and as proud to tell those stories as ever the ancient men of the tribe in the long ago. All one afternoon Sir Maui was entertaining the Duchess with stories, sentimental and humorous, from what was apparently an inexhaustible store—indeed, there seems to be a tale for every physical happening, every natural development, and this book could be filled with them alone. Their imaginative side may perhaps be exemplified by repeating here the words that formed part of the Maori address of welcome which was presented to T.R.H. at the great Maori demonstration. It began : “Tikina ki te tah a atu o te rangi kukume mai a! Haeremai,” which translated means : “Seek them from the far horizon and draw them hither. Welcome!”—a phrase which is applied to the history and legend of “the canoes,” those wonderful sailing craft which twenty-two generations ago brought the first Maori over the long, lonely leagues of the Pacific to the “Long White Cloud,” as they first named New Zealand. The address follows :—

WELCOME ! WELCOME ! WELCOME ! SON ! WELCOME !

Second of that name your Royal father brought to this distant land a generation ago, Welcome. Thrice has Royalty deigned to honour our courtyard, to enter our humble house and to walk among us. It is good !

Thus is fulfilled the word we spoke on this ground to your elder brother, that those who govern this far-flung Empire should walk and talk with its peoples in its severed parts, and so understand and be understood of them. Come, then, in the spirit of trust, wherein England appeals to the hearts of all races, knitting them surely together in peace and goodwill.

Welcome, the Messenger of the Era to be, when space and

distance may be made of small account, when words and works may encircle the globe—as does the sun, so that no part of the Empire may brood in gloom and there conspire evil.

Daughter of an honoured house, Welcome ! Welcome ! Thus did that first Royal Duke appear before the eyes of our fathers with his lady. Welcome the second Duchess. Ha ! Is it a woman's peace you bring ? Woman's hands and Woman's tears have soothed the wounds of a warring world. Now woman strives for the peace of God, an enduring peace, the peace which passes all understanding. Welcome, then, embodying the ever-recurring hopes of mankind for a state in which health, happiness and prosperity shall prevail. There are ruined homes to be built again ; there are broken hearts to be mended ; there are empty places to be peopled ; there are waste places to be turned into gardens. Come, then, with the Empire's call to all your kind, to cement its foundations in seriousness, with patience and forbearance.

Welcome, then, Royal Son and August Lady ! We do not need to repeat vows already made to His Majesty and his eldest son. Loyalty has become a tradition of the Maori tribes of New Zealand, who have come to know and to value the things for which the Crown stands. The generation which welcomed your Royal father has passed away, and with it has gone many of the old-time ways and customs of our people. How else could it be ? Aotearoa and Te Waipounami have become the common inheritance of your people and our people.

Welcome and farewell ! Pass on to that larger land where awaits your ultimate duty, the dedication of yet another corner-stone in the proud edifice of Empire.

Haera ra !	Haere ra !
Farewell !	Farewell !

The poetic touch in their language of ceremony was again exemplified in their brief message of farewell which reached T.R.H. on the quay at Bluff. It ran :—

Farewell to you, the snow-white crane which flies but once in a lifetime, and to your priceless garment of heaven.

It is not only on the imaginative side that the Maori shines. He is a good craftsman, and though the ancient skill in carving the greenstone *tikis*, of which many were presented to the Duke and Duchess, is waning with the advent of modern tools, he remains a very good workman wherever he takes up a skilled trade. His ancient cunning in carving is visible all over the country in the many meeting and food-houses which he erected in all his villages. One of them, by the way—the Matuatua—was presented to Queen Victoria many years ago and found an unhonoured resting-place in the basement of the South Kensington Museum. It was discovered during the Wembley Exhibition, and those in authority in the New Zealand section borrowed it, brushed off the dust of ages, and re-erected it very effectively beside their pavilion. As just retribution South Kensington Museum never got the building back. It was packed up with the rest of the Wembley exhibits and now awaits erection in some suitable spot in its native country. Besides the elaborate carving of the greenstone *tikis*, *meres* and other implements, all of which carving had a religious or other symbolic significance, the Maori was expert in wood-carving, and all the meeting-houses are most handsomely decorated with figures and heads on barge-board, ridge-pole, and posts supporting it, on side slabs—indeed, wherever surface offers for the depiction of gods and goddesses, scenes from mythology, or events from history. The modern Maori can still reproduce the skill of his fathers in the erection of these houses, though it must be confessed that dreadful touches of modernity will creep in occasionally. For instance, there is at Matuatua, in the heart of the Urewera country in the North Island, a great Whare-whakairo called the Whai-a-te-motu. The principal post supporting the ridge-pole of this was carved in the effigy of the tribal ancestor Toroa. That great navigator and warrior is beautifully adorned with tattooing, but his neck is enclosed in a carved collar and bow-tie,

apparently copied from some draper's advertisement in a newspaper. The date when this house was built was 1890, and the collar and tie quite faithfully reproduce the fashion of the period. Apart from carving and sculpture, the Maori is also a good worker in textiles, some of the patterns of the *piupiu* worn by the women being beautifully executed, while their feathered headdresses are sometimes most intricate in design.

Upon all that substructure of skill in handicraft, the legacy of their ancestors, the Maoris are building a firm and growing educational equipment. Many of them are university trained, and carry as fine degrees as their English colleagues. Schools for Maori children are established all over the country, where the native population justifies it, and there are at the present time about a hundred and fifty such, both public and private. Instruction is in the English language only, and there were some seven or eight thousand children attending them. In addition, there are children of Maori blood attending the ordinary public schools, so that the total number of primary pupils of Maori race is about fourteen thousand. From these schools the whole system of State education is open to them through the secondary and the technical schools to the university. The educated Maori takes his new-found knowledge back to his people and teaches them the lessons contact with the English has afforded him of the benefits of hygiene and sanitation. Sir Maui Pomare, for instance, is a doctor of medicine, and his efforts to inculcate modern habits in the more old-fashioned Maoris when he was their chief health officer are bearing fruit in the steady improvement in the mortality statistics of the race. As the good work progresses, so will naturally the numbers of the Maoris, and generations hence will be able to compare and investigate what is perhaps the only instance wherein a native race living among a white people many thousands more in numbers has increased and multiplied.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE NORTH ISLAND

**A**FTER Russell and Rotorua, T.R.H. embarked on a tour of the North Island. The authorities had seen to it that all the more important centres of population outside the capital should have a chance, at any rate, of catching a fleeting glimpse of the Royal couple. As a matter of fact, Hamilton, which was visited before Rotorua, had the honour of being the first town on the list and of inaugurating a welcoming ceremonial which varied only in unessential detail from the thirty or more other towns which followed in its wake during the tour. It may, therefore, suffice to put on record here and now the procedure, so that repetition need not stale the account.

As soon as T.R.H. arrived by train, or in some cases by motor, they were escorted to a dais, sometimes on the station platform, sometimes in the main street, sometimes in public gardens. If there was a guard of honour—and a few places did not boast enough troops to form one—it was inspected, and then the Mayor or Chairman of the County Council read an address of welcome, which always referred in some terms or other to the “unswerving loyalty of this distant outpost of our far-flung Empire.” The Duke only handed in his reply, never reading it except in the four chief centres. Then all the local body representatives, as the official programme somewhat ambiguously grouped them, were presented with their wives, while veterans of many wars and the ex-Service men came in for a share of attention. The Girl Guides and

Boy Scouts were next in order of precedence, and after that the school-children had their turn. Each of them had a flag—and a voice—both of which they used to the fullest effect. The populace was, of course, massed in intermittently cheering crowds at every point of vantage, and no one could doubt the loyalty and enthusiasm of these people, some of whom had walked or driven or ridden many miles for their fleeting glimpse of the Duke and Duchess. If there was time, a motor-trip to some place of interest or a procession through the streets was added. If not, the party boarded the train and were off to the next town. The duration of the visit varied from two hours to two minutes, and the residents had to be content, though it was observable that there was much heart-burning and some jealousy between town and town.

For above all else the New Zealander is proud of his Empire, proud of his country and proud of his town. An incautious reference to the "small towns" of New Zealand would immediately bring forth a protest from the resident of a village of two or three hundred people that there were no small towns in New Zealand; and it was not safe, if one wished to avoid an acrimonious argument, to attempt to compare the charms or the resources of any two towns. Yet though that might be thought a manifestation of parochialism, it was nothing of the sort. Each one of the towns visited—not one of which (Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin excepted) had a population exceeding thirty thousand—had a characteristic all its own, while all combined in turning to the world a face of genial prosperity. Good business buildings, sometimes even excellent ones, wide streets and well-trimmed lawns, pleasant homes and happy people were seen everywhere. There may not be any great wealth in New Zealand—indeed, it is the people's boast that they do not create either paupers or millionaires—but there is a great deal of well-distributed money circulating among all classes, and very little real poverty. Everyone seemingly has a

wage to earn and earns it in decent surroundings. Their public men, too, instead of flocking to the capital city or other chief centres, are content to stay by the land that made them, and many are the beautiful homes the smaller towns can boast, sometimes homes that have come down from generation to generation since the first pioneer of the line broke ground there or thereabouts. More than that, the present owners, be they inheritors or founders, take an immense pride in their possessions. Sir Heaton Rhodes, for example, who was the charming cicerone of the Royal party throughout New Zealand, has brought his estate outside Christchurch, "Otahuna," to a perfect picture of what a country home in the Southland can be made. Wide daffodil-studded fields slope gently up to a friendly looking mansion backed by steeply rising hills, while all around the home paddocks and the farm buildings reflect the care and the husbandry of their owner. His house, too, is only typical of dozens of others that lie a day's journey and more from the chief centres, though in his case the way is not so long into Christchurch. Still, his parliamentary duties in Wellington mean a night's journey every time he makes the trip.

It is perhaps this aspect which made the long train journey from point to point far less wearisome than it might have been—the realization that in each of the centres visited there was a civic sense and an individuality that could not be otherwise than respected—that and the fact that the New Zealand Government had seen to it that the Royal train was worthy of the occasion. It had been specially designed, and every last detail had been attended to, even to the provision of electric curling irons. Its comfort was a tribute to the designer, and the amount of convenience that had been managed was remarkable, considering that the gauge of the New Zealand railways is only 3 feet 6 inches instead of the standard 4 feet 8½ inches. It proved, too, that it could travel, for speeds up to fifty miles an hour were registered during

the North Island trip, when conditions of track and grades were good. True, outside the Royal coaches, and where ordinary rolling-stock had to be added to the train, conditions were not so good, and facilities for newspapermen to do their work were sadly lacking until vigorous protests had been made. It was not for want of thought that the deficiencies occurred; it was merely a lack of knowledge as to the requirements necessary.

As has been said, each of the small towns visited had a distinctive touch that served to localize it and pin an "identity disc" to it. At Hamilton, for instance, there was the incident of the Duchess leaving her car on the way to the station to lay her bouquet at the foot of the Soldiers' War Memorial in a newly-formed park in which the trees are dedicated to the memory of individual members of the New Zealand forces. It was an unrehearsed incident, one of the many such that were to endear the Royal couple to the people, and the sentiment that prompted it, as the sentiment with which it was received, was expressed in a deep-voiced comment from the crowd, "Thank you, lady"—no more, but it meant everything.

Again, at the remote station of Pukekohe, on the way to Rotorua, where the train stopped for a minute or two, the Duke and Duchess "received" the little grand-daughter of that staunch old New Zealander and Imperialist, William Massey, the late Prime Minister, whose district it was and whose farm still remains in the family possessions. New Plymouth boasts the finest park in the Dominion—Pukehura Park—and it was there that the Duke and Duchess were driven for the welcoming ceremony. They found an arena flanked by steeply rising terraced banks on which the townsfolk were grouped, while across one side were lined the high-school girls formed into a blue and white "welcome" on the hill-side. From New Plymouth the train journey led through the green and pleasant land of Taranaki, famous alike for its butter and



its footballers. Rich-looking dairy-farms stretched to the horizon on both sides of the line. Stratford, still in the Taranaki district, provided a dainty avenue of arches, decorated with the white rose of York and held aloft by lines of schoolgirls, under which T.R.H. passed on their way from the dais to the station. Hawera, the next stop, was tremendously excited because there the Duchess kissed the tiny maid who presented the civic bouquet. Wanganui, the fifth largest town in New Zealand, with a population of 26,000, was specially favoured with brilliant sunshine as the Royal train drew into the station, and the party motored out to Cook's Park, where there must have been more than the total population of the town assembled. In the centre of the playing-fields the school-children had formed a living white Rose of York, though unfortunately the level ground prevented a better view of its formation. Here, too, the opportunity was taken by representatives of the Maori race in the district to pay their duty to T.R.H. Not so picturesquely dressed as their more northern compatriots, they nevertheless left no doubt as to their loyalty or their enthusiasm, the latter emotion being most fervently expressed, perhaps, by a small group of Maori children who earnestly danced a *haka* of welcome for the Duchess. She, much amused, saw to it that the Duke should have the same pleasure. After that the youngsters were so wrought up by the honours crowding thick upon them that they danced it for anybody who asked them, including several Press photographers and local residents. From the welcome the party were driven out to the beautiful St. John's Hill suburb, from which they had a splendid view of red-roofed Wanganui, set in the centre of its low-lying periphery of hills, with the broad sweep of the Wanganui River shining in the sunlight. The whole town looked a prosperous, pleasant community—as it undoubtedly is—and its buildings reflected as much as anywhere the enterprise of its residents and the solidity of its resources. At Feilding,

one of the shortest stops on record—three minutes—marked the final scene in a diverting little comedy of civic pride. In the original arrangements Feilding was left out altogether. It is only a small place of some five thousand people, but it was cut to the quick by the omission. A vigorous campaign was started in the local Press. Local politicians were urged—commanded—to have the iniquity removed. As a concession it was announced that the train would slow down as it passed through the town, but this indignity was adding further fuel to the flames, and everybody responsible was more fiercely attacked than ever, including the Prime Minister, who was stigmatized as “the man who does not get things done.” Capitulation followed, and Feilding had the intense pleasure of gaining its objective and seeing the Duke and Duchess walk out upon the specially built dais to face the total population, it seemed, of the town and district. The fact that Palmerston North was celebrating its jubilee, with all manner of carnival, swelled the welcoming crowds that greeted T.R.H. on the brilliant afternoon of March 3rd. It is a splendidly laid-out town, the central feature of which is a spacious square whence radiate the wide streets which are such a characteristic of New Zealand towns in general. The centre of the square is set about with well-kept gardens, lily-ponds, and all the appurtenances of a pleasure-ground. There the official welcome was held the next morning, the Duke and Duchess walking to it down ranks and ranks of children, all healthy, all happy, all shouting at the top of their voices. It was at Palmerston North, too, that one of the many homely little incidents occurred that used to add so much charm to the tour. Staying at Marton is Mr. Mumford, who was a shepherd at Sandringham until he migrated to New Zealand in 1919. He came into Palmerston North with his wife and two children, and the Duke and Duchess saw and chatted with them for some time.

The programme of Friday, March 4th, which was to end at Napier, began with the train journey through the Manawatu gorge, which led from the dairying country of Taranaki and Manawatu into the less densely populated but just as prosperous sheep country of Hawke's Bay. The gorge is a rift, steep and rugged, between the Tarawera and the Ruahine mountains. The railway has been cut out of the side of the cliff, a hundred feet above the swirling Manawatu River, while across the gorge a roadway has been hung to the cliff-side, supported for much of its course on solid concrete pillars like a balcony. The Duchess saw in the contour of the hills and the deep green of the river pools much to remind her of her beloved Scotland. Both Dannevirke and Hastings in their programmes of welcome provided ample evidence of the truth of the Hawke Bay boast that the best product of the province is babies, and this was to be clinched very definitely at the end of the day's journey at Napier. There at Cornwall Park the civic functions were expeditiously handled, and the Duke and Duchess returned to their hotel. From its verandah, looking over the broad sweep of sunlit water, they saw two vessels, one the stately *Renown*, calling there on her way from Auckland to Wellington, the other a tiny coastal craft, the *Wairoa*, tossing in the long Pacific swell, bearing back to distant towns hundreds of youngsters who had travelled scores of miles to cheer T.R.H., and were returning tired but happy in that they had been close to the Royal pair. It impressed the Duke and Duchess anew with the intense loyalty of the people, which is one of the Dominion's proudest attributes. At Napier the Duke was able to find time for a few games of tennis at the courts of the Hawke Bay Club, and both of them were impelled in the afternoon and again in the evening to step out on to the balcony and respond to the insistent cries of the crowd chanting in unison: "We want the Duke; we want the Duchess."

An early start was made next morning for the run

back to Wellington, calling on the way at Woodville and Masterton. At the former the Duchess met and chatted with Sergeant Bennett, of the Black Watch, who had been with her brother, Captain Bowes-Lyon, when he was killed at Loos. The sergeant's mother still lives on the Glamis estate. Masterton had the honour of providing the most grilling afternoon of the tour. The sun was scorching, and the Duke and Duchess stood in it for what seemed an eternity, though the Mayor acted with great consideration in curtailing the programme. Late in the afternoon the Royal train came to the heavy grades of the Rimutakas which guard the entrance to the Wellington province. There the train was dismembered to enable four special engines to be coupled in at intervals to take it over the very steep gradients and through the tunnels. It was over this range that the pioneers carved their way through the heavy bush and over the precipitous passes to the fertile Wararapa plains. It was an engineering feat which would stand out even to-day. To lift the train the eleven hundred feet from start to summit four "Fell" engines were used. Made in England in 1875, and still very serviceable, these engines are probably the last of their type. They work on the compression method, large internal wheels gripping each side of the centre rail, and in the utilization of friction roll their way upwards, surmounting the one in fourteen to one in sixteen grades with comparative ease. The type has now given place to the rack and pinion method. Having passed Summit, the train dropped quickly into the Hutt Valley and the outer suburbs of Wellington, arriving at the terminus of its long journeyings soon after five o'clock.

Wellington was looking regal in the gold of the westering sun. As the train wound round the harbour, the deep blue of the waters, backed by the dun hills already taking on the purple hues of twilight, and with the capital's residential suburbs rising higher and higher at the back

of the business section, supplied an unforgettable picture. A two-mile procession was the initial function of the visit after the formal civic welcome had been paid at the Lambton Station. The cars drove through the usual packed lines of cheering New Zealanders, under arches of welcome and festoons of flags and streamers—a decorative scheme in which the citizens had exercised their own ideas. One streamer, for instance, put its sentiment somewhat brusquely, but none the less sincerely, by instructing the Duke in so many words to “Tell the King we’re loyal.” It might have been put, perhaps, a little more politely, but then there was no more room. Most interesting in the route of the procession was its path along Lambton Quay, now a dignified city street, with business buildings and massive commercial houses everywhere along it; yet not so long ago it was the foreshore of the harbour, and even to-day there are men alive in Wellington who still refer to the locality as “the Wharf.” That fact, and the fact that the address from the Harbour Board was enclosed in a casket of wood made from one of the piles of the old wharf, brought home to the Duke and Duchess as clearly as anything could the newness of the country they were passing through and the immense progress it had made in its short history. The Wellington crowds were orderly, making no attempt to break the barriers, but they were none the less most enthusiastic, their one regret, often expressed, being that they had to be content with only a brief glimpse of the Royal couple as their motor drove on its way to Government House on the other side of the city. There the evening and all the next day (Sunday) were spent in almost complete retirement by the Duke and Duchess, except for their attendance at the cathedral in the morning. No doubt they were glad of the chance to “rest up” after their very strenuous week of travel and all that it entailed in the way of greeting people and assimilating new impressions. Wellington saw to it that their first acquaintance with

the city should be of the most brilliant nature. Both days were beautiful in strong sunlight and keen breeze. T.R.H. could stand on the Government House porticoes and look down across a somewhat drab industrial suburb to the blue glory of the harbour and the ships flaunting their bunting gaily, or upwards to the sweep of the hills behind the town, where homes, stately or friendly, but all well finished and furnished, rose terrace by terrace, higher and higher, until the topmost of them could survey the whole harbour and Cook's Strait beyond, while farther away still gleamed the purple ranges of the South Island. Of a surety Wellington is no mean city, and small wonder that her sons and daughters are proud of her.

As befitted the capital city, Wellington made her programme a thought more formal than those of her sister cities. March 7th was almost an entirely official day. Commencing with an investiture at Government House in the morning, several recipients of New Year Honours were properly entered into their degrees, the Duke using for the purpose an historic sword belonging to Sir Charles Cust. Then there was a civic reception at the Town Hall, with the usual addresses of welcome, the outstanding feature of the proceedings there being the extraordinary enthusiasm of the assembled audience, who applauded every possible reference to the members of the Royal family, while the Duke had to stand for several minutes facing a wildly cheering throng before he could commence his speech. There were also a military pageant at Newtown Park in the afternoon, with more children to form a living flag of welcome, and a ball at Government House in the evening. During the day, however, the Duke seized the opportunity to dash off with the Prime Minister and inspect a model village, erected under Government auspices, at the Hutt. It was quite informal, and the Duke, as did his elder brother, declined to follow the set arrangements altogether. For his benefit, several of the comfortable cottages had been swept and garnished

against his visit, their occupiers on the tiptoe of expectancy. The Duke called on several of these and then suddenly said, "I want to go in here," and knocked at the door of the first cottage he came to. The mistress of the house answered the knock, and to H.R.H.'s pleasant query, "How are you?" replied, "I'm so excited I don't know where I am." The Duke entered, inspected every detail of the home, and then inquired after the children. The whole seven of them were thereupon sought out from the various sanctuaries they had taken and paraded for inspection, the Duke shaking hands with them all and asking after their education and their sports. He left with a last compliment on the condition of the home, the family all grouped on the doorstep, swelling with pride and with a topic of conversation which would assuredly last them for months to come.

While the Duke was inspecting the village, the Duchess was opening the Karitane Home, magnificently situated on the top of one of Wellington's many hills, with a broad prospect of city, sea and sky outspread beneath. The Home represents one more step in the monumental work that Sir Truby King is doing in the cause of infant welfare. The first Karitane Home was opened in Dunedin twenty years ago. Since then six more Homes have been opened, devoted to the training of nurses in infant welfare and in mothercraft—a part of the Truby King "Plunkett system"—as well as educating the mothers to the higher ideals of maternity. The Home in Wellington is the culmination of Sir Truby King's great effort. The Plunkett Society, which he was first instrumental in forming, has assiduously carried on the wonderful work ever since, until to-day it is claimed that eighty-four per cent. of New Zealand's babies come under the influence of his system, which is so thorough that the Government supply with each marriage licence a book of instructions regarding infant care. This they follow up in the spirit of the American business system with further literature when

the first child is born. It is claimed that infantile diarrhoea as a cause of death will be almost completely wiped out in the course of the next few years. Even to-day the rate is lower than in any other part of the world ; over a period of twenty years deaths from that disease in Dunedin, where the records go back the longest, have dropped from fifteen per thousand in the period 1908-12 to one in the period 1920-24, and for three years during that quinquennium there were no deaths at all. Auckland has an average of five over the same period as against Sydney's nineteen. If figures prove anything, these statistics are irrefutable evidence of the exceptional value of the work being done. One little coincidence in connection with the function may be mentioned as illustrating again the youth of the city. The Karitane Home is built on the Tonks' estate, and Mrs. Tonks, an old lady of eighty, who was the first white girl born in the town, was present at the ceremony.

Inspired doubtless by the many thousands of " healthy, happy children " he had seen in his progress through the North Island, the Duke coined a new slogan for the final Government luncheon at the Town Hall, to which he came from a parade of ten thousand children in front of the Parliament Buildings. There were several hundred most appreciative guests present at the luncheon, and both the Prime Minister and the Duke made speeches punctuated with the most sincere applause, particularly for the slogan, which ran, " Take care of the children and the country will take care of itself." This evidently appealed to the minds and the imaginations of his hearers. The Duke also referred to the personal touch, the value of which it was impossible to exaggerate, and took occasion to speak most enthusiastically of the Dominion's resources, both in the matter of products and sport, while he was most impressed with the beautiful scenery through which they had passed. The speech was his letter of thanks for the most hospitable way T.R.H. had been treated in



the North Island. After the luncheon the Duke hurried away to inspect some more factories before returning to Government House for a garden-party, which was to be the last official engagement ashore of the Wellington visit. On its conclusion the Duke and Duchess went straight on board the *Renown*, where an official dinner was held at which the Governor-General, Mr. Coates, and most of his Cabinet were present. The *Renown* left about midnight for the short run across Cook's Straits to Picton, where the tour of the South Island was to commence.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE SOUTH ISLAND

THE last "leg" of the New Zealand tour began at Picton, a tiny little town at the head of the beautiful Queen Charlotte Sound, on the morning of March 9th. With it came also a wrench, for at the end of that first day the Duchess had to give in under the strain and, under medical advice, most unwillingly taken, abandon all idea of going farther with the tour. It had been a trying day: a train journey to commence with and then a long motor-run over country roads not altogether as smooth as macadam and very dusty. The pace set, necessarily, was rather fast, and the combined exertion of sitting erect all day smiling—as only the Duchess can smile—at all the spectators on the roadside, or meeting the local dignitaries in the half-dozen towns which were passed through, proved too much. Her throat always has been a weak spot with her, and the dust of the road must have settled there just when she was too exhausted to resist its poisonous effects. So at the end of the day, in Nelson, she went straight to her room, hoping that a rest would straighten things out. It did not. Tonsillitis and a high temperature declared themselves, and at midnight Surgeon-Commander White put his foot down and the sorrowful bulletin was issued.

There was not much of interest in the first day's trip. Picton is a sleepy hollow, and the inhabitants were not stirred to any marked degree of enthusiasm—no crowds or bunting, or very little. Only a few minutes were spent

there before entraining for Blenheim, whither the journey lay through wide agricultural lands, now brown with the aftermath of harvest. Neither Blenheim nor Havelock provided much in the way of incident beyond the civic functions, though at Blenheim a quaint touch was afforded by a notice on the stand that a portion of it was "reserved for elderly people." The fact that it was well occupied indicated that Blenheim pioneers have no false pride. It was just before reaching Blenheim, too, that the train passed Massacre Hill, the scene of one of the numerous attacks by the Maoris on the white settlers. The first party of settlers and surveyors were objected to by the Maori tribe in the Wairau district, and after protest had been made they attacked them and almost completely wiped them out. The slain were buried on Massacre Hill, where a cairn marks the spot. Havelock provided a little light relief, for though only the smallest of towns, the inhabitants had turned out in force and sang the Anthem with the aid of a piano planted in the middle of the main—and only—street, while the school-children waved large-sized Stars and Stripes, whether under the impression that it was their national flag or because the larger centres had already absorbed the available stock of Union Jacks is not quite clear. The party lunched at the pleasantly situated scenic resort of Pelorus Bridge, where tables had been set beneath the trees, and the Royal party were accommodated in a large marquee. It was quite a picnic affair, with water in clean kerosene tins to wash in, and a stroll through the tree-clad slopes of the park to rest the eyes after the dusty roads. The afternoon's drive over the saddles of the Rai and Wangmoana Ranges, through which the road wound in a hair-raising series of hairpin bends, must have afforded T.R.H. some idea of the difficulties of road-making in a new country anxious to drive a path to outlying districts to open them up for the settlers. The country hereabouts is very rugged and broken, though not to be compared in this regard

to the Buller Gorge, which the Duke was to see next day.

Nelson was reached in the mid-afternoon. A sedate little cathedral city, it prides itself on being one of the oldest settled parts of the South Island, for it was in 1841 that a party from Edward Gibbon Wakefield's famous organization arrived in three ships and selected the spot on which Nelson now stands as their settlement. Two years later the dreadful tragedy of the Wairau massacre occurred, and the settlers built a blockhouse on the steep hill in the centre of the town. To-day on that blockhouse site stands Nelson's Cathedral, now under course of demolition, with another and more graceful edifice rising from its ashes. It has an impressive setting, looking down from its height along a broad boulevard and flanked by truly delightful cathedral gardens. At the cathedral steps the address of welcome was read and the various civic functions conducted before adjourning to the Park, where many sturdy children waited to welcome T.R.H. They were a jolly lot, and the Duke broke through his customary rule and made them an extempore speech in which he referred gratefully to the fact he had just learned, that some of them had come eighty miles that day to see him and the Duchess.

Next day's journey began under saddened circumstances. The Duchess had so identified herself with the life and spirits of the party that everybody felt that some savour had gone out of the tour. The feature of the trip on this day was the traversing of the famous Buller Gorge, surely one of the finest bits of continuous romantic scenery in New Zealand, if not in the world. For sixty or more miles the road clung to the side of cliffs, with tree-clad mountains towering thousands of feet above and the bright water of the Buller River rushing by below. It is claimed that here is to be found the very essence of New Zealand scenery. On both sides is the typical bush undergrowth, clustering round the strong trunks of tall

trees. Tree-ferns abound, and ever and anon the liquid notes of the tui and bell birds are heard. Sometimes the track, as at Hawk's Crag, is cut deeply into the cliff-side, the cars winding slowly under the overhanging rocks, while many feet sheer below runs the river to the sea. Beyond its scenic beauties, too, there is a romance about the gorge. Down its difficult tracks went, in the long ago, the early pioneers of the west coast and the gold-seekers. How they managed it is not easy for the passenger in a luxurious motor to visualize; but they did it, and in doing it they filled one more niche in the hall of fame which rises to the men who made—and are still making—New Zealand.

With such a wonderful corridor through which to enter the west coast, it must be said that the towns themselves are disappointing. Westport, Greymouth and Hokitika are purely industrial in their origin and continuance. The people are hardy and sincere, sturdy upholders of their own rights and the rights of their district, but loyal and patriotic. They told the members of the Royal party that they were going into the stronghold of the Reds when they entered the west coast district, but there was no sign of it whatever. At Westport the leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party, Mr. Henry Holland, the member for the district, made it his business to be present at the reception to the Duke, who met and chatted with him, and they dined together that evening. It was an act of courtesy, both on the part of the Labour leader and the Duke, which evidently was much and mutually appreciated. At Greymouth there was, if anything, an overplus of enthusiasm, while at Hokitika, despite a teeming downpour, the town seemed to have turned out *en masse* to give their welcome. Perhaps the Duke's own conduct contributed to this feeling. He spent his first evening on the west coast at a citizens' ball at Westport, watching the dancers in all the half-forgotten evolutions of "the Albert," which is still danced at Westport in all



*Photo: Central News Ltd.*

THE DUKE AS DRIVER OF THE "PASSCHENDAELE."



its pristine purity. The tribute that was paid to him for his attendance and his interest was a lusty chorus of "For he's a jolly good fellow" as he left the hall. From Westport down to Hokitika and back to Greymouth the train ran through regions filled with stories of the old mining days, when shipload after shipload of Australian miners poured into the district following the luck that had been theirs in Ballarat and Bendigo. It was a roistering time, and then or thereabouts was the great Richard Seddon born to become in later years the uncrowned king, first of the district and afterwards of New Zealand. His house in Kumara is still pointed out, and his son is now a prominent citizen of the district. The Duke seized the opportunity at Greymouth to visit the State coal-mine there and see for himself what a paternal Government can do for their employees. He was much interested in all the improvements and the provision for the miner's comfort and convenience, especially the well-equipped bath-house where he can, after his shift, wash off the grime and return clean to a clean home. He also met and talked with many miners' wives, inquired into their methods of life, and altogether went away very well primed with information. It is safe to say that never before had he seen such a complete example of Government enterprise so fully developed under advanced Labour legislation.

After leaving Greymouth the route lay through the famous Otira Gorge, the scenic attractions of which were, however, veiled by heavy showers and low-lying cloud masses. Moreover, it was ordained that the Duke should remain in the train all the way instead of leaving at the commencement of the five-mile tunnel to go over the saddle to the other side. By doing so he would have seen a magnificent panorama of mountains and, if lucky, a far-away glimpse of Mount Cook. As some compensation for the deprivation of this scenic splendour, the Duke "took on" the driving of the high-powered electric



locomotive which, coupled with another, brought the heavy Royal train through the tunnel. He had the control of the whole train under his hand, and so pleased was he with the experience that he insisted on driving the big steam locomotive which took over at the end of the tunnel at Arthur's Pass. He backed her down most expertly, the bumpers meeting without the slightest jar. The locomotive was one that had been driven by the Prince of Wales. It is called the "Passchendaele," and is the memorial locomotive for those New Zealand railwaymen who fell in the Great War. When the Duke had the levers under his hand his well-known love for speed was soon evident. On the steeply-falling grades from Arthur's Pass to Cass the train really travelled towards the Canterbury plains, and the dial sometimes marked up to well over fifty miles per hour, no mean achievement on a three-foot-six gauge with a not too well prepared road-bed. The Duke enjoyed the experience like the veriest schoolboy.

At one wayside station down the line there were a few people waiting for the wave of a princely hand from a correctly clad gentleman in the Royal coach. Instead they had the gratification of receiving from the cab a salute from a grimy hand holding a large clout of cotton waste. At Cass the Duke reluctantly abandoned the levers and went back to his coach to transform himself from the greasy engine-driver, which the enginemen boasted they had made of him, to a naval officer in full kit for the formal entry into Christchurch.

For that entry into Christchurch the transition from the rugged foothills of the Alps to the wide brown plains of Canterbury makes an effective setting. There can be no more sudden contrast than the drop from the grandeur of the Alps, which in the afternoon lay peak upon peak under the sun, to the bare brown levels of the Canterbury plains, where the scars of the harvest were not yet effaced and the low-set farm-houses showed everywhere the

products of that harvest stacked nearby for the coming winter.

Christchurch always boasts that it is the most English of all New Zealand cities, and there was no doubt that in their welcome they meant to live up to the boast. Along the road from the station where the Mayor—a Labour Mayor and a clergyman, by the way—bestowed the freedom of the city upon him, the Duke drove through avenues of most wildly cheering people. The road lay through the city to Cathedral Square, where the bells chimed a welcome, and on to King Edward Barracks, a huge barn of a structure, where the official ceremonies were conducted, to the accompaniment of what must have been the longest band selection ever attempted—seventeen minutes by the clock, a veritable “musical Marathon.” It was only rivalled in length by the list of Mayors and County Council Chairmen whose signatures were appended to the address of welcome, which, as read by the Mayor (the Rev. J. K. Archer), seemed to include all the towns and councils in New Zealand, coupled with a few more from the outlying dependencies. As if to emphasize the fact that Christchurch yielded to no one, not even an Englishman or a Briton, in its enthusiasm for the House of Windsor, the Mayor at the conclusion of the proceedings called for “three hearty *Christchurch* cheers” for the Duke, and the manner in which they were given by the huge concourse gave one the impression that their Mayor was perhaps right in emphasizing the distinction, for no British cheers could have been heartier.

Indeed, the Christchurch visit was a very memorable one, not only in the sentiments of the city, which found expression again and again through the short stay, but in the very atmosphere of the place. There is a little river—the Avon—meandering through the length and breadth of it—a quiet, restful stream slipping down between tender banks all set and fresh to welcome the tired soul

or stimulate the imagination. To linger by its side is to taste again the savour of youth or find solace for the approach of age. The residents are of the same mood, for seldom are the seats along the banks unoccupied, seldom its gracious reaches free from gently gliding rowboats. The town itself is distinguished by the usual wide and straight streets, fine business buildings and well laid-out suburbs. Standing high above all of this, however, is the Bridge of Remembrance, surely one of the finest cenotaphs erected to the memory of the glorious dead. There is a noble archway, splendidly proportioned, spanning the roadway of a bridge across which most, if not all, of Christchurch's contingents passed on their way from the King Edward Barracks to entrain for the front. It is executed in white stone, the work of local artists and masons, and in its combination of Greek simplicity of line and modernity of design makes an appeal to the instinct for beauty that is irresistible.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the patriotic fervour of Christchurch throughout the Ducal visit. Again and again was that fervour illustrated. When the Royal cars went from the hotel to the citizens' ball, they had to pass through a surging mass of people which broke all bounds and hemmed in the Ducal car so that progress, except at a snail's pace, was impossible for more than a mile from the hotel. Again, at the Returned Soldiers' Association there was the same sort of demonstration, and the Duke reacted to it like the sportsman he is. All through the Christchurch visit it was very evident that he was enjoying every minute of his stay, and at the smoking concert in his honour he really let himself go. There were two similar functions that evening, and at both he was "just one of the boys," sang the choruses of the songs, laughed delightedly at the stories, and generally laid himself out to enjoy what he afterwards described as one of the jolliest evenings of his life. His reception at the concert, and the way in which the "Diggers" treated him, marked the

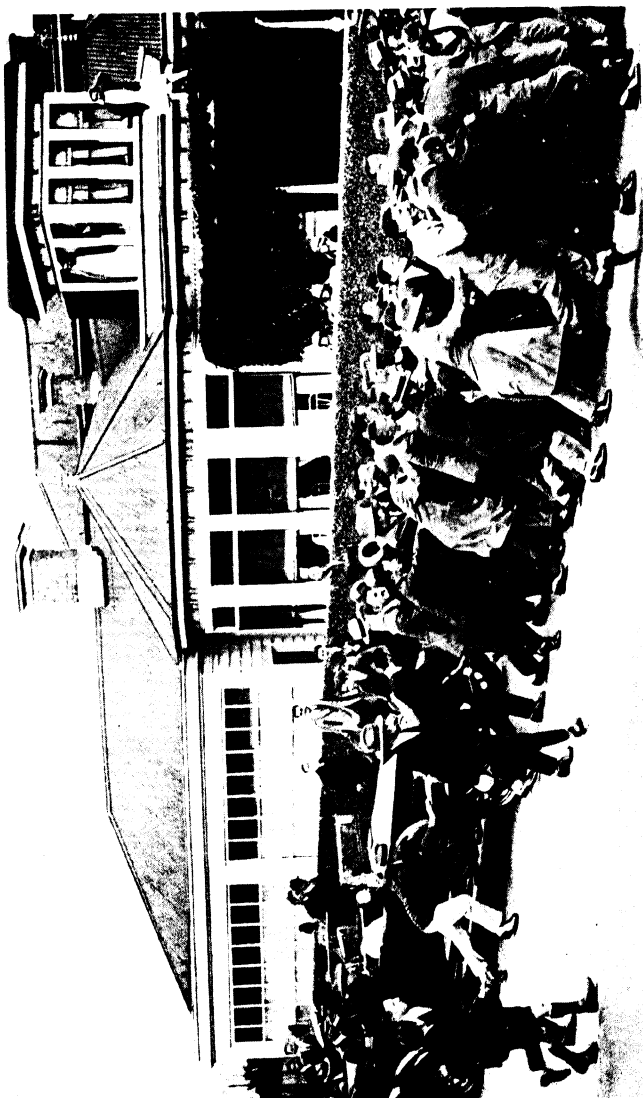
top note in the crescendo of enthusiasm which had been very deservedly his portion right through his stay in Christchurch. The returned soldiers were of all grades, from the Commander-in-Chief to the last-joined private, and they were all on an equality, not only of rank but affection for their guest. He had the gold badge of the Association presented to him, and was introduced not only as a distinguished guest but also as a fellow "Digger." The Duke made one of the longest extempore speeches of the tour in reply, and though, with a total lack of restraint, he was subject to all manner of interjections, humorous and otherwise, he was able to counter them all neatly and sometimes score off the interjectors. When the President announced that the Duke had signed the membership roll and had given his address as 145, Piccadilly, a plaintive voice from the body of the hall inquired, "Can a bloke dig him out there?" a question which left the Duke without a reply—he was laughing too much.

On his departure, the members pressed round him, shouting all manner of greetings and good-byes, right to the gate, where the enthusiasm was taken up by the large crowd waiting outside it for just a sight of him. Another notable demonstration in Christchurch was the children's gathering, where some ten thousand youngsters went through some excellent "community dancing," so far as the girls were concerned, with Swedish drill for the boys, both varieties of rhythmical movement being carried through with the utmost precision, concluding with the customary deafening cheers and the waving of myriads of flags. Christchurch was to give several more demonstrations of its fervid patriotism—at the trotting matches in the afternoon, where a huge gathering watched the Duke more than they did the races, despite the fact that trotting has become an obsession right through the Dominion (they call it the poor man's sport in contrast to racing proper, which costs more money, whether as an

owner or a punter, and the meetings are exceptionally well attended); again at the garden fête, where numbers of old and infirm people, dating back in one or two cases to the very beginnings of the city, had been assembled to share in the delight of meeting the Duke. Here, as everywhere else, the public joined in the demonstration, and through the gardens where the fête was held the Ducal car had to manœuvre slowly amidst a moving mass of people.

The tour was now drawing to a conclusion. There remained only the true Southland, with Dunedin as its capital, reached after a long train journey through Ashburton, Timaru and Oamaru, three thriving communities. Their welcomes were not out of the ordinary, though certainly Ashburton did flank the Duke on the dais with two carcasses of the famous Canterbury lambs, all thawing and glistening in the brilliant sunshine. A detour was made for the purpose of allowing the Duke to declare open the memorial to the old boys at the Waitaki Boys' School, one of the leading schools of New Zealand. In his speech the Duke, who spoke feelingly, begged the boys never to let the words "Hall of Memories" become a mere empty name, because it stood for all that was best and noblest in those who gave their lives for the Empire. The building, which has a fine glass window, is simple and dignified, recalling the lines of an old monastic chapel, and the reverent attitude of the boys made it clear that they realized the significance of all it stood for.

Dunedin glories in the fact that it is Scotch. It likes nothing better than to be called the Edinburgh of the South, though, of a truth, its wide streets and windy hill-sides do not reproduce the old Edinburgh in any degree, unless one takes Princes Street as typical of the ancient Scottish capital and ignores the squalor of the Cowgate and Cripplegate. But in its welcome to the Duke it was almost Italian in its fervour. The Duke insisted on motoring to the club, where he and his staff had been



STUDENTS AT DUNEDIN HAULING THE DUKE'S CAR.

*Photo Central News Inc.*



accommodated, in an open car, though in view of the keen air a closed car had been thoughtfully provided. All along the route he was cheered and cheered again. It speaks volumes for his magnetism that the next day, after the citizens had seen him, there was a queue waiting to buy tickets for the citizens' ball, the sales of which had practically stopped as soon as the disappointing news had come through that the Duchess had abandoned the tour.

The Dunedin functions were for the most part purely formal: a Mayoral welcome, the unveiling of a war memorial—a fine obelisk of white marble shining in the sun or at night under the rays of powerful electric arcs—a visit to the Otago University (where the students proved that students are students all the world over), a children's demonstration at Logan Park, where there was the most extraordinary exhibition of mass hysteria. The youngsters from all over the district had been assembled all too early, and, tired with standing in the open air, began to faint as the Ducal party drove on to the ground. Once a few had collapsed, the infection spread with almost alarming rapidity. Both boys and girls went down all over the ground like ninepins, and the ambulance had to call in the assistance of many of the senior scholars to help them deal with all the cases. By the time the "epidemic" was checked there must have been nearly two hundred cases, ninety per cent. of which were certainly entirely due to suggestion.

Though essentially Scotch, it was left to Dunedin to emphasize the component parts of the British Isles. The students of the Otago University sang their Alma Mater song to the tune of the "March of the Men of Harlech," than which there is nothing more Welsh, while the Irish residents of the city came to the fore on St. Patrick's Day with a most patriotically worded address and a presentation of a highly decorative harp of Erin. The address pointed out that the Irish men and women of



Dunedin were earnestly attached to the institutions under which they were privileged to live. They were sensible of the freedom and the happiness they enjoyed as subjects of the King, and were confident that the visit of the Duke would strengthen the ties binding together the Empire. It was a very apposite tribute to the new era that has dawned for Ireland and to the House which has seen that era dawn. The last function in Dunedin was the citizens' reception, and there the Duke, though late in arriving, made a happy little speech from notes, regretting that a month was all too short a time to spend in the country, and hoping that there might be an opportunity for both himself and his Duchess to pay a return visit. He had a splendid send-off, not only at the reception, but next day at the station and along the railway, people being clustered everywhere for a last look, a last cheer, before the train disappeared westward on the run to Cromwell, where motors were taken for Pembroke. It was a wild ride. A forty-mile-an-hour gale was blowing, and the cars were doing quite that speed. At Cromwell there was the usual official function, punctuated this time by the fervently expressed hope of the Mayor that the Duke would live long to treasure the unique gift—of a Mayoral address !

At intervals, before and after Cromwell, the track skirted the waters of the Clutha River, which New Zealanders claim discharges more water than the Nile by the time it reaches the sea, though for the most part it runs through the driest part of Central Otago. It was once the richest gold-supplier of the district, and still holds in its green depths plenty of profitable pockets for the lucky prospector. Both at Cromwell and Pembroke proud reference was made to the fact that it was the first time that Royalty had visited the district, and it was evident that the residents were out to make the most of the chance. At Pembroke particularly people had come from miles around to see the Duke, waiting there in the chill of the early

dusk for just one look. It was intended that the visit to Pembroke, on the delightful shores of Lake Wanaka, should be one of rest, and everybody strove to make it so. The Sunday, March 20th, was entirely free, and it dawned with all the mountains encircling the lake thickly powdered with the first snow of the year. A keen wind came off the lake, so beautifully set in its ring of peaks soaring up to Mount Aspiring many miles away, and the sun shone brightly at intervals, though towards afternoon rain shut down on the day. The Duke during the week-end tried his hand at fishing, but the fates were against him, and one or two insignificant specimens were all that came to his rod. Lieutenant-Commander Buist, more energetic still, climbed the hills for deer and grassed one eight-pointer, a small specimen not worth bringing in, though men who had been commissioned to thin out the herds had frequently shot a ten or twelve-pointer over the same district. The snow forbade a trip over the Crown Range, so the party were taken back on the Monday afternoon almost to Cromwell again, so that the trip to Queenstown should be made through the Kawarau Gorge, where speculators still dream of the millions in gold that lie below the deep green waters. Queenstown is set as a pearl at the bend of Lake Wakitipu, with the waters of the lake purling about its feet and the mountains rising snow-crowned all round—a wondrous resort only now coming into its own.

For the last day in New Zealand the Government had arranged quite a super-day, and Nature saw to it that the Government's intentions were aided and abetted by herself. It began with an early morning trip down the narrow southern arm of Lake Wakitipu, the steamer passing between the sharply dipping mountains over the waters of the second deepest lake in New Zealand, 1,242 feet. The passage was so narrow that at times the shores seemed to overhang, conveying the impression over and over again of Norwegian fiord scenery. The sun

occasionally broke through the clouds veiling their tops, bringing a little warmth to temper the bleak wind pouring down their sides, whipping the deep blue waters of the lake to white crests. At Kingston, at the southern extremity of the lake, the party boarded the Royal train again for the long day's journey through Gore and Lumsden to Invercargill and Bluff, across wide plains and prosperous farm-lands.

The outstanding feature of the Invercargill ceremonies was the hopeless rain which set in and spoilt all the arrangements. Children squelched past the saluting base in the mud, dripping and depressed. The weather grew worse and worse as Bluff was approached, and at one stage it was thought quite probable that the Royal party would not be able to board the *Renown* that night. At Bluff a full gale was blowing, and it was decided that it would be impossible to take out the cruiser *Diomedé* to the *Renown*, as at first intended, though the battle-cruiser had crept in as close as possible, until there could only have been a very few feet of water under her. The services of a harbour tug were requisitioned, and in the shrieking wind and pelting rain the party embarked, going first on board the *Diomedé* for the final official ceremonial, and then from her to the tug, which had proudly hoisted the Ducal standard. When the *Renown* was reached there was no chance of running out the brows, and the Duke had perforce to board by scrambling over the guard-rails, seizing his opportunity as the decks of the plunging tug and the more stable *Renown* were level. Even so, with all the unceremonious nature of the return, the ancient ritual of piping him over the side was not forgotten, though hampered by a flapping overcoat and finding it difficult to clamber across; he was dragged on board by two stalwart sailors, while the Duchess watched his arrival anxiously from the Royal deck. It was a wet, cold, cheerless farewell to New Zealand, a country in which the Duke said in his farewell message he had spent a month of interesting



THE SCOTT MEMORIAL AT QUEENSTOWN.

*Photo. Central News, Ltd.*



and delightful experiences, receiving nothing but kindness and courtesy on all sides. He left the Dominion with an increased knowledge of her life and conditions, and he had come to the end of one of the happiest times of his life.

## CHAPTER XIV

### SYDNEY

THERE is no city in the southern hemisphere—one might almost say in the world—which lends itself so opulently to water pageantry as Sydney does. Everything conspires to its advantage. A wide-bayed, land-locked harbour, the beautiful homes of the people rising from each shore in tier after tier of white walls and red roofs, interspersed everywhere with the lovely green of ordered gardens or the duller shades of the native foliage. All the usual ugliness of a seaport is hidden away beyond the city proper, or masked by islands which permit only the stately hulls of the biggest ocean liners to show above their lines. The buildings seem to rise in a crescendo from the Heads to the centre of the harbour activity, Circular Quay. There the massed piles of business houses and flats, Government buildings and public institutions, stand square against the skyline as the culmination of the architectural characteristics of the scene. The harbour itself has a superlative beauty, unspoilt for the most part by any vandalism of advertising, and varying quickly from the most sophisticated of private residences to a slice of untouched bush-land which has remained the same since the day that the first Fleet sailed up its lovely reaches to anchor in Sydney Cove and annex the country for the Crown. That was less than a hundred and fifty years ago, and yet to-day there is built round those shores a city of more than a million people, modern in every sense of the term, remembering little of its earlier

history, and with few buildings old enough to aid in that memory.

And for the entry of the Duke and Duchess of York into Australia, on the morning of March 26th, Sydney had provided an absolutely perfect day, such a one as inspired Arthur Streeton to paint his famous "Blue and Gold" panorama of the harbour. From a cloudless sky, reflected in the sapphire-blue of the harbour waters, a strong sun poured effulgence on the white sails of yachts and the white hulls of motor-boats, the gaily decked ferries with their loads of passengers, the tiny dinghies and canoes which, venturesome as they are, met the *Renown* well outside the Heads as she swung in across the level spaces of the Pacific to the narrow opening where, black against the light, waited thousands of spectators anxious for the first glimpse of the battle-cruiser. Not there alone, but on every headland up the harbour more and more people stood, until it seemed as though all Sydney was out to greet the Royal pair, though when they embarked on their progress thousands and thousands more lined the streets. The setting was absolutely magnificent, and, helping Nature to make the occasion one of utterly outstanding memory, humanity did its best. The *Renown* made a perfect anchorage in Neutral Bay, coming to it perhaps as an old friend, for it was there that she moored when she brought the Prince to the Commonwealth seven years ago. Not one iota of the naval ceremonial was missed either on the *Renown* itself or on the cruisers of the Australian Navy lying across the harbour under the naval station of Garden Island. Once already in this book has that ceremonial been described. It never changes, never varies, so that, except for the environment, the two entries were the same. The citizens of Sydney did their part no less faithfully. It had been the custom in previous welcomes to deafen the ears and confound the senses with the shrieking sirens and howling whistles of harbour craft. A wish had been expressed, in order



that the full dignity of the ceremony should not be marred, that there should be a silent entry, as befitted the silent service; so the noise was stilled, and but for an irrepressible "toot," quickly silenced, and the drone of the score of escorting aeroplanes overhead, the long, slim bulk of the *Renown* came to its appointed place amid a quiet that made the scene all the more pregnant of stateliness. It was not until the anchors were down that the steamers and motor-boats let themselves go and relieved their feelings in a burst of hideous cacophony. As soon as the official visits were paid by the Governor-General, Lord Stonehaven, the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Dudley de Chair, the Prime Minister, Mr. Bruce, and others, T.R.H. landed, and in the landing came the most picturesque event of the arrival. The landing-place was in Farm Cove, a semicircular bay round which are the lawns and flaming flower-beds of the Botanic Gardens, merging half-way into the less cultivated expanse of the Government Domain. Almost from ship-side to the landing pontoon a double, and in some places a triple, row of motor-boats and yachts from all the Sydney Yacht and Sailing Clubs lined the waterway up which the Royal barge passed as along a Grand Canal, amid a storm of cheers. On the pontoon were gathered all the dignitaries of the Commonwealth, State and Municipality to swell the welcome, headed by the Governor-General and the Governor. Mr. Bruce had most of the members of his Cabinet with him, and the Labour Cabinet of the State Parliament was headed by the Premier (Mr. Lang). The Federal Chief Justice (Sir Adrian Knox) had with him three of the High Court Judges, and the State judiciary was in full force. Before the barge arrived, the pontoon showed an imposing array of legal robes and formal suits, interspersed here and there with the more democratic lounge suits affected by the Labour Ministers and others. Welcomes and introductions took up a little time, and the Royal party, passing from the landing-stage to the



THE ROYAL PARTY APPROACHING GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY.

*Photo: Sport and General Press Agency Ltd.*



shore, were welcomed to Sydney by the Lord Mayor, Alderman Mostyn, and the Duke read a brief reply, paying tribute to the beauties of Sydney's harbour and the cordiality of the reception. From that ceremony the Duke and Duchess passed up a flight of steps leading from the harbour shore to the Domain and the waiting motor-cars at the top, to the accompaniment of continuous cheering from a double bank of Sydney's citizens many rows deep.

The whole of the four miles of the Royal progress was specially well decorated and organized. At certain stages the American system of "strong posts" had been adopted. At these were gathered companies of men and women, drawn from some particular society or locality, whose duty it was to see that the demonstrations in that vicinity lacked nothing in enthusiasm. At one point, for example, the boys of the Sydney Grammar School, massed in front of their building, chanted in unison, "Greetings from Grammar. Grammar sends love to little Princess Elizabeth." At another point the Roman Catholic Archbishop, in his episcopal robes, stood with his staff and his clergy on the steps of St. Mary's Cathedral as the procession passed, while the Roman Catholic Boy Scouts, nearly a thousand strong, were assembled in front of the Cathedral and cheered vociferously. For the decorations a similar scheme, designed to assist the State and Municipal efforts, had been adopted. The route was divided into blocks under the control of the business people occupying the buildings on both sides of the road, and these made themselves responsible for the decoration and the illumination of their particular section. The result was perhaps a little incongruous in places, but the very idea of the scheme was to inspire a spirit of emulation, and in that laudable endeavour it certainly succeeded. Perhaps the most impressive and dignified of the sections was the first—Macquarie Street and College Street. Beginning fittingly at the statue to Governor Phillip, the Founder and first Governor of New South Wales, standing looking out over

the beautiful stretches of the harbour, the route passed through a wide avenue of pure white pillars, solid-looking and imposing. Each of these pillars carried a shield with the colours and flags of the different Dominions, including the Irish Free State. The pillars, alternating with Venetian masts, were "tied" together by festoons of greenery and flags crossing and lining the route, until it seemed as though the Royal cars were passing under a bower of interlaced boughs. A somewhat similar effect was achieved in Bridge Street, at the end of the route, where the entrance was a great arch of greenery and flags, and "swags" of foliage fluttered and swung in the sunshine. A touching incident of the procession was at Queen's Square, where stands the statue to Queen Victoria. There were assembled, in stands specially set aside for them, some hundreds of returned soldiers, many of them so disabled that they had to be supported. They stood to attention as T.R.H. passed, and the sight brought a lump to the throat with the realization of what they and their comrades had done to make a visit such as this possible.

The route of the procession was for the most part along two parallel streets, so that many of the spectators, having had their brief glimpse at one point, hurried across to the returning street for another. Some enthusiasts, indeed, managed three or more peeps that day—first at the landing-place, then twice or more along the route. There was an incessant traffic to and fro, and even right up to the gates of Government House the throng pressed and struggled to win another glimpse. No wonder all the vociferous enthusiasm, the love and loyalty displayed, the glories of the day in wind and sun, inspired the Duke immediately on his return to Government House to write this note to the Lord Mayor :—

"The Duchess and I desire to say how deeply touched we are by the warmth of the welcome we received from the citizens of Sydney during our drive through the city this morning. We shall never forget to-day as long as we live."

There was an even greater demonstration in the evening when the Duke and Duchess passed through the streets on their way to the State Reception in the Town Hall. The crowds seemed to be greater than ever, as though those who had been into the city in the morning had gone out to their homes and brought back reinforcements of friends and relatives to enjoy the experience with them. It was estimated that half a million people had assembled along the route of the Royal car from Government House to the Town Hall, and the cheering rolled like a thunderous *feu-de-joie* from end to end, till it finished inside the Hall, packed with people, as the Royal couple entered and took up their positions on the dais. Interest in T.R.H. was so intense that the guests thronged round, sometimes far too closely to be comfortable. In an effort to obviate the crowding a lane was cleared round the Hall, and the Duke and Duchess walked through the people, exchanging a word here and there and captivating the assembly with their charm and youthfulness. They left immediately after supper amid renewed demonstrations, both from within the building and from the huge crowd that had waited patiently outside the Town Hall to cheer them good-night.

The day was indeed a full one, for in addition to the procession and reception there had been an inspection of Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, as well as war nurses and V.A.D.'s, on the lawns at Government House. There, too, the Duke met and chatted with eleven of the fourteen V.C.'s of whom New South Wales can boast, the most His Royal Highness had seen together at one time in Australia or New Zealand, though that total was to be eclipsed at the great Anzac Day parade in Melbourne later in the tour, as it had been also at that great gathering of V.C.'s at Buckingham Palace. The Duke and Duchess met also the blinded soldiers, and spoke to each of them individually. These ceremonies over, T.R.H. had again to run the gauntlet of the crowd on the way to Man-o'-War

Steps, where the barge took them to Admiralty House for lunch with the Governor-General. After lunch the Duke made an official inspection of the naval establishment at Garden Island and of the cruisers *Sydney* and *Adelaide*, the ship's company of each trotting past, as is the usual custom in the Navy. The Duke also inspected the ship's companies of the depot ships *Penguin* and *Platypus* and the sloop *Geranium*. A guard of honour was provided by the boys from the training-ship *Tingira*, but the inspection was not a lengthy one, and at its conclusion the Duke rejoined the Duchess at Government House for a quiet afternoon.

Sunday was also spent quietly, save for a drive through the city in the morning, through lines of several thousand people, to the Anglican Cathedral for morning service, and subsequently to a very big turn-out at the Military Hospitals.

The next day (Monday) might be regarded as the "official" day of the visit, and the public did not see much of the Duke and Duchess, though they talked a great deal about them, and in the evening seized the opportunity, when T.R.H. went to the Mayor's ball in the Town Hall, again to line the streets in great crowds, waiting patiently for hours—at last in drizzling rain—to see them. In the morning there was the presentation of forty-seven addresses of loyalty and welcome from all manner of public and semi-public bodies, ranging from the Churches to the Dante Alighieri Society (or, as one paper had it, the Dante Allegoric Society) and from the Chamber of Commerce to the Sydney Maronite Progress Association—whatever that title may connote.

In the wording of those addresses there were repeated expressions of loyalty, affection and gratitude, and some graceful phrasing. The Duke's reply struck a strong Imperial note. "I join with you," he said, "in praying that our visit may be the means of strengthening the ties of sympathy, understanding and affection which bind

together the overseas Dominions and the Motherland. In an Empire like ours, whose various parts are divided by thousands of miles of sea, no value too high can be set on such opportunities as the present of seeing and meeting one another face to face. . . . It is the one desire of both of us to promote the interests of this portion of the British Commonwealth in all ways that we can."

The function, which took the form of a levée, was held in the ball-room at Government House, T.R.H. being seated in gilt throne chairs upon a dais draped in crimson and gold. Many of the representatives of the bodies in attendance were in official dress and others in levée costume, and there were two guards, one of the Royal Air Force and the other of the New South Wales Lancers, both looking very smart and soldierly. The Duke was in naval uniform and his staff in full Court dress, so that the dignity of the whole affair was emphasized throughout. After it was over, the Duke and Duchess, shedding their formality as they can do so charmingly, met and chatted quite informally with the various pressmen associated with the work of recording the tour.

There were thousands of guests at the Government House garden-party given by the Governor and Lady de Chair in the afternoon, and Sydney, so radiant on the day of arrival, staged a dismal sky for it. Rain spoilt silk hats and dainty dresses alike, but the guests seemed compensated for their discomfort when the Duke and Duchess walked on the lawns among them. As typical of the utterly worshipful attitude of the guests one may quote a few sentences from the account of the function in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, a journal certainly not given to exaggeration: "The place was in a fervour of unrest—an unrest which attacked the hearts of everyone, turning back the years for many staid and self-contained citizens and giving them an expectancy they thought had gone with their boyhood. It was delightful, for instance, to see a General of many campaigns and overpowering



honour climb up a post in his anxiety not to miss that first glimpse of the Duchess. Equally rich was the spectacle of outraged hope which crimsoned the faces of half the crowd when at last T.R.H. emerged and walked to the lawn by a path they had not anticipated. The assembly crushed itself into one enormous phalanx of impatient adorers and swept across the lawn to the Duchess. . . . The ranks burst open before her, and she swept into the hearts of the crowd, leaving a trail of madly delighted faces to mark the path of her progress. . . . They towered around her—a silent sea of silk and hats and bare heads.” When finally she reached the tea marquee she found it close to the fence which separates Government House grounds from the Domain, and against that fence was crushed a mass of people who had not the entry to the seat of the elect. They clamoured unceasingly, “We want the Duke! we want the Duchess!” until, in spite of rain and biting wind, the Royal pair had the flap of the tent raised so that their adorers might be recompensed for their long wait and rare enthusiasm.

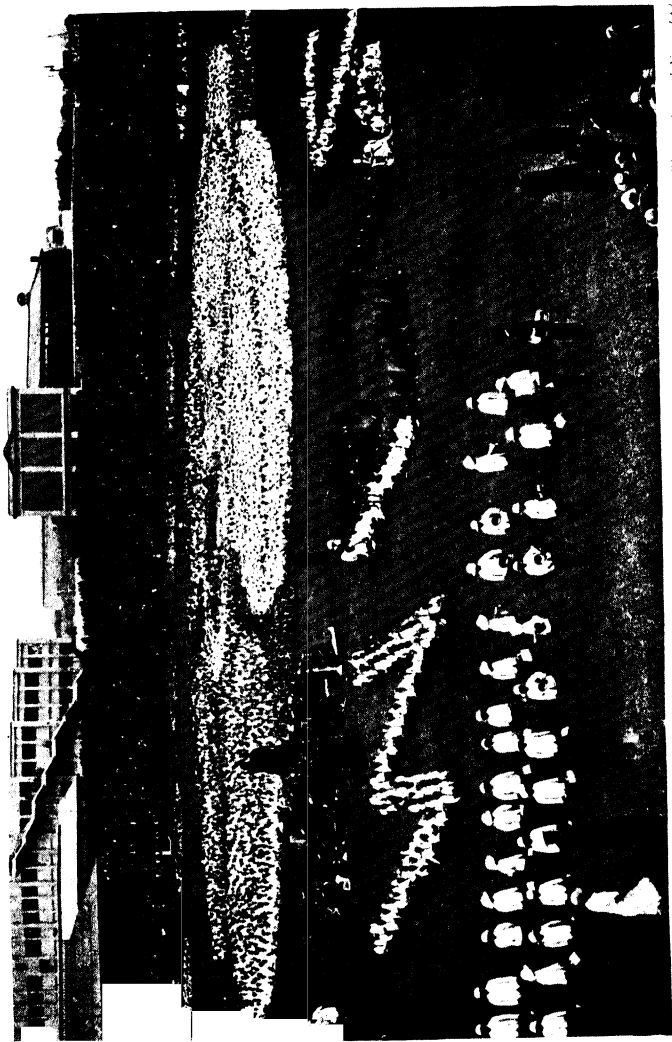
But, soberly speaking, the people of Sydney showed themselves a little too exuberant in their demonstrations of affection. This was more than emphasized at the Mayor’s ball in the evening, where, under a most brilliant decorative scheme of glowing lights and tender fern-fronds falling in showers from the ceiling, a seething mass of eager people crowded and jostled each other in a frantic endeavour to get as near to the Duke and Duchess as they could, even to touch them, as though the old legend of the King’s Evil still held belief in Sydney. Three-quarters of the hall was taken up by this inchoate mass; in the other quarter a few guests were endeavouring to dance, with the feeling that they, at any rate, would not add to the embarrassment of the Royal couple. The rest of them, however, stood and gazed until they were reminded that the Duke and Duchess would be much better pleased if everyone would join in the dancing. For a time they

did so, but immediately the Duke and Duchess began to dance together there was another rush to see them, and they actually had to dance in a small open space kept clear for them by some of the male guests linking hands and pressing back into the crush around them. The authorities had to recruit more and more of these "special police" to widen the ring and make it at least a pretence of a ball-room space. It must have been in the highest degree uncomfortable for T.R.H. and the few who danced with them in this manner, but that it was the only way was early manifest, for the moment the ring was broken the mob—it had almost degenerated into a mob by this time—surged in upon the Royal couple again.

Contrasted with this, the conduct of the undergraduates when the Duke received the degree of Doctor of Laws at the University of Sydney was decorous to a degree—only the natural ebullition of youth and a few apposite interjections, such as the plaintive inquiry, "Please, may we have a holiday?" prompted by the Duke's habit of asking for that on behalf of the school-children wherever he went. True, the dais where the ceremony took place had been decorated with fantastic emblems of the various faculties, such as bones and spanners. They sang him "For he's a jolly good fellow" and many student songs, but at any rate they behaved themselves. Otherwise Tuesday, March 29th, may be called the People's Day—"kiddies and grown-ups too." In the morning there was a gigantic public reception, at which forty thousand people filed past the Duke and Duchess and double that number had to be refused admission. They walked past as slowly as they dared, to keep T.R.H. in view as long as possible, and in lines that sometimes ran to fifteen and sometimes as few as three or four. They were of all conditions, rich and poor, old and young, and for an hour and a half they made a dense river of humanity. Immediately after the reception, the Duke presented the Albert Medal to young Stanley Gibbs for a remarkable act of heroism. He

dived into the Georges River, near Sydney, and fought off, with hands and feet, a huge shark which had attacked and badly injured a swimmer, eventually getting him back into the launch. The presentation was made in the open outside the Town Hall, and was the occasion for another remarkable demonstration, the proceedings ending in a furore of acclamation. From this amazing scene the Duke went to the luncheon in his honour given by the Returned Soldiers' and Sailors' League. At that lunch there were present leading members of the Federal and State legislatures, of the legal and medical professions, of the business world. Their right of entry was the same—they had served their King in the Great War. Many of the members had travelled hundreds of miles to be present at the function, which was distinguished by the fact that it was the only occasion in Sydney when the Duke made a formal speech in reply to the toast of his health. In that speech he announced that he had been asked to become the second patron of the League, an honour which he had accepted. "I think I can now call myself a Digger," he added.

In the afternoon there was a wonderful children's display on the Sydney Cricket Ground. Ten thousand children were in the arena; fifty thousand watched them, wind-whipped and chilled, go through their eurythmics and country dances, their many complicated evolutions learnt after months of patient rehearsal. All manner of costumes were to be seen there—cowboys and Girl Guides, fairies and elves, Neptunes and Britannias. The whole programme culminated in the formation of a living rose of York in the centre of the ground, surrounded by twelve other smaller buttonhole roses all growing to resplendent colour under the eye, blooming by magic as the children flocked to their appointed places and stood there, a carpet of colour on the rain-drenched grass. Complete, the roses suddenly broke into the now familiar forest of fluttering flags, as one picturesque writer put it, "like a perfume



*Photo: Central News Ltd*

THE LIVING ROSE OF WELCOME, SYDNEY.



become perceptible." That was the climax of the display as officially arranged. But who shall stay the fervour of youth in front of their idols? It had been arranged that the Duke and Duchess should walk through the palpitating petals of the rose to a small dais erected in the centre, where they might be seen by the children. There they stood while a special song was vibrating from the thousands of childish throats all striving to tell the Royal pair of their love and adoration. Then, just as in Auckland, discipline went to the winds and Omar Khayyam's quatrain was vivified :—

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,  
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,  
At once the silken tassel of my Purse  
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

The silken tassels of the rose parted, and the petals swept up to and almost overwhelmed the flimsy platform—indeed, it seemed as though the sound of shrill cheering, the deafening pæan that rose from that vast arena, would accomplish the same thing, and by sheer force of sound shatter the steps and rails. It was the zenith of the day. Small wonder that the Duke, in thanking the Minister of Education for the "most enjoyable time," warmly congratulated all on a magnificent display. There was left for the evening a notable gala performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, lavishly decorated for the occasion and filled with a brilliant audience, who listened to that very old favourite *H.M.S. Pinafore* only cursorily, being more occupied in gazing at the Royal box. The Duke and Duchess went on to the stage during the intervals and met and chatted with the principals and producer.

The next day was the last full one T.R.H. were to spend in Sydney. From the official point of view it was a free day, the project of taking the Royal party through National Park having been abandoned; but the Duke seized the opportunity, denied him hitherto by the many official

functions, of pursuing his main objective and making himself acquainted with the industrial life of the community and the welfare of those engaged in it. He was intensely interested in all he saw, and especially in the welfare work and in the provision of canteens for the workers. He also had the opportunity of a long talk with the Premier, Mr. J. T. Lang, who explained to him the migration policy of the State. Social calls were paid to several clubs, and a few sets of tennis were a welcome relaxation in the afternoon.

T.R.H. were only to spend a few more hours in Sydney, and that, too, at odd periods, once on the return from the visit to the Jenolan Caves, again on the completion of their visit to Camden Park, and finally when they passed through the city from Brisbane to rejoin the *Renown* on the way to Hobart. That embarkation was made after a fleeting visit to the vast Royal Agricultural Show, which is the feature of Easter Week in Sydney. The visit was in pelting rain, and the leave-taking was marred in the same way. T.R.H.'s last impression of Sydney on April 14th must have been one of unstinted admiration for the fortitude of some hundreds of school-children who, packed like sardines in a ferry-boat and drenched with rain, sang a programme of songs as the boat drifted round the *Renown* before she sailed. So very bad was the weather that all the ceremonial of weighing anchor had to be abandoned, and the battle-cruiser went out to sea with no more ado than if she were a collier on her lawful occasions. It was a depressing end to a visit which was very full of incident and interest, a marvellous manifestation of the way a people will respond to the touch of kinship which only a King's son can drive home in its entirety to the Empire beyond the seas.

## CHAPTER XV

### NEW SOUTH WALES

ON the last day of March T.R.H. embarked on the first of their fugitive—very fugitive—expeditions into the country districts of Australia—indeed, the one main complaint regarding the tour was that the arrangements afforded the Royal visitors so little opportunity of seeing the real Australia—and the real Australian. Cities are cities the world over, and dwellers therein are apt to become to some extent cosmopolitan. It is not until one gets away from the atmosphere of street and mansion that one begins to savour the true thing, whether it be in Australia or elsewhere. This reiterated complaint about the lack of country visiting was, and to some extent justifiably, countered by the argument that distances in Australia are so immense, and the time of the Royal tour so restricted, that it would be impossible to give the Duke and Duchess anything like a comprehensive survey or even a lightning sketch of what life and conditions “out back” were like. That T.R.H. would have preferred that course is certain; that they recognized the difficulties in the path no less so. So that, regretfully though it was done, the authorities held to the axiom, “The greatest good for the greatest number,” and devoted three-quarters of the time available to the cities and large towns, holding that many more people would thereby see the Royal pair than if they were taken hundreds of miles by train or car into less-populated spots, apart altogether from the strain of travel thereby imposed.



The first objectives were the Blue Mountains and the Jenolan Caves. Thirty-five miles east of Sydney, and visible from most of the high places in that city, runs a 3,000-foot range, an offshoot of the main dividing range which looms bluely through the heat haze, and for the first years of the country's difficult existence presented an impassable barrier to any expansion westward to the fertile plains of the interior. Its escarpment is so sheer, its contour so much broken up by valleys and gorges, that explorer after explorer in those early years fell back beaten and discouraged. Even to this day, though a pathway was found across the eastern wall as long ago as 1813 by Blaxland, Lawson and Wentworth, there is only one other track that leads across the range, a rough stock route known as Bell's line, which authorities say is capable of great improvement. Moreover, though there are many fertile valleys well watered by the Grose and other rivers, settlement is by no means general, considering the relative proximity to Sydney and other large centres of population.

To-day the Blue Mountains are famous as a summer health resort, the keen mountain air refreshing the jaded dweller in the enervating summer climate of Sydney. Many city business men, indeed, make the mountains, especially the seaward slopes of them, their home all the year round, and travel daily to and fro to their business, counting the hours spent in the train as well worth the trouble. Along the ridge first traversed by that dogged party in 1813 are a line of towns well equipped with modern hotels, and existing mainly—sometimes entirely—to cater for the streams of tourists who spend their holidays happily there. But before T.R.H. reached that line of towns they had again to resume the routine of small-town welcomes which had become so familiar to them in New Zealand. The programme was much the same in Australia: the civic reception, the address of welcome, the introductions, the school-children, returned soldiers' presentations,

and all the other items that had staled by repetition. Their first stop was at Parramatta, a town about fifteen miles from Sydney, which is only a few months younger than the capital—indeed, Captain Phillip thought that the first settlement should have been made there instead of on the shores of Sydney Cove. At one time it was almost the capital, and Phillip's own house stood, and stands now, as King's School, on Rose Hill, a small rise in Parramatta Park, where the ceremonies of welcoming the Duke and Duchess took place. Apparently more than the total population of the town was on the ground to meet them, and everything went off according to plan. Penrith, a tiny place on the Nepean, and at the foot of the Blue Mountains, was next to be visited, and then the train began the long haul up the face of the range, over which the early settlers of the western acres painfully toiled a century and more ago.

As the grades steepened, the whole panorama of mountain, plain, and, in sunlit intervals of a grey day, even the sea unrolled beneath the track, and something of the glory of the range was revealed. Sharply silhouetted against the sky rose cliff beyond cliff of towering majesty, their faces unclad with vegetation, their tops crowned with gum-trees, their feet lost in a riot of vegetation, above which rose the tall trunks of eucalyptus that looked from the heights above "no more than stunted weed." It was not, however, till after the Royal party had left the train at Katoomba for lunch and the change into motor-cars that the full immensity of the Blue Mountains was revealed. At Echo Point and Govett's Leap they stood on points from which the ground dropped perpendicularly to the valley eight hundred feet or more below, looking out over a vast amphitheatre of hill and gorge, fading away into the blue distance, seamed and scarred by the tremendous forces of Nature. Sunlight sometimes threw every detail into bold relief, then cloud masses toned all features down to softness, and the harsh outlines

that frowned before the early explorers became soft again.

One or two unrehearsed incidents of the journey may be recorded. At Lawson, where the train stopped for water, there was a great crowd gathered to cheer the Duke and Duchess. The Duke, who, of course, was in mufti, slipped out of the Royal carriage, and, standing with the cheering multitude unrecognized, was an amused spectator of the ovation in his own honour—if he did not, in that spirit of fun which is his, actually join in it. After leaving Katoomba, the road passed a fine new Anzac Memorial Hospital, and here a little comedy, comparable to that which had occurred at Feilding, was enacted. A visit to it was not on the official programme, and all the persuasions of the local bodies, backed up by the pressure of the local member—Mr. Dooley, the Speaker—failed to move the official mind in the matter. But, not to be beaten, Mr. Dooley stood in the middle of the road: the Royal car had to stop or be guilty of the crime of depriving New South Wales of its Speaker. The alternative was so hideous that a halt was made, and the native eloquence of Mr. Dooley did the rest. The Duke and Duchess descended, to find that their acquiescence had been taken for granted, and a great crowd of people had assembled to watch the Duchess unveil a fine war memorial duly prepared for the contingency and to see the Duke sign his name in the visitors' book.

The afternoon was well advanced before the cars began the long descent into the valley of the Cox River, that lies between the Blue Mountains and the Main Range. It was named after the man who built the first road over the mountains towards Bathurst. That road is now replaced by a very fine piece of mountain engineering, the wide way dropping in a series of ample curves to the valley level and climbing out of it on the other side to its terminus at Jenolan Cave House, which was reached after darkness had fallen. The stay at Jenolan was brief, far



At "GOVEY'S LEAD," BRACHHEATH.



too brief for anything like a comprehensive inspection of the wonderful series of caves which have been hollowed out of the limestone strata of the Main Dividing Range by the action of water for æons. There are many such in every State in Australia, some, it is claimed, of even greater extent than the Jenolan, though it has to be admitted that even to-day fresh caves and fresh beauties are being opened up there; but local prejudice and local pride will always maintain that the local product is superior to the other, and there is no one with authority enough to lay down definitely which is the best set of caves in the Commonwealth. At Jenolan, however, the Government have determined that the caves shall be seen to the best advantage, and have assured that it shall become—has become—a popular tourist resort. There is a comfortable guest-house, and most of the caves are lit by electricity, while graded pathways, concrete steps and wire-netting guard-rails ensure as much comfort and safety as possible for visitors. In essence all limestone caves are the same. There are the stalactites, the stalagmites and the hanging shawls, snowy-white or brilliantly coloured by the intrusion of some other mineral, such as iron, stone or an igneous rock. Crystalline in character, the many forms the limestone takes gleam and glisten under the electric light or up through the trickling waters of the subterranean rivers that flow through the caves, sole remainders of the torrential streams which millions of years ago carved out the huge caverns and vast archways to be seen to-day. T.R.H. had only time to inspect one of the caves, called the Left Imperial, rich in all the beauties that the caves can exhibit—the “coral bowers,” “fairy grottos,” “shawls,” “cascades,” “jewel caskets,” “flower-gardens” and “mysteries”—all shaped in limestone, ivory, white or translucent, or hued like a vast piece of patchwork. It was a tiring business at the end of a tiring day, though, and it was a thousand pities, as a start on the return journey had to be made so early the next

morning, that no second inspection could be attempted. On the way back to Mount Victoria, where the Royal party entrained again for Sydney, a stop was made at Mount York, that spot reached by Lawson, Blaxland and Wentworth, where they looked down on the westward slope of the Blue Mountains and knew that they had found a continent, or the way to it. An obelisk marks the site of that achievement, and the Duke and Duchess stood there and let their eyes roam over the vast panorama of mountain and valley, cloud-topped here and there, but with the sun filtering through, and as though with a "spotlight" picking up the green and smiling country. Round them were the tall and stately gums, all freshly washed in rain; below them the rugged country stretched westward and south and north, till, fading in the distance, the line of the western plains appeared dim and mysterious, those plains which were to change the whole history of Australia, transforming it from a restricted convict settlement on the shores of Port Jackson, eking out a precarious existence, to that vast, wonderful continent of production still in its lusty youth which is the Australia of to-day.

Some realization of what it all stood for must have appealed to the party as they paused there, some prophetic vision of what the future had in store for Australia, comparable, perhaps, to that which held the imagination of the first three explorers who, like Balboa, "stood silent upon a peak."

It is unnecessary to add that on this journey, as always, the enthusiasm of the people was continuous and intense. Sometimes it was a lone swagman by the wayside who waved his hat as the cars sped by, sometimes the whole population of a town, but everywhere the manifestations were the same. There were hardly a dozen miles of the journey there and back which did not contain some evidence of the pride and pleasure of the people in the Royal visit, and at the Central Station, Sydney, citizens

had assembled in a multitude to welcome back the two whom they had so taken to their hearts. It was only a brief stay, for on the Saturday they left again on a private visit to the historic Camden Park, as the guests of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Macarthur Onslow. There they enjoyed a brief respite from the round of official functions amid surroundings which, as the Duchess said, were "like home, like England." But Camden Park is more than that; it is rich in the early history of the country. Situated on the Cowpastures where the Government-owned flocks and herds of the infant colony were fed and watered, it was the second home of John Macarthur, perhaps the ablest of all the early founders of Australia. It was he who first became the apostle of Australia as a wool-producing country, and to his persistence and practical idealism Australia owes the paramount position she occupies in the world to-day as a grower of the pure merino wool. Even at that date contemporary writers describe the land he took up at the Cowpastures as "beautiful park lands." He was given the grant by Lord Camden, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, after whom he named his new estate. It is significant that the letter accompanying the order to Governor King, of New South Wales, to convey the land to Macarthur specifically sets out the purpose for which it was made. It was "for the purpose of extending flocks in such a degree as may promise to supply a sufficiency of animal food for the colony as well as a lucrative article of export for the support of our manufacturers at home." Macarthur never lived at Camden House himself, though he watched its building and the broad acres around it were from the first filled with his flocks and herds. He died in 1834, and the house and the demesne remain a monument to his greatness as a founder of the sheep-breeding industry of the Commonwealth.

At Camden Park T.R.H. enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. No sooner had they arrived than the



Duke was impatient to get astride a horse, and was soon mounted and away for a gallop over the wet fields, with the earthy smell welling into the nostrils and the grass and trees all shining in the rain. After riding several miles over the estate inspecting the orchards, vinery and the live-stock, he made up his mind to visit the Camden Agricultural Show, then in full swing a few miles away. As soon as he was recognized on riding into the ring, the ground was in chaos for five minutes, and the Duke waited till everybody on the ground had gathered at the ring-side, then rode slowly round. He was in the most cheery mood, enjoying the flying visit and the casual nature of it. Sunday was truly a day of rest for both the Duke and Duchess, and in the evening they returned to Sydney, but only to spend the night, for next morning they were due to depart on their northern journey. It was not a pleasant start that they made. Sydney had been almost since the first day very capricious in its weather, and conditions were damp when the Royal train pulled out. This train, the first of six in which the Duke and Duchess were to travel during their stay in the Commonwealth, was a most completely equipped one. No departure from the usual design for sleeping carriages had been made, but a very well-designed dining-car had been added, and the Royal apartments had been very ornately furnished and fitted. It was rumoured that for the lacquering of the beds in the sleeping compartment three hundred sovereigns had been melted down. Doubtless the story is apocryphal, but certainly the shining bedsteads looked like it. Catering on the train for both the Royal party and the entourage was excellent, and the whole arrangements on all the journeys—for there were several more in which the same train was used—were admirable.

Not much of incident occurred on the run up to the Queensland border. The crossing of the Hawkesbury by the famous bridge was disappointing in that the wondrous

view usually obtainable of that noble stream through the windows of the train was veiled in rain, and only here and there could any idea be formed of the scenic splendour of the wide-bosomed waters. The first stop was made at Newcastle, a town wholly given over to industrialism and therefore partaking of the utilitarian characteristics of all industrial centres. Doubly depressing it was in this case, for the tail-end of a cyclone was playing havoc with the decorations when the Royal train drew in, and although for the drive through the town the weather mercifully held up, it was only to deceive. On arrival at King Edward's Park, where the official reception was held, a full gale whipped blinding rain into the faces of the expectant crowds and reduced the well-ordered decorations to a state of pathetic sogginess, while underneath the trees, children and veterans, Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, sank deeper and deeper into the mire as they waited for the proceedings to commence. When they did there was no lack of fervour. To that whole-souled outburst of enthusiasm perhaps the Duke and the Duchess contributed not a little by the sporting way in which they took all the discomforts of that dismal hour. They smiled on everybody; they gave the youngsters, wet and chilled, their expected promenade through the ranks; they missed nothing of the usual inspections and meetings with ex-Service men and veterans, nurses and V.A.D.'s. Small wonder that Newcastle responded and made their progress back to the station, as their progress from it, a triumphant one.

The day had cleared when Maitland was reached, and a belated sun shed light on the far-flung flats of the River Hunter, which make the district and the town one of the most thriving in New South Wales. It had been a long day's travelling, and the motor-drive arranged through the fat-looking lands was welcome in the strong breeze and cool twilight that set in before the train journey was resumed, with only a stop at Singleton

before the duties of the day were ended. At Singleton a somewhat novel note was introduced into the decorations on the railway platform, the residents of the district seeing to it that nothing was left undone to impress the Duke and Duchess with the resources and the potentialities of the district. The platform was strewn with all manner of fruit and vegetables, each the most gigantic of its kind, from an enormous pumpkin to a bottle of unbelievably huge gooseberries or some such fruit—indeed, it was impossible to identify some of the specimens at all, and the fearful thought was engendered that somehow or other H. G. Wells' "Food for the Gods" had miraculously been discovered in the district. None the less, there did not seem any disposition on the part of the residents to distribute their vegetable wealth, though the Duke and the Duchess were both honoured in this direction. The train left on its long night run northward unburdened with many of the products of the Singleton fields and orchards.

Dawn found the Royal train on the high New England plateau, approaching the Queensland border. Fitful cheers through the night had indicated that loyalists all along the line had remembered that the train was due to pass that way, and as soon as it was light enough to see, it was apparent that the residents of the district were determined not to miss their chance. One or two brief stops were made, but no formal welcomes were indulged in in this granite country with the incongruous title, for few parts of England are so windswept and rock-strewn—that is, judging from the railway-line aspect. The greatest consolation of the morning was the fact that the clouds had all cleared away, and when the Queensland border was reached a real Queensland welcome in regard to climate awaited us—a strong sun blazing overhead, a warm breeze just lifting the leaves of the gum-trees, and a general sense of warmth and friendliness radiating everywhere. It was a really joyous termination to the long, long trail northward from Sydney.

Only once—if we discount the journeys to and from Canberra—were T.R.H. to be on New South Wales soil again. That was on the return journey from Brisbane to rejoin the *Renown* in Sydney Harbour. For that journey the authorities had wisely chosen the North Coast route from Murwillumbah, on the Tweed River, down through the wonderfully rich dairying and agricultural country generically known as the North Coast or Northern Rivers. It is the proud boast of the inhabitants of that part of the Mother State that their district will grow anything, and statistics support them. When T.R.H. made their hurried visit to the Agricultural Show on Easter Thursday, they found that the District Exhibit Competition had been won by the Grafton district, a fact that the Grafton people had already impressed on them as they passed through the town. It is one of the biggest centres in Australia—if not the biggest—for dairy produce, and the co-operative system of handling butter and cheese has been further developed there than in any other part of the Commonwealth. Anyone familiar with the annual Dairy Show at Islington will remember that Australia is always well to the fore in the prize list, and in that prize list the names of co-operative factories on the North Coast figure again and again. The development has been marvellous. Within the memory of the present generation the strip of land between the mountains and the coast was all heavily timbered, and in between the tall trunks of trees grew luxuriantly all the lush undergrowth of semi-tropical lands. It was country that no one cared to take up, as the cost of clearing it would have been enormous even in those days; but it was available at about a pound an acre, and such terms had some attraction for those settlers who did not mind hard work. They started in on their selections, felling and burning the tall trees, and in the process destroying almost priceless logs of beautiful cabinet timber, such as blackwood, which would be worth to-day very nearly as much as they could get

for their holding. Having cleared the land, the problem was, in that prolific soil, how to keep down the quick-growing shrubs and plants which, when the big trees were removed, sprang up with greater luxuriance than ever. In this dilemma there came to the rescue that great botanist, Baron von Mueller. He sent from South America in 1891 an ounce of the seed of *paspalum*, a fodder grass. From that small beginning has the prosperity of the northern farmers sprung. From that ounce has come enough seed to cover a million acres and more of land. It is an extraordinarily tenacious grass, quick-growing and having the faculty of conquering the manifold weeds and plants striving to get a footing after the clearance of the land. Like many other importations, it is liable to become a pest on account of the swiftness and ease with which its roots spread, but in the dairying country, where the cattle keep it down by close feeding, it is invaluable, and supplies the farmer with a fodder plant that is always growing and always palatable. If ever a monument were erected to a fodder, then the northern New South Wales farmers should raise one to *Paspalum dilatatum*.

The first stage of the journey southwards was perhaps the most picturesque of all. The Queensland train had brought the Royal party overnight to Tweed Heads and Coolangatta, and soon after nine o'clock they crossed into New South Wales territory to embark on a tiny river steamer for the first few miles of the journey up the Tweed River towards Murwillumbah. That river trip has always been considered one of the show pieces of Eastern Australian scenery. Running down to the water's edge for mile after mile are the sugar-cane fields, their vivid green backed by the deep purple of the dividing range whose saw-toothed summits rise in steps to the rugged bulk of Mount Warning. Here and there is untouched tropical jungle topped by gangling palm-trees swaying in the wind. Only an hour of this enchanting scenery was allowed the Royal party before they were asked to dis-

embark again and motor the remaining miles into Murrumbidgee, where the Royal train awaited them, as well as the Royal welcome and all that that connotes. Only two stops were made on the journey southward, at Lismore and Grafton, two of the most prosperous centres of that most prosperous district, but at several other places, such as Byron Bay, Mullumbimby, Bangalow and Casino, the train was slowed down to give the assembled people at least a glimpse of the Royal couple. Grafton outdid itself in honouring the occasion. A stay of more than an hour was made there, and a Royal progress through the city was organized before the party crossed the river and boarded the train again for Sydney. There is no railway bridge yet across the Clarence River at Grafton ; when there is there will be a continuous railway line from Sydney to the Queensland border and beyond it, for work is already in progress to connect up with the Queensland system and run the line right into South Brisbane. It was at one of these North Coast towns that T.R.H. had the felicity of hearing—for the first time, surely—the National Anthem played on the bagpipes. As the immortal Mr. Pyecroft says, “It came out paralysing in its *tout ensemble*.” Grafton was left in the evening, and through the night the train was southward bound, arriving at Sydney again in a deluge of rain on the morning of Thursday, April 14th, though of a truth neither the rain nor the absence of T.R.H. from their midst had dampened the enthusiasm of Sydney citizens, who again turned out in their thousands for a last farewell to the Duke and the Duchess before they finally lost sight of them in the veils of water that shut the *Renown* from view before ever she had reached Sydney Heads on her outward voyage.

The very last town in New South Wales to tender a civic welcome to T.R.H. was Albury, and that took place almost at the end of the tour, when they were on their way to Canberra. In one respect it was unique. The

Royal train did not arrive in Albury until after nine o'clock in the evening of May 7, but there was a great crowd to meet them at the entrance to the railway station for what must have been the latest timed reception of the tour—that is, apart from unofficial ones such as occurred at Waimarimo, in New Zealand. Many Riverina people, travelling scores of miles for the occasion, swelled the ranks of the local residents. The children, though it was long past their bedtime, turned out in full force to cheer as lustily as if it were noontide, and there were over a hundred pioneers present who had been sixty or more years in the district.

## CHAPTER XVI

### BRISBANE AND SOUTH QUEENSLAND

**A**T the border station of Wallangarra a change of trains had to be made, owing to the fact that the gauge of the Queensland railways is only 3 ft. 6 in. against the standard 4 ft. 8½ in. adopted by New South Wales, the only one of the six States to do it, though the Commonwealth for its East-West railway has also chosen that gauge. Incidentally the different policies of the States in regard to their railway gauges is one of the drawbacks to travel in the Commonwealth. It is now possible to travel continuously by rail from Cairns, in North Queensland, right round to Perth, in Western Australia, but to do so one has to change trains and gauges five times, a hindrance alike to transport of goods and livestock from State to State and to military movements in time of war, should that ever come. Of course, the smaller States adopted the 3 ft. 6 in. gauge from motives of economy in building and running, and in Queensland, where it was of the highest importance to have the country opened up for settlement as fast as possible and to provide means of transport for the settlers' produce to market, the justification of that policy is obvious. The State has always pursued this ideal, and, according to the latest statistics, it has more mileage open to traffic than any other State, the richer States of New South Wales and Victoria being respectively nearly a thousand miles and two thousand miles short of the Queensland total of 6,326 miles. In addition there are private lines, mostly



in connection with mining centres, totalling another 1,015 miles. Though the financial effort in a State of less than a million people to achieve this very fine record must have been tremendous, comfort has not been sacrificed to mileage, and the rolling-stock for long-distance travelling is most comfortable, taking into consideration the restrictions imposed by the narrow gauge. The Royal train which took the Duke and Duchess on board at Wallangarra was most efficiently fitted and furnished and the long day's travelling made under the best possible conditions.

The day began and continued under conditions which everybody was eager to describe as a typical Queensland autumn day of cloudless skies and balmy breezes, a thought too hot as the afternoon lengthened, but very welcome after the rain and wind on the New South Wales side. The acting Premier, Mr. J. Forgan Smith, who was attended by Mr. Theodore and many of the members of the Queensland Cabinet and Legislature, as well as State officials, met T.R.H. on the platform and wasted little time in formality, preferring instead, in a happy little extempore speech, to make the personal touch paramount. All that day the train travelled over high plateaux culminating in the famous Darling Downs, millions of acres of some of the most fertile land in Australia. Wallangarra itself is 2,876 feet above sea-level, and at first the train climbed through rugged granite country, past Stanthorpe, to a height of 3,030 feet at the summit. It was in this locality that tin was first discovered in Queensland, but though the mines are still worked, the industry has given place to fruit-farming, and here is placed one of the soldier settlements designed to help the returned ex-Service men. All manner of stone fruits as well as other familiar European fruits grow in the sheltered valleys round this district, and evidence of their excellence was provided by a box of delicious grapes which found its way into the Royal carriage while the usual routine of a

civic welcome was gone through at Stanthorpe. Further on from Stanthorpe the line commences to dip down the slopes of the Dalveen Range and enters upon the southern marches of the Darling Downs.

It was rather apposite that T.R.H. should visit the Darling Downs in the centenary year of their discovery by the botanist Allan Cunningham, who saw the rolling expanse stretching to the far horizon first from Mount Dumeresq on June 8, 1827. Agriculture was not so important then as cattle-growing, and Cunningham described his discovery as good pastoral country of "open downs of unknown extent," which he named after the then Governor of New South Wales. The news of his discovery quickly spread, and the sheep and cattle kings of northern New South Wales began their trek farther north to the rich lands awaiting them. Thus it was that Warwick came into being as a centre for the "squatters," who took up the broad acres lying in the heart of the Downs and gradually extended their knowledge and their possession of the whole tract of country. Cunningham had found the next year a route to the coast through a pass in the dividing range, still called Cunningham's Gap, but the way was too difficult to be made use of, and for many years settlement and expansion came mainly along the route he had first blazed. To-day Warwick is the centre of a rich dairying and agricultural district, a solid-looking place where the residents lined up in thousands to assist in the welcome to T.R.H., who not only listened to the usual address, but were given a chance to see something of the town itself in a short motor-trip through the principal streets. All the afternoon the train ran eastward through fields that stretched as far as the eye could see in all directions, showing a brown after-harvest bareness or the vivid green of alfalfa-lucerne, where wheat-growing had given place to dairying. The Downs at one time were called the "Garden of Queensland," and provided a greater part of the wheat for the use of the people, with

a surplus for export. Then the agricultural experts began evolving drought-resisting varieties of wheat, and as these were perfected it was possible to take up larger areas of cheaper land farther in the interior and transfer the growing of wheat there, leaving the richer soils of the Downs for the feeding of dairy cattle and the development of another industry which promised bigger returns and more stable incomes. There are to-day one hundred and thirty-three butter and cheese factories handling tens of thousands of tons of those commodities which the farmers turn out from year to year, and in doing so draw from the co-operative factories for their milk and cream something like a quarter of a million pounds sterling every month in the season. In addition to dairying, however, parts of the Downs are still given over to sheep-raising and wheat-growing, as well as maize and malting barley. Even tobacco is not forgotten in the southern areas, and cotton makes a good catch-crop—indeed, there seem to be unending potentialities about this favoured spot which T.R.H. could only see from the windows of a train.

Another reception at Clifton, where T.R.H. met and chatted with an old pioneer farmer, Mr. Hinrichsen, who had been one of the guard of honour when Queen Alexandra left Copenhagen for her marriage to King Edward VII, preceded the arrival in Toowoomba, the capital of the Darling Downs, where the night was to be spent. There there was a great gathering on the Show Grounds for the official function, which included the formal presentation of many of the pioneers of the district, among them Mr. H. K. Alford, in his seventy-fifth year, who was the first white child born on the Downs—so recent, then, is the settlement and the development of this part of Queensland. There were others in the group who boasted their nineties and their eighties—a sturdy lot they were, too, a standing advertisement for the healthiness of the locality, further emphasized in the looks of the thousands of school-

children, the third and fourth generation of the men who first opened up the country and withstood all the hardships inevitably involved in the task. Before the Duke and Duchess could go to their hotel they were driven to Picnic Point, where it was possible to obtain a magnificent panorama of the folds and peaks, valleys and heights of the Main Range dropping away into the blue distance towards the coastal plains and the Pacific. The Duke spent the evening with his fellow "Diggers" at the Memorial Hall, where he met and spoke with most of the returned men, who gave him the usual musical honours as he arrived and left.

A very early start was made next morning, there being little formality in the departure, though plenty of cheering. It was to be another railway day, with the stops this time at Gatton, Laidley and Ipswich, which last-named was honoured with a longer stay and a Royal progress. The most interesting feature of the day's journey was the descent of the Main Range down what still remains—though the line was made over sixty years ago—a notable engineering feat. The line drops to the plain through a series of "S" curves, so that it is frequently possible for occupants in the rear coaches to see the engine from both sides of the carriage within a few minutes. The view as the grades drop 1,200 feet in sixteen miles unfolds itself in unending vistas of purple mountains and cloud-capped peaks, deep mysterious valleys and distant views that lead the eye on and on till lost in the blue immensity of distance. The district of West Moreton, through which the line passed after leaving the hills, is one of the best settled areas of Queensland and supports a very large agricultural and dairying population. As Ipswich is also embraced within its confines there is a good deal of secondary production also. The whole area is studded with small farms and the agricultural products are very diversified, while dairying on the rich river flats and cleared scrub lands is proving a most profitable industry.

The district, indeed, is very prolific and capable of immense expansion. The last miles of the journey into Brisbane afforded a most remarkable exhibition of patriotic enthusiasm. Ranked in many rows on both sides of the railway line, as far as five miles out, were grouped thousands and thousands of the citizens, eagerly seizing this, the first opportunity of bidding welcome to T.R.H. As the train sped by they raised cheer after cheer, and then hurried away to take places along the route the procession would later take on its way to Government House. The railway cuttings and embankments all the way in to the Central Station were one moving, bright-hued mass of flag and handkerchief-waving loyalists.

Brisbane outdid everywhere else in its demonstration of loyalty and affection. Supposed to be rather Radical in tendency, the capital of a State which has returned a Labour Ministry to power in several consecutive elections, and has, moreover, abolished the Upper House altogether from its councils, the city set itself lavishly to establish once and for all that political creeds have no part in the minds of those anxious and eager to do honour to a King's son and his wife. Just as soon as the Royal couple emerged from the Central Station on the first steps of a progress which was to be one continuous ovation, the cheering broke irrepressibly forth, and through the whole long four miles of the drive it continued, dying down only for the functions in the Albert Square, where, with the unfinished Town Hall sheathed in scaffolding behind him, the Duke received the civic welcome from the Council of Greater Brisbane, representing the amalgamation of nineteen local authorities, in itself an attempt to do away with the multiplicity of petty authorities, which in Australia, as elsewhere, are altogether too numerous. The Lord Mayor reminded the Duke that the foundation-stone of the Town Hall then rising to completion behind him was laid by the Prince of Wales. The Duke, in his reply, congratulated the citizens on being "fully alive to



*The Duke and Duchess leaving Exhibition Ground, Brisbane.*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS LEAVING EXHIBITION GROUND, BRISBANE.



the responsibilities of their citizenship, and being free from that apathy and indifference to public affairs which unfortunately to-day is so widespread in all parts of the world, and is so serious an obstacle to national or municipal development." From Albert Square, after an impressive march-past of ex-Service men, the progress continued through "bannered laneways of cheering humanity." The whole length of Queen Street, Brisbane's principal thoroughfare, was splendidly decorated and densely packed with people, and through the whole long route to Government House in a nearby suburb there was one continuous lane of excited loyalists. Queen Street itself—a fine avenue—lends itself to decoration. Its handsome buildings flank a wide roadway across which two massive arches had been thrown, one representing the citizens' welcome, the other the wool-growers'; and, of course, flags, festoons and, in the evening, electric lights were everywhere. The day finished with an amazing scene outside the Winter Garden Theatre, where the Duke had agreed to attend a theatre party with the Diggers. The whole of Queen Street was blocked for many yards by an excited crowd, which mobbed—there is no other name for it—the Ducal car when it appeared, and there were men and girls packed so tightly round it that progress was impossible. They swarmed on the running-board laughingly, trying for a closer glimpse; they refused absolutely to let the car proceed, and though several members of the Duke's staff made desperate efforts to clear a way, all they got for their pains was a bad crushing. General Sir Brudenell White's gold shirt-studs, for example, were flattened against his chest and others were exhausted with their futile efforts. The Duke waited in the car for about ten minutes and then drove away, to the disappointment of the crowd, to find a way into the theatre by the back door. There he found just such a welcome as might be expected from returned soldiers, and he responded to it in the same way as he did on that memorable night in Christchurch. He



spoke to them again, a happy infectious speech without notes and from the heart.

The next two days were for the most part occupied with those official functions whose character had by this time become stereotyped. A State ball, a people's reception, a garden-party and a demonstration by school-children were the outstanding features. The first-named had some claim to distinction in that it was given in the largest wool-store in the city, while the children's demonstration showed the Duke and Duchess the same heartfelt worship, the same keen anxiety to do the very best they were capable of in honour of their Royal guests, as had been the case in other States. One of the prettiest tributes of the day was paid the Duke and Duchess by the Girls' Grammar School pupils, who spread a carpet of white roses in the roadway opposite their school for the Royal car to pass over on its way to the Exhibition Ground, where the children's demonstration was held, the girls themselves lining both sides of the roadway while the party passed. At the presentation of addresses earlier in the day the Duke made an important speech in answer to the State's address, read by the Acting-Premier, Mr. W. Forgan Smith. He regretted that in the short time at their disposal they would not be able to visit the remote parts of the State, especially the northern and western districts, where the residents are, in the face of many pioneering difficulties, developing in a truly wonderful manner many of the natural resources. He paid them the further compliment of referring to the public spirit which distinguishes the citizens of Queensland. "It is right," he said, "that you should be proud of your State; it is right that you should desire to make it the greatest State in the Commonwealth; and you can only show that pride and realize that desire by one and all working and toiling for it. 'State before Self' is a motto that all who love their country should everywhere set before them. . . . Let us try to learn from one another, to

know one another better, to see how best we can help one another in our various troubles."

The official programme arranged a pleasant week-end break for T.R.H., and one that would give them at least a brief—a very brief—glance at conditions that obtain "out back" in the way of station work and sport and the usual routine of pastoral endeavour. First of all, at the Beaudesert Bushmen's Carnival on the Saturday they had a taste of Queensland country roads. Every motor-car the district could beg, borrow or steal had been enrolled for the purpose of bringing the residents in for the rare treat of seeing Royalty in their midst. The road from the station to the ground was crammed with vehicles, and soon a pillar of dust hung like a pall above the moving line of cars. At the entrance to the race-course the Royal party was met by an escort of bushmen in real bush garb, riding magnificent horses, who accompanied T.R.H. to the enclosure, from which they watched a most exciting exhibition of buck-jumping, bullock-riding and cutting-out competitions. Some superb riding was done by the competitors, naturally on their mettle. A great additional interest was the presence on the ground of a number of aborigines from the Barambah settlement. They were all in corroboree garb, which means that they wore little besides a loin-cloth and a great amount of red and white ochre smeared all over their bodies, and they carried nullahs (fighting clubs), spears, boomerangs and shields. Those primitive fighting weapons, unchanged since man first began to quarrel with man, were brought into vivid contrast with the latest fighting machine the ingenuity of man has evolved when two aeroplanes circled overhead. The boomerang-throwing and spear-throwing was skilfully done, and the exploits of one man, who made himself a human target, letting all and sundry peg at him as hard as they could with their spears, were positively uncanny as he flicked the weapons away from his head, shoulders, face and legs, deflecting them nonchalantly with a

woomerah, or throwing-stick. Another showed the Duke how to start a fire by rubbing two sticks together in the ancient way. Several of the native dances were given, and then a corroboree representing the robbing of a native bees'-nest, but it is to be feared that in their semi-civilized state, gathered into settlements, the blacks have lost, or are losing, their zest for their own old fashions, just as the new generation of Maoris is losing its zest for the *haka* and the *poi*. The dance they gave was interesting as a survival of what is one of the oldest forms of dancing in the world, as the Australian aborigine is one of the most primitive of native races, but there seemed to be a lack of knowledge of the various movements—a thing which a generation ago the old men of a tribe would have severely punished. The Duke and Duchess were most interested, and went down into the ring, to be surrounded by the excited performers, who acclaimed them by shaking their spears and nullahs and chanting them their weird song of farewell.

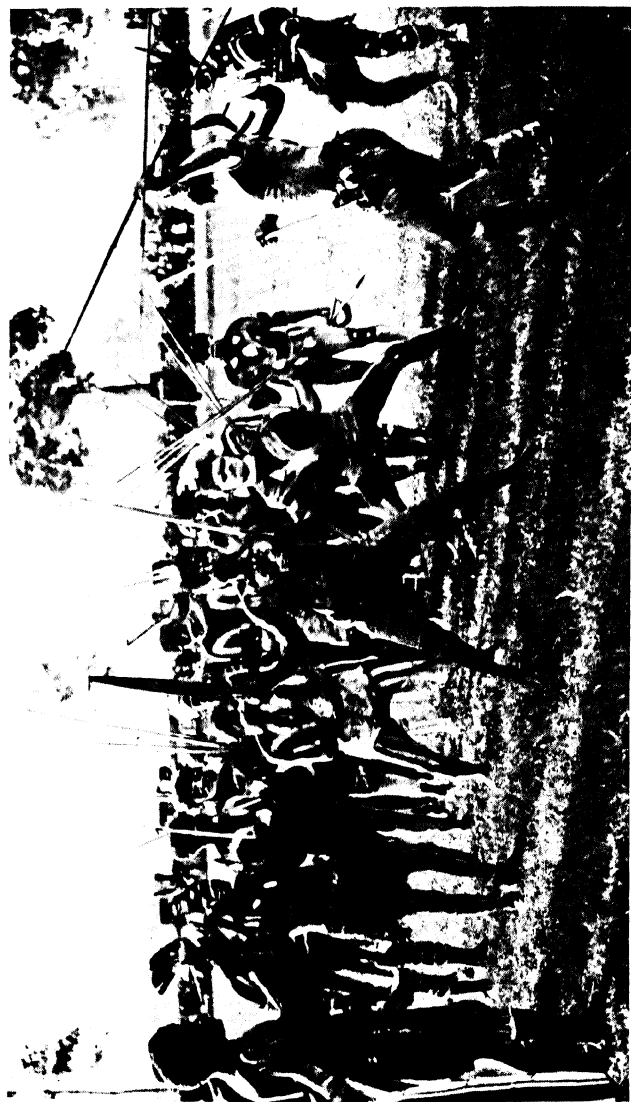
From Beaudesert—and T.R.H. were genuinely sorry to leave the carnival and the blacks—the Royal car took them to "Tamrookum," the beautiful station of Mrs. R. M. Collins, under the kindly shoulder of Tambourine Mountain. It is one of the historic homes of Queensland, though, like all Queensland homes, it counts no age-old traditions or storied past. It is a typical station home of the more settled type: spacious rooms, well-laid-out grounds and glorious surroundings of meadow and bush land. Mrs. Collins has reigned there as *châtelaine* ever since she came to Queensland as the bride of the late Mr. R. M. Collins in 1879, and a very perfect hostess she always makes. The visit of T.R.H. was as quiet and as restful as possible. The Duke did try his hand at a little experience of cattle-drafting and cutting-out, but otherwise both of them were content to take things quietly, and in those surroundings nothing was easier. They found in the old memorial church a link with their own family. It is a cross of

marble to the memory of Grenville Arthur Kingsley, the youngest son of the author, Charles Kingsley, who came out to Queensland in search of health and died there. Grenville Kingsley willed to Mrs. Collins the souvenirs left to him by his father of his services as tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. Grenville Kingsley's house is still in the possession of his sisters, Miss Kingsley and Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet"), and rented by them to a son-in-law of Mrs. Collins. After a truly restful Sunday the Duke and Duchess returned to take up their official duties again on the Monday, their first being a visit to the Rosemount Repatriation Hospital and their evening one a civic reception in the open air at New Farm Park. For that reception a special word of praise must be extended. It was most admirably done, the grounds of the park being lit by thousands of lights swung from posts and trees. The river, which flowed near the park, was alive with illuminated motor-boats and excursion steamers, filled with sightseers. Across on the other bank the owners of the many beautiful homes there had been asked to illuminate their houses in honour of the occasion. Some did more, and contributed a firework display to the general glow and glamour of the scene. Above all, a full moon sailed serenely through the cloudless sky, and the night air was so mild and genial that coats and wraps could be dispensed with. A choir of two thousand voices, accompanied by a combined orchestra, rendered a programme of music, the grand "Hallelujah Chorus" ringing out over park and river, rising in waves of sound, making a fitting conclusion to the function.

The next day, the last of the stay in Brisbane, was devoted to the conferring of a degree of Doctor of Laws at the University upon the Duke, the laying of a wreath on the Stone of Remembrance to the memory of Fallen Soldiers, and a reception tendered by the women's associations to the Duchess. At the University the Duke

made some pregnant remarks as to the value of education. "The universities," he said, "have an enormous responsibility. Not only are they training the mind, but they are also moulding the characters of a great portion of the nation's youth when the younger generation is most susceptible to outside influences. It is upon that generation that the future prosperity and greatness of a country must depend, and it is no exaggeration to say that to a very large extent the destiny of Australia rests with her universities."

There can be no manner of doubt that the Duke and Duchess most thoroughly enjoyed their visit to Brisbane. They said so in their farewell message to the Mayor. There they assured him that they would never forget the enthusiastic and affectionate welcome from the citizens, and especially mentioned the evening fête, which "in its originality and setting will be among the most treasured in the storehouse of our recollections." But there was something more in their appreciation of their visit than was expressed in this formal letter of thanks, warm and sincere though it is. They seemed, to those who had watched them through other towns and cities, to feel more at home in Brisbane than elsewhere. Brisbane has that effect on visitors. The people are less conventional, less apt to wait on ceremony there, and they radiate a hospitality and homeliness that is especially cheering to the wanderer. To that attitude of its men and women the city itself contributes in no small measure. Most charmingly situated on both banks of the Brisbane River, its suburbs spreading in a wide ring round the business section, and its river-side homes in particular seemly and inviting, it has all the benefits of site that a sub-tropical city requires. To one who can count a forty-years' acquaintance with it, back to the time when it was a somewhat drab, somewhat lazy town, the change in that time has been remarkable. Tall buildings rear their heads all over North Brisbane. Churches and cathedrals crown the hills that look down upon the busy city streets. Parks



DANCE BY ABORIGINES AT BEAUDESERT, QUEENSLAND.



and gardens, large and small, and a river which every day carries excursion steamers to the nearby waters of Moreton Bay, give the citizens plenty of air spaces. The city is administered well. Proof of that lies in the well-kept streets, the reinforced concrete roadways and the excellent tram service radiating out far into the suburbs. It was not always so, but only recently the system of local government was changed, the many small local bodies within the ten-mile radius, with all their petty jealousies and varying interests, being swept away and a Greater Brisbane Council formed with authority over 385 square miles of urban territory and a population of 263,711. The benefit of the change is already apparent in the spreading outwards of well-laid roadways, which are progressively replacing the dusty unmade roads of a few years ago, in the reduction in the rates which has been effected, and in the general orderliness and air of prosperity which fills the place.



## CHAPTER XVII

### TASMANIA

LEAVING Sydney on that drear day of April 14th, the *Renown* steamed quietly southwards, escaping by a few hours the storms and rains that were to sweep the New South Wales coast and Sydney during the Easter holidays. Good Friday was spent at sea, and on the morning of Easter Saturday the ship steamed in from seaward along the noble estuary of the Derwent River. It was one of the finest mornings that could be imagined, and the coast on both sides of the wide channel shone out in the sunshine, the one flat, the other bold and rugged, with farms dotted about the slopes of the mountains and here and there the scars of a recent bush fire. Everything was autumn-brown except the deep foliage of the forests which crowned the hill-tops. The waters stretched in level plains of blue, and soon the white sails of Hobart's yachts, leaning to the brisk breeze, came down-channel to meet us. The actual entry into Hobart Harbour was as fine a bit of Navy ship-handling as one could wish to see. Hobart Harbour is a splendid one, deep water—sixty odd feet—right into the heart of the town, and no dangers to navigation. But across the ends of the piers there run nasty little offsetting currents, as H.M.S. *Hood* found to her cost when she tried to berth there without a pilot and was fiddling about for half an hour before the brows were out. So the authorities thought it better to assign a pilot who knew the harbour to the *Renown*, and the senior of them all was sent down-stream to pick her

up and take her in. Unfortunately they neglected to apprise the Captain of the *Renown* of this decision. When the Harbour Board's launch, all spick and span, came along there was no slowing down, and as the *Renown* was still at half-speed the launch was left pantingly astern, no man knowing the indignity that had been heaped on the pilot. But events showed that he was not wanted in this case, whatever might have been the case of the *Hood*. Continuing her course till she was just opposite and five miles away from the Ocean Pier, the *Renown* turned at right angles, and, scarcely reducing speed at all until a mile from the pier, steamed straight for her berth, going alongside the pier so gently that she hardly touched the piles, and with less fuss and shouting of orders than occurs on a cross-river ferry steamer. She stopped with her nose not fifty yards from the shore and with a big sea-going liner only the same distance away at the other pier. Timed to arrive at ten o'clock, her first line ashore was over the bollard as the post-office clock struck the hour—as superb a bit of work as the navigating officers had ever done during the whole of the tour.

The stay in Tasmania was only a very brief one—all too brief to give T.R.H. any idea at all of the country which boasts that it is “the playground of Australia,” “the Garden State of Australia,” “the home of the pure merino,” “the coming industrial centre of Australia,” and various other epithets, all complimentary and deserved. So, as the Duke and Duchess could not go to the country, the municipal and other authorities of Hobart thoughtfully brought the country to them. To do so they embodied in their scheme of street decoration for the Royal procession four triumphal arches in addition to the stereotyped festoons of greenery and lines of fluttering flags. Before the procession had well started from the ship-side it passed under a solid-looking arch of wool, announcing Tasmania as the “home of the pure merino.” In one of the recesses in the arch was a machine-shearer busily engaged in

depriving a sheep of its wool, while on the other side was a wool-classer at his work. The Duke was interested enough to stop the car for a minute for a closer inspection. Next came a fruit arch with the original touch of festooning it from side to side with strings of apples—Tasmania calling itself the “Apple State”—a standing temptation to all small boys to “bob” for them. The next arch was built up with samples of the mineral wealth, while the fourth and last was the work of the Hydro-Electric Commission staff. Its pillars were two of the standards which carry the high-power current from the generating station in the centre of the island to Hobart and elsewhere. The idea of the arch was to emphasize the fact that by the full utilization of her enormous water-supplies Tasmania hopes one day to become the centre of the industrial life of the Commonwealth. Each arch was justified, for together they represent the four chief industries of the State. The pastoral industry is responsible for about £3,000,000 in its value of production, of which wool returns a steady £1,000,000 every year. The State has always been renowned for the high quality of its wool, and many of the big studs on the mainland owe their prominence to the introduction and thoughtful selection of Tasmanian merino blood. Dairying, which is included in pastoral pursuits, returns nearly £500,000 per annum, and the balance of the gross total is made up of stock exported or slaughtered for food, sale of live-stock, etc. The agricultural industry returns are approximately the same as the pastoral industry, and though apples are always considered Tasmania’s star crop, they are easily beaten by oats and potatoes, unpicturesque things at the best. The value of the mining production for last year (1926) was very nearly £2,000,000 (£1,808,841 to be exact), copper, tin, gold and silver-lead heading the list in that order. But the real romance of Tasmanian development may be said to lie in the evolution of its hydro-electric power. Practically untouched until 1911,

Tasmania has wonderful power resources, at a very conservative estimate more than a million horse-power lying dormant, of which only 80,000 has so far been developed. In the centre of the island there is a high plateau, where lies the Great Lake, at an elevation of over 3,300 feet above sea-level, kept filled by an average yearly rainfall of from 60 inches to 32 inches. At first only 10,000 h.p. was provided for in the hydro-electric works scheme, but from 1917 to 1923 the plant was increased up to 66,000 h.p., much of which is absorbed by the manufacturers who have had the foresight to establish themselves in the State and take advantage of the cheap power. The scheme is already being extended to other centres besides Hobart and Launceston, and it will not be long before the whole island, generally speaking, is reticulated with power lines. What has already been done is sufficient to cause quite a considerable development in secondary industries in Launceston, where large woollen mills have been established. South of Hobart lines have been run out taking in the whole of the settled portion of the State as far as Geeveston and up the Derwent valley. The dream of the practical idealists in charge of the scheme is that every farmer, every orchardist, every dairy shall have its own electric light and power, and there seems no reason at all why the ambition should not be realized in the not-far-distant future.

And yet one feels some compunction at the prospect of Hobart being turned into a hustling modern industrial centre. It is such a delightful city at the present time, preserving something of the staid dignity of the mid-Victorian era, with perhaps a touch of century-old elegance, overlaid, attractively enough, with the efforts of the citizens to make their homes as cheerful and as modern in design as may be compatible. There are some fine homes round Hobart, old and new, and pleasant to dwell in they must be, especially in such surroundings as Hobart affords. It has all the water attractiveness of Sydney,

wide reaches on a land-locked harbour, and behind that again bays and straits which lead the yachtsman on and on northward as far as Port Arthur and the grim romance of its convict-built churches and prisons ; or southward along the D'entrecasteaux Channel, sheltered from the open ocean by Bruni Islands and teeming with deep-sea fish. Inland from Hobart there is the Derwent River, leading along wide reaches to New Norfolk and beyond. Hobart itself lies in terraced beauty at the very foot of Mount Wellington, raising its rugged head 4,166 feet into the clouds, snow-capped in winter. Another mountain, little more distant, is Mount Nelson, and the capital lies cupped between them. The route of the Royal procession was well calculated to emphasize the two sides of Hobart's character. Down at the waterside there were stores and warehouses which went back to the very early days, almost to its first years, and here and there along the route were reared massive stone buildings, not specially striking from an architectural point of view, but indicative that their builders of eighty or ninety years ago meant them to last. Alternating with these buildings are the tall modern shops and office buildings, carrying the familiar structural lines of modern business premises. T.R.H. were driven along such a pathway of history—Australian history—amid the usual cheers and enthusiasm, to the splendidly situated Government House, which Tasmanians claim with justice to be the finest in the Commonwealth. Certainly none—not even Sydney's—has a more perfect setting. It lies on a gentle slope overlooking the Derwent in its majestic sweep to sea, with Mount Wellington rising to the right and the city spreading away from it to the furthest suburbs by river, shore, or on hill-side. It is not an old building—1857—and is in the Tudor-Gothic style so beloved of architects in the middle of last century. One of the outstanding features of the building is the wealth of excellent stone carvings it boasts, and another the very wide expanse of its gardens and demesne. Here, after

inspecting the Girl Guides, Boy Scouts and kindred organizations, the Duke and Duchess lunched with the Governor, Sir James O'Grady, and his daughter. The afternoon was devoted to a public reception in Franklin Square, in the heart of the city, and by a curious coincidence the site of the former Government House of the State. The citizens went by in lines of five abreast, and the monotony of the proceedings was as usual enlivened by a few humorous touches, as when an old lady contrived to shake hands with the Duchess or when the tail of the column consisted of a happy father proudly wheeling his babies in a perambulator. Fifty débutantes, demure and diffident, waited the Duke and Duchess at the State Ball which they both attended in the evening.

The next day, Easter Sunday, was begun by the Royal party slipping quietly to early morning Communion in St. David's Cathedral. Hardly a soul knew of it—a mere handful of people saw them enter and leave—but at the midday service, which they also attended, there was an immense concourse both inside and outside the cathedral. The only remaining function was a visit to the Repatriation Hospital and the meeting by them both of returned soldiers, nurses and war-workers. In the afternoon they left by train for "Mona Vale," the home in the Midlands of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Cameron, where they stayed overnight before going on to Launceston. The house is considered one of Tasmania's historic mansions, and the people tell you with some unction that it has fifty-two rooms, one for every week in the year, three hundred and sixty-five window-panes, one for every day in the year, seven entrances for the days of the week and twelve staircases for the months. It had only just been completed when the Duke of Edinburgh stayed there in 1868, driving to it in a stage-coach from Hobart, and demanding for dinner steak and onions instead of the delicacies prepared. Since then all the State Governors and most of the Governor-Generals have stayed at "Mona Vale," and it also housed

Lord Kitchener when he visited the Commonwealth to report on its defence scheme in 1909. T.R.H. spent a restful few hours there, with a little riding for the Duke, before they entrained next morning for Launceston, waiting impatiently and somewhat resentfully for the very brief visiting time that had been allotted to them as contrasted with the Prince of Wales's stay, which extended to three days, and with the Hobart visit. Launceston calls itself the "Northern Capital" of Tasmania, and claims an equality of rights with Hobart in all things, so that the preferential treatment in the matter of longer acquaintance with the Royal couple enjoyed by her southern rival flicked Launceston on the raw.

Be that as it may, there was no mistaking the fervour of the welcome or the very evident effort which had been made to crowd into the five sparse hours allotted to the city just as much as was humanly possible to accomplish—procession, children's demonstration, addresses of welcome, people's reception, meeting returned soldiers' and kindred associations, a mayoral luncheon, without speeches, and a final visit to Launceston's show place, the Gorge. It is quite close to the city, and Launceston makes the most of it. Between cliffs of several hundred feet the South Esk runs down over tumbled rocks and rushing cataracts into the Tamar River, which is formed by the junction of the South and the North Esk Rivers. In the Gorge itself art and Nature have been pleasantly allied to make the resort a picturesque walk above the water, amid tree-ferns and trees, round points hanging high above the river, and through groves of shrubs and plants that in summer flame with blossom. It is no wonder that the place is a favourite picnicking ground. Launceston itself is a well-laid-out modern town, though with narrower streets than are common in Australian cities. It is not, so far, a tourist resort in itself, merely a jumping-off place for the southern capital or the east or north-coast fishing resorts. It bids fair, though, to become an important industrial







centre, especially with the extension of the hydro-electric scheme. Already there are signs that the expansion of the industrial side of the city's life has been well begun—indeed, the Mayor made use of the opportunity afforded him by the Duke's evident interest in the industries of the place to ask H.R.H. to impress upon manufacturers at home the suitability of Launceston, both as to climate and accessibility, for the establishment of secondary business and industrial enterprises. It was at the reception that T.R.H. first made intimate acquaintance with Australia's marsupials. In an enclosure close to the dais on which they stood for the march-past there were several kangaroos and wallabies, including a couple of genuine "old man kangaroos," who regarded the evident interest of the Royal party grouped outside with superciliousness equal to that displayed by camels. T.R.H. hurried off to the enclosure as soon as the reception was over and spent several minutes listening to the curator explaining the habits of the animals and parading Tasmanian wallabies and opossums for inspection. It was T.R.H. first "close-up" of the breeds, though they had seen one or two specimens from train windows or motor-cars. The children, who had given up part of their Easter holidays to do honour to their Royal guests, and had been rewarded with an extra day at the request of the Duke, took the farewell proceedings into their own hands, for there was little to be done in the face of the gale of shrill cheering which began when T.R.H. arrived at the platform to entrain again for "Mona Vale" and continued uninterruptedly until the train pulled out of the station. Next morning, while the Duke was out riding, the party were fortunate enough to flush half a dozen kangaroos, so that H.R.H. saw the marsupials both in captivity and freedom. From here T.R.H. took as presents a pair of flying squirrels and a pair of wallabies as the nucleus of their new zoo.

The last day in Hobart before embarkation was devoted to a children's demonstration, a garden-party at Govern-

ment House and a citizens' reception. The demonstration was distinguished by a real "Tiny Town" turn-out—a dozen or more small boys mounted on ponies, who went through all the motions of firing a salute and also acted as escort to the Royal car in its progress round the ground. Another excellently done feature was the formation by intricate evolution of the map of Tasmania. The approaching birthday of Princess Elizabeth was not forgotten, for the children of the State had subscribed to present to her a set of dolls' bedroom furniture made from Tasmanian blackwood, beautifully grained and designed. The social events which ended the day were largely attended, and to the very last the Tasmanian people maintained their interest in and affection for T.R.H. Those feelings were well expressed in the dispatch sent by the Governor to the King, which ran as follows :—

"I have the honour to inform you that the visit to Tasmania of the Duke and Duchess of York was an unqualified success. Tasmanians will always remember their visit, because their presence among us brought us into direct contact, in a visible and tangible way, with our brethren of the Empire. They endeared themselves to us in their own delightful way, taking keen interest in questions that concern our welfare and inquiring into problems that affect our future prosperity. During their brief sojourn with us their kindly, gracious willingness in carrying through the strenuous task we unconsciously set them, in the endeavour that they should see as much as possible of our island State, won the hearts and affection of the people. Running through the welcome was characteristic love and loyalty to the King. We respectfully tender you our thanks for sending their Royal Highnesses to us, and express the hope that they will soon be among us again."

The *Renown* left Hobart about midnight, and steamed all the next day at reduced speed in smooth waters up the east coast of the island. The fear of rough weather

had made the departure earlier than originally intended, so that it was necessary, as the weather did not come up to (or rather down to) expectations, to take things slowly. Even at that, the crossing of Bass Straits was accomplished so soon that when Port Phillip Heads was reached the *Renown* had several hours in hand, and watchers for the first glimpse of her in the early dawn were surprised to find her in sight long before expected. She had to anchor well inside the bay in order not to reach the Port Melbourne pier before the appointed time.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### MELBOURNE

MELBOURNE does not lend itself to pageantry as do Sydney and Hobart. Whether entry to it is made by land or sea, the surroundings are not inspiring and lack entirely the bounteous gifts that natural beauty has bestowed on the sister capitals. And to add to its drabness of approach, the day when the *Renown* steamed up the broad waters of Port Phillip to the strictly commercialized water-front at Port Melbourne was bleak and drear ; rainstorms drenched the crowds of sightseers on shore and in all kinds of craft ; a fierce wind made the berthing of the huge cruiser at the Town Pier a difficult task, though it was accomplished to time and with the help of two tugs "butting" the long bulk into the pier as do the tugs in New York Harbour. Wise in their generation, the authorities refrained from giving T.R.H. their first glimpse of Victoria's capital through the uninviting streets of Port Melbourne, which, like most sea-ports, adheres strictly to business and has not concerned itself much with the amenities. As a consequence, though the *Renown* berthed at eleven o'clock in the morning, only a few strictly official and formal calls from Governor-General, Prime Minister, State Governor and State Premier (Mr. Allan), with other dignitaries, filled in the morning. The official entry was timed for the afternoon, and to get the effect of an arrival by sea the starting point was made at St. Kilda Pier, to which T.R.H. were conveyed in the Royal barge, tossed a little more than was pleasant

by the short, choppy sea whipped up over the shallow waters of Hobson's Bay. On the St. Kilda Pier were grouped all the Federal and State officials that it was possible to muster. T.R.H. were received by His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Stonehaven, who presented the Governor of Victoria (Lord Somers), the Lieutenant-Governor (Sir William Irvine) and the Prime Minister (Mr. Bruce). Lord Somers in turn presented the Premier (Mr. Allan). Moving down the pier, Mr. Bruce presented the Federal Treasurer (Mr. Earle Page), the President of the Senate (Sir Simpson Newlands), the Speaker of the House of Representatives (Sir Littleton Groom), members of the Federal Cabinet and Judiciary and the leaders of the Opposition in both Houses. Mr. Allan performed a similar function for the members of the State Parliament and Bench, and Sir William Glasgow, as Minister for Defence, presented the military and naval officers. The formal welcome to St. Kilda City was expressed by the Mayor at the shore end of the pier, where both the King and the Prince of Wales had been welcomed, and the party then took their seats in the State carriages, which for this occasion supplanted the motor-cars of other capitals. The carriages were drawn by four horses with postilions, footmen and outriders complete, and just a little of the familiar ceremonial of the Royal progresses through the heart of the Empire, Whitehall, was recaptured. St. Kilda rises sharply from the water's edge for a few score feet, affording a fine grand-stand for the thousands of people who massed themselves there, and the procession began to the accompaniment of a burst of cheering which was to last them all through the progress up St. Kilda Road to the Melbourne Town Hall, where the civic welcome was spoken, and onwards to the end.

It was a wise decision to plan the official entry along the broad highway of St. Kilda Road and through the spacious streets between the tall buildings of the city proper. Melbourne, lacking the natural advantages, is a

man-made city, and right well has man done his work ; not only in the city itself, but in the suburbs, where amid beautiful gardens stand the residences of the citizens, attractive and well kept, holding out the hand of hospitality in almost tangible form. Some of those homes, friendlily looking out over the route of the procession, the Duke and Duchess saw as they passed along what is generally acclaimed to be one of the world's great thoroughfares. Few, not even the Champs Elysées or the Prado, or in its best days Unter den Linden, excel it, certainly no road in the southern hemisphere does. It is a three-fold thoroughfare, each roadway being separated from the others by rows of lawns planted with trees and interspersed with flower-beds which must be a perfect glory in spring and summer. Even on the grey autumn day of the arrival there was a certain dignity and charm blended in the long vista of the roadway lined throughout its length by eager citizens upon whose heads and shoulders fell the yellowing leaves of the elm-trees. And here let it be said that Melbourne does not depend upon St. Kilda Road alone as a boast. Had T.R.H. turned to the right at the commencement of the Royal progress, they would have passed up an avenue—Dandenong Road—which one day will be as beautiful as St. Kilda Road. Twice during the procession, moreover, they were to see thoroughfares which reproduced the splendour of the latter. After the city section had been negotiated there was Victoria Parade, another wide and grass-bisected roadway, while at the very end of the nine-mile route there came the recently completed Alexandra Avenue, perhaps even more lovely than the St. Kilda Road. It runs along the banks of the Yarra, with lawns sloping down to the water, and on the other side the tree-covered slopes of the Botanic Gardens and the Domain rising to the low hill crowned by the Federal Government House.

No entry could have been better planned to give a visitor the best possible impression of the city. First, the

proof that the civic sense of its people did not stop at the necessities of municipal life, but realized that there must be also a striving after its beauties as well; then the city itself, a thing of spacious grace, wide streets, fine buildings and an air of stateliness, as though its stones felt they were compound of a city well worthy of its high destiny; out again into a nearby suburb, the Royal party were taken through streets still wide and well-kept but more distinctive of the working side of Melbourne's life—as, too, were the people, cheering and laughing, who lined the route as thickly as they did anywhere else; finally, the peace and gentleness of that three-quarters of a mile drive along the river bank, where the spectators seemed themselves to feel that the tranquillity of the surroundings merited their silence as well. It was indeed a most remarkable drive and a most remarkable demonstration of sustained enthusiasm from a crowd estimated at approaching 400,000—indeed, as many thousands of the spectators hurried from one vantage-point to another as soon as they had seen the Duke and Duchess pass, just for another glimpse of them, it would not be too much to say that T.R.H. had seen half a million human figures in their spectacular progress. Just as it was ending, and they had actually turned into the gates of Government House, the day was marred by a terrible flying accident. Within sight of the people and of the Royal party, two aeroplanes of a squadron which had been doing most amazing feats of aerobatics collided and fell crashing to the ground in close vicinity to the lines waiting to see the Duke and Duchess. The pilot and observer of both machines were killed instantly, and it amounted almost to a miracle that the machines fell on a spot where there were no people standing at the time. T.R.H. were naturally most deeply concerned about the catastrophe. The Duke sent his equerry immediately to make inquiries, and was personally represented at the funeral, he and the Duchess both sending wreaths.



The proceedings concluded with an inspection of the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts in the grounds of Government House and also of the two guards of honour—the Royal Air Force and the Light Horse. The former, being permanent force men in distinction to the citizen soldiery, are a very smart, well-drilled body indeed and earned a special word of praise from the Duke, as did the Light Horse for the splendid appearance of their horses. A small dinner-party at the Federal Government House, purely official in character, ended a day the chief event of which the Duke described in his letter of thanks to the Lord Mayor, Sir Stephen Morell, as “the wonderful reception which you accorded to us to-day. Our drive through the streets of your city will remain one of the most vivid memories of our tour.” The King, too, in his message to the Governor, alluded to the affectionate welcome accorded to T.R.H., and indeed the note of affection was struck with no uncertain sound. There was a happy personal touch for T.R.H. when they reached Government House. It was the birthday of the Princess Elizabeth, and they found a very large number of congratulatory messages awaiting them.

The next two or three days were devoted mainly to official functions—visits to the military hospitals at Caulfield and Brighton by the Duke; a public reception in the Exhibition Building, preceded by the presentation of Members of Parliament and their wives; a State Ball at Government House and the presentation of loyal addresses. These engagements, involving motor journeys from Government House, were an opportunity for whole-hearted demonstrations of loyalty from the many thousands who lined the routes on every occasion. That enthusiasm increased almost visibly from day to day, and whether the Duke was alone, as in his visit to the hospitals, or with the Duchess, when about ten thousand people filed past them in the Exhibition Building, with nearly that number disappointed of admission, the feeling was ex-

pressed with the same fervour. A spirit of "divine discontent" seemed to permeate the people. When it was not possible to see the Duke and Duchess thousands rambled the streets, especially at night, when the prodigal display of illuminations on public and private buildings kept the city crowded till a late hour. Comparisons are not only "odorous," as Dogberry said, but dangerous where Sydney and Melbourne are concerned, but certainly the latter outshone the former at night—Federal Government House, with its façade picked out in golden lights, the Town Hall all gleaming in scarlet and gold, Parliament House and other Government buildings ablaze with radiance. The shopping centre of Bourke Street was especially splendid in effulgence. Its big emporiums had determined to do their part worthily, and their side of the wide thoroughfare was one blaze of light. Facing it was a succession of coloured designs and the bright whiteness of picture theatres, while, crowning the whole magnificence, the Federal Parliament House at the east end of the street stood as a monument of light. In planning these wonderful illuminations great use was made of the system of flood-lighting with high-powered arcs. Globes of 1,000 candle-power were used, their light concentrated by reflectors and thrown in a series of coloured beams on to the façades of buildings. The clock-tower of the Town Hall, for example, had four 1,000-candle-power arcs playing in a rosy glow on each of its four faces, and the State Savings Bank bathed its white wall in a crystal radiance from hidden reflectors. The system is undoubtedly an improvement on the more old-fashioned method of strings of electric globes festooning the front of buildings, with which everybody is familiar, and the effects gained by it are much more artistic.

The week-end was given over to rest and relaxation. On the Saturday afternoon the Duke and Duchess drove to Flemington, the headquarters of racing in the State, to see the King's Cup run. Another touch of old-world

pomp was given the occasion by T.R.H. transferring from their car at the gates to the State carriage, and driving round the course and up the straight to their box in the grand-stand. Then to emphasize, if emphasis were needed, that "the sport of kings," to use the hackneyed phrase, is also the sport of the people, they left their box during the afternoon and went up on "the Hill," where are congregated the thousands of racegoers to whom the expense of a grand-stand ticket is prohibitive. Their visit there was the signal for another amazing demonstration. A mighty roar went up as soon as they appeared, and the deafening cheers continued for about ten minutes, while police had to be hurried from all parts of the course to help in restraining the too-eager loyalists from overwhelming the Royal car in their enthusiasm. The Sunday was spent in entire seclusion, the attendance of the Duke and Duchess at the cathedral being cancelled at the last minute. It had been originally arranged that they should go into the country after the race-meeting at Flemington and stay over the Sunday at the beautiful home of Mr. A. Currie at "Ercildoune," in the Western District. But with a heavy programme in front of them still, and the heavier responsibility of Canberra looming always closer, it was felt that no risks of added fatigue, such as would be involved in the long train journey there and back, should be taken. So the visit was also cancelled, very regretfully, for to see a Western District home like "Ercildoune" would have revealed to T.R.H. much of what is best and most enjoyable in Australian station life.

The commemoration of Anzac Day—April 25th, when the Australian and New Zealand forces made their landing on Gallipoli—touched the high-water mark of the Melbourne visit. It was, as a matter of fact, very certainly one of the most impressive demonstrations of the whole tour. Men had come from all parts of Australia to take part in it, and twenty-eight thousand ex-Service men fell in to march through the streets of Melbourne and salute their



*Photo Sport and General Press Agency Ltd.*

PRESENTATION OF THE GOLD-MOUNTED WHIP TO WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP, MELBOURNE.



dead before the cenotaph erected on the steps of Federal Parliament House. To do their living comrades honour, to show that they had not forgotten the sacrifice and the heroism of the A.I.F. in the Great War, the people of Melbourne—nay, of Victoria—poured into the city and banked themselves deep and ever deeper along the route, surged upwards on every projection the walls of buildings afforded, clung perilously to scaffolding, and formed from end to end of the march a living levée for that river of men to flow through—seemingly interminably. Headed by their Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Monash, and walking ten abreast, with the swing of the shoulders and the poise of the head they had learnt on the blood-stained ground of Gallipoli, in the mud of France and Flanders, or across the hot, sun-drenched wastes of Palestine, the men went by—with who knows what memories of old comrades to dim their eyes or of deeds of unchronicled bravery to make them proud. Before them went the sick, the maimed and the nurses in cars; with them in their ranks were twenty-nine winners of the Victoria Cross, each with his decoration pinned to his chest; in the rear, bringing the wondrous procession to an end, were the New Zealand comrades of Gallipoli and France, South African veterans, to remind us that Australians had acquitted themselves as soldiers in an earlier struggle than the Great War; and finally Imperial ex-Service men of the “old contemptibles.” For nearly an hour and a half they marched, headed by their own unit commanders and with their battle colours before them. Some were in their old, honoured uniform, but year by year the proportion of men thus dressed grows smaller and smaller, and the civilian dress that day was far in the majority—a point that serves to accentuate the citizen-soldier character of the Anzacs. Nearly the whole of those who had fought were back in their civilian jobs. But they had not forgotten their soldier’s training, and no finer body of men physically and civically ever went past a saluting base. And what a vindication of

democracy it was ! Side by side there marched a man high in the councils of State and a tram-conductor, a captain of industry and one of his junior clerks ; at the head of one division marched a judge ; the battle-flag of another was borne by a corporation labourer. That rhythmically flowing column of men inspired two outstanding thoughts—first, the glowing one that these men who had flocked to the colours for the great adventure willingly, eagerly, were marching past a King's son, the son of the King for whom they had fought, standing on the steps of the House where the country's statesmen had validated the country's part in the war, and in so doing had made Australia a nation ; the other thought—a sad one—was that more than twice the number of men in the procession had laid down their lives in the stern years from 1914 to 1918, men of the best blood that Australia had and Australia could ill spare.

To the spectators the march-past was the apex of the day. To the men themselves that supreme moment came when they faced, a huge concourse filling every corner of the Exhibition Building, their King's son and shared with him the solemn commemoration service for which end they had marched through the city and saluted their dead. To hear that vast assemblage sing "The Old Hundredth" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," their voices swelling upwards in one great harmony of spirit, was to all privileged to be there an inspiration to follow Sir John Monash's appeal to "Keep Anzac Day sacred." The Duke made one of the most emotional speeches of the tour. He said :—

"It is a very great privilege to take part in to-day's ceremony to celebrate the landing in Gallipoli twelve years ago of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, which has made for ever famous the name of Anzac.

"That great feat of arms and the heroic deeds of all who shared in it will be remembered so long as the Empire lasts. They gave their all for the King and Empire, and their sacrifice

will remain for ever a shining example of what human will and endurance can accomplish.

"A memorial to those whom we commemorate to-day has been raised in Gallipoli—soil for ever sacred to British hearts. But the best and worthiest memorial we can offer them is to seek inspiration from their example, to endeavour to learn the lesson they teach of courage, patience and self-sacrifice, and to consecrate ourselves afresh to those great purposes for which they gave their lives.

"Therefore I would beg you to regard this day, not so much as one of mourning for the dead as one of earnest resolve on the part of us, the living, to emulate their example. Let us try to live more worthily of those who made the great sacrifice for us, and to do the utmost that lies in our power to maintain and hand down to the children who come after us those traditions of loyalty, fortitude and devotion to duty which animated those gallant men, and on the preservation of which the whole welfare and security of the Empire depend."

Sir John Monash's speech set out so clearly the meaning of Anzac Day that it is worth quoting :—

"This annual commemoration has grown from a small beginning until it has reached the mighty demonstration which has been to-day. Although Armistice Day is recognized throughout the Empire as a day of national mourning and a commemoration of the sacrifice and service of all the nations, yet April 25th is a day specially dedicated for the people of this southern land on which the whole nation mourns its dead and honours their memory. Anzac makes a special appeal to the hearts of all of us because of the special place it holds in our history, for it was on this day twelve years ago that the flower of Australia's youth flung itself against the beetling cliffs of Gallipoli and performed a memorable feat of arms which instantly welded the people of Australia into a nation and proved to the entire world that our men and women were not unworthy of their sires. It was on this day that was born the tradition of the Australian Imperial Force—a tradition which carried the A.I.F. through four long years of the horror and turmoil of war.

"The single exhortation 'Remember Gallipoli!' became the



watchword of the A.I.F. in France, in Palestine, and on all the battle fronts for the remainder of the war, and that same exhortation, 'Remember Gallipoli !' is destined to become the watchword of the Australian people."

Another great event in the Melbourne visit was the children's demonstration on the M.C.C. ground. There twelve thousand youngsters were assembled for a great display before the Duke and Duchess and some sixty or seventy thousand members of the public. They saw a magnificent example of massed discipline directed towards dancing, physical training and eurythmics. T.R.H. arrived on the ground to find a gigantic boomerang of living forms encircling the word "Welcome," while beyond was the word "Our." The boomerang was outlined by girls in Spanish costume of scarlet, gold and green, and the lettering was in delicate pastel shades. The whole design fluttered into life as T.R.H. drove on to the ground, only to sink again into immobility at the note of a whistle, like a great garden of flowers ranged in beds and borders. There followed a display of perfect timing by three thousand girls. Irish jigs, Scotch reels and folk-dances were all done with a vigour and grace that were infectious. Bare, brown young arms flashed in the sunlight, sturdy young legs moved in and out in unison, lithe young bodies swayed and swung in waves of graceful motion. Even the tiny tots who did a programme of folk-dancing seemed trained to the minute, stepping high and disposedly about their work, serious and intent, dancing like thousands of snow-flakes blown down wind. Spanish dances by the senior girls in vivid costumes, with snapping castanets and tinkling tambourines, made a wondrous blend of colour, movement and sound, and the boys in their turn of physical drill left no doubt as to the health and strength of the coming generation. The children, as they finished their turn, marched to a special stand, where the Duke and Duchess walked over to them and stood to a frenzy of cheering and the singing of the National Anthem by twelve thousand



*Photo: Special Agent Press Agency Ltd.*

CONVERSING WITH BED-HIDDEN ANZACS AT MELBOURNE.



clear young voices in a volume that must have been heard a mile away. As to what the Duke and Duchess thought of it, let his letter of appreciation speak for itself :—

“ On behalf of the Duchess and myself, I desire to express our sincere appreciation and admiration of the school-children’s display this afternoon, which is one of the most wonderful things we have ever seen. The vast arena, the thousands of keen and sturdy boys and girls, the beautiful dresses, the training and discipline, the great assembly, the perfect autumn day, all combined to make a picture which will remain an imperishable memory.

“ The display by the smaller children specially impressed us. It was wonderful how they performed their quite difficult tasks. We most warmly thank all those who have given us an opportunity of witnessing so beautiful and moving a spectacle. We realize the work it has meant, and we tender to all who shared in that work our most sincere congratulations on the perfect success of their efforts.”

The same day (April 26th) saw a brilliant and historic gathering at Federal Parliament House, the occasion being the Federal Government’s dinner to the Duke. The guests numbered two hundred and seventy and comprised one of the most representative gatherings ever seen in the Hall. There was a full attendance of Federal Ministers and members of the State Government, consuls, Church dignitaries, naval, military and air force officers, members of former Commonwealth Parliaments, heads of public departments and many representative citizens. Both Mr. Bruce and Mr. Charlton (the leader of the Labour Opposition in the House of Representatives) made speeches of welcome in proposing the health of H.R.H. Both stressed the unswerving loyalty of the Australian people to the Throne and Empire. Mr. Bruce also referred to the peculiar appropriateness of the dinner being held in the Hall of the Federal Parliament House. It was there that the first Parliament, which was opened by the King, assembled ; it was there that all legislation had been passed in the

twenty-six years since then. Almost the last act of the Federal Parliament within those walls was to welcome the son of the King who had first vested the authority to hold that Parliament. He referred, too, to the new conception of Empire which had arisen since that day. Then the British Empire was composed of a predominant Great Britain and a number of almost dependent peoples. Since then there had arisen a Commonwealth of British nations equal in status, enjoying self-government and autonomous rights, joined indissolubly together by their allegiance to the Throne and their common British citizenship. He concluded :

“ Nothing, indeed, could have been so happily chosen as the time of your visit, following as it does closely upon the Imperial Conference at which the new basis of our inter-Imperial relations was, for the first time, authoritatively laid down. Those relations, embodying no element of control, and based upon no written constitution, must, of necessity, largely depend upon mutual sympathy and understanding, embodied in kinship and common ideals and strengthened by personal intercourse. Nothing could more surely promote a better understanding and stimulate a sense of unity than a visit of a member of your Royal House. When to that fact are added the personal qualifications you and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York so pre-eminently possess, we realize how fortunate is the British Empire. Since you landed on these shores, both you and Her Royal Highness have endeared yourselves to our people. We will long cherish the memory of your visit.”

Mr. Charlton, who spoke quite extempore and with very evident sincerity, struck a responsive note when he expressed the fervent hope that the Royal guests would

“ tell His Majesty and representative men of the Mother Country that as far as Australia was concerned, despite what might be said and irrespective of political differences, the people were loyal to the Empire. He was quite sure H.R.H.

would carry the message back. In Australia they were endeavouring to do their best under their constitutional powers to develop that country in a manner beneficial to the people of Australia and to the Empire generally. They were trying to influence the cultivation of harmonious relations between the Empire and the rest of the world and endeavouring to bring about peace."

The Duke's reply took the form of a notable speech in which he seized the opportunity to sum up his impressions of Australia. It was punctuated by the heartiest applause, and both when he stood up and when he sat down H.R.H. was accorded an ovation. After thanking them for their expressions of welcome and of loyalty the Duke went on:—

"We have had a wonderful experience here, and have everywhere received overwhelming kindness which we shall remember as long as we live. And I am glad of this opportunity to thank you, Mr. Prime Minister, and the Commonwealth for all that you have done for our comfort and enjoyment during the tour. I assure you we appreciate it more than we can say.

"Now that we have visited four of the States of the Commonwealth, I should like, if I may, to give shortly some of the chief impressions left on my mind by our tour. My first and foremost impression is the wonderful loyalty of the people of this country and the affectionate regard everywhere shown to the King and the members of the King's house. And when I speak of loyalty, I mean loyalty in no narrow sense, but loyalty to all those traditions of British determination, British sense of justice and fair play for which the Crown and the Empire stand. All that is summed up in the words 'British character.' That, to my mind, is the true meaning of loyalty, and that is what I read the loyalty of Australia to be.

"My second great impression is the marvellous development of the country within the space of three generations. I had, of course, heard and read of this development, but it is necessary to come and see for oneself in order to realize the miracle which has been accomplished in creating out of

the wilderness the Australia of to-day—the great agricultural wealth, the flourishing cities, the material progress of all kinds, the ordered social life. When one sees what British pluck and determination have accomplished in making this great country during the last hundred years, it inspires one with confidence as to the future of the British race. As long as we have among us that spirit of initiative and enterprise which spurred on the early pioneers to push out from the centre, follow untrodden paths, and wrest from the unknown a fortune for themselves and their children, the future of the Empire is secure.

“We have our troubles at home—very serious troubles—left to us as an aftermath of the war, but the same dogged determination to win through that animated the early pioneers here will carry us through, just as they did in the dark days of the war. Britain is not finished yet—and as long as we have confidence in ourselves we need have no fear.

“When I made a speech in London before coming on this tour, I spoke of the importance of doing everything possible to improve communication between the different parts of the Empire. Now that I have visited Australia and New Zealand for myself, and have realized the time it takes to go and return, my conviction as to this vital need is more than ever confirmed. Much has already been accomplished, and the time, I trust, is soon coming when we shall be able to talk to one another across the distances which divide us—when we shall be able to travel by air in almost the same number of days which it now takes us weeks to travel by sea. When that day comes I am convinced that an impetus greater than we can calculate will be given to the spirit of Imperial unity, and we should push on with the work by all means in our power.

“In an Empire like ours, whose various parts are separated by thousands of miles of sea, it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the spoken word, the personal touch. It is not given to many of us to travel to the distant parts of the Empire in the same manner that we have, and it behoves us, who have had this wonderful opportunity, to act as interpreters, to tell the people at home what we have seen and learned, to try to make them realize your aims, your aspirations and your difficulties. That it will be our

endeavour to do to the utmost of our power when we return to the homeland.

“One of the great needs of to-day, and perhaps the greatest need of all, is the better understanding of one another, both between the different parts of the Empire and also between the different interests—Capital and Labour, employers and employed, town and country—in the various countries themselves. It is only by getting to know one another better that this closer sympathy and understanding can come. Only so can we realize that we are all members of one family, whose interests are inseparably bound up with one another, possessing the same traditions, animated by the same ideals, imbued with the same faith.

“That is the message I would bring. It is right that we should be loyal to our family, to our city, to our State, to our country, but let us not forget the wider patriotism, the loyalty that we all owe to the British Commonwealth—that great family of British nations in the preservation of which and of the ideals and principles for which it stands, lies, in my opinion, the best hope of peace in the world to-day. British pluck, British determination—let those be our watchwords. Then we need have no fear as to the destiny of the British race.”

It was an inspiring speech, provocative in its review and its impressions of much thought and imagination, and the representative audience who listened to it rose to its importance. Before the function ended the Duke presented to the Speaker and the President of the Senate, as gifts from the King, replicas of the two dispatch-cases on the House of Commons table. They were, he said, marks of the King's great personal interest in the historic occasion of the establishment of the Commonwealth Parliament at Canberra. He and the Duchess also presented a cigar-box to them.

The story of the rest of the stay of T.R.H. in Melbourne is soon told. The remaining functions were mainly formal or social in character, though considerable light relief was afforded by the undergraduates of Melbourne University



on the occasion of the Duke having the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him. They staged a most elaborate and very amusing rag, into the spirit of which the Duke entered whole-heartedly. It was all well meant and all taken in good part, and there was honest fun in the Duke's response to the demand that before he could be admitted to the body of students he should give an impersonation of a suburban mayor giving an address of welcome. He promptly appointed an unwilling member of the students' escort his town clerk and called on him to read the speech. There was a burlesque Royal party—with Duchess—and laughably enough they stole the thunder of the real Royal party, slipping away ahead of them on departure and being cheered by the waiting crowd under the impression that they were genuine. Other functions of the last two days were the reception of the Duchess by the National Council of Women, an informal visit by the Duke to the Air Force headquarters at Point Cook, a ball at Federal Government House, a State reception, a Mayor's ball and a Government House garden-party. The Mayor's ball was distinguished by the elaborate nature of the decorations, the whole interior of the barn-like Exhibition Building having been transformed into the semblance of a mediæval castle, with turrets and battlements all complete. A distant view of Windsor Castle filled one end of the ball-room space, and at the other was a fairyland of the Australian bush. Both the Mayor's ball and the State reception gave further evidence of the truly wonderful way in which the love and loyalty of the people of Melbourne to T.R.H. had grown from day to day. Their car in its journey from Government House to the Exhibition Building was scarcely able to thread its way through the cheering, wildly excited crowds which lined the roadway and pressed forward over all barriers in an effort to get as near as possible to the Royal couple. Several times the car had to be halted while police cleared a passage by sheer main force. Wherever a vantage-point



AT THE 'VARSITY "RAG," MELBOURNE.

*The General News Ltd.*



for sightseers occurred, that point was thronged, and whenever those sightseers caught a glimpse of T.R.H. a mighty cheer went up. On the last night of their stay in Melbourne the excitement rose to fever-heat, and so great was the crush that the Royal car took thirty-five minutes to drive from Federal Government House to the Exhibition Building, a journey ordinarily occupying only ten. Police officials declared it was the most difficult job they had ever been faced with, and certainly it was easily the finest demonstration of the tour, transcending anything that had occurred in any of the other States in its exhibition of what Lord Cavan on another occasion had referred to as "undisciplined loyalty."

Melbourne was to see its Royal visitors on two more occasions, on their way from Adelaide to Canberra—a very fleeting glimpse—and on the way back from Canberra to rejoin the *Renown*. The latter occasion, on May 11th, was availed of for a Royal progress through South Melbourne and Port Melbourne, where the scenes of the former Royal progresses through the streets of the capital were repeated with additions. Barriers were broken all along the route, and the people flowed on to the roadway as close as they could possibly get to the Royal car, even running alongside it as a kind of escort. These scenes were repeated for the whole of the route to the ship-side, varied only by the customary civic welcomes and their routine programme at South Melbourne and Port Melbourne Town Halls. It was a veritable tornado of farewell.

## CHAPTER XIX

### VICTORIA—THE PROVINCIAL TOWNS

OF the country districts of Victoria T.R.H. saw perhaps less than they did in any other of the States—certainly of the eastern side of the Commonwealth. Practically all they did see of the country-side was from the window of the Royal train, on their way to Canberra and back, on the day's trip to Bendigo, as far as Ballarat on the way to Adelaide, and finally the stretch of country between Ballarat and Geelong. None of it, except perhaps the last named and the dairying lands at Bachhus Marsh on the way to Ballarat, can be said to convey any real idea of the agricultural, dairying and pastoral potentialities of the State. To grasp those it would have been necessary to have gone much farther afield—to the rolling wheat-lands of the Mallee in Northern Victoria, where but a few years ago, comparatively speaking, there was nothing but stunted scrub ; to the irrigation areas along the Murray River and the Goulbourn Valley, with their orchards and vineyards, or to the wide and fertile fields of the Western district, where there are some of the finest merino flocks to be found in all Australia ; to the timber and pastoral lands of Gippsland, or the rich lands of the south-west, round Warrnambool. What they did see could not possibly have conveyed to them the fact that Victoria, though the smallest of the mainland Australian States, is proportionately the most densely populated and productive of them all. Its wool, wheat, dairy produce, fruit and meat exports account for four-fifths of the value of the total

exported from the State, while its secondary production stands very high, the total value of all the output of its factories, according to the latest available figures, being £113,000,000. It seems a thousand pities that some effort was not made to give the Duke an opportunity of gaining better first-hand information about these matters.

On the other hand, it cannot be gainsaid that the policy adopted rendered it possible for more than two-thirds of the population of Victoria to see the Duke and Duchess. Melbourne alone has within its boundaries well over half the number of people in the State, while Bendigo, Ballarat and Geelong, with more than a hundred thousand between them, bring the proportion up to the higher figure. Of the three mentioned, Bendigo, the smallest—its population is about thirty-three thousand—was visited first. Above it, to some degree, at any rate, “Ichabod” may be written. In the “roaring fifties” Bendigo was a world-renowned city, its population drawn from all quarters of the globe, its one aim the winning of gold from fabulously rich deposits. It was a time when great fortunes were won and lost, when gold could be picked up on the roadside, when men lived under canvas tents and lived hard, when the highest endeavour and the lowest lusts flourished together. Reviewing the romance of Bendigo on the occasion of the Royal visit, the *Melbourne Age* says: “There are few towns which so romantically typify the growth of this new country as does Bendigo, or Sandhurst as it was named in earlier years. Its rise and decline and gradual recovery, its trials and vicissitudes, its successes and failures combine to make a story the reading of which produces in turn admiration and wonder, laughter and tears. What patriotic Australian has not read of the humble but hectic beginnings of the district? . . . Or who is not acquainted with the later experiences of the district when shrewd men formed companies, sank shafts and extracted the precious metal in a more orderly and scien-

tific way, bringing prosperity to themselves and wealth and fame to the district?" But gold-mines are vanishing assets, and Bendigo's were no exception to the rule. The production of gold in Victoria decreased materially after the first huge returns, and Bendigo declined with it. More recently, though, attention was turned to the chances of agricultural development in the district. Farms began to be established, and Bendigo became "the gateway to the north," acting as a distributing centre for the rapidly expanding areas between the town and the River Murray. But the glories of the Bendigo of the fifties have vanished, and if the city is, as is claimed, on the up-grade again, then the recovery seems slow and the town still somewhat in the Slough of Despond. There was no such appearance of rapidly advancing prosperity about the buildings and the people who thronged the route of the Royal procession as would have indicated that success and achievement were well on their way. A pity, for Bendigo has much to recommend it, and climatically its winter months are delightful—indeed, Melbourne doctors used to recommend its climate for incipient T.B. To reach the town T.R.H. had to make an all-day journey, leaving Melbourne at 10.30 and not arriving back there till six o'clock. On the hundred-mile run stops were made at Kyneton and Castlemaine, where those too familiar civic functions were religiously gone through, while many were the wayside greetings *en route*. At Bendigo the normal population of the town had been swelled by people who had ridden and driven in from places many miles away, even from across the New South Wales border. The welcome was distinguished from the hundred others which had been enjoyed by the Duke and Duchess during their tour by the presentation of a fine piece of quartz-bearing rock from a 1,000-foot level of one of Bendigo's mines. It was enclosed in a casket with the Royal coat-of-arms on it as well as that of Bendigo, and bore an inscription stating that since gold was discovered in the district in

1851 the gold-fields of Bendigo have produced 60 tons of gold, valued at £80,000,000. The children here, as elsewhere when given the opportunity, broke ranks and swarmed round the Royal car, and another pretty little touch was given to the day's procession when a number of girls, lined up on an archway spanning the route, released hundreds of pigeons to flutter above the Royal car while they scattered rose-leaves on T.R.H. as they drove underneath.

Ballarat, like Bendigo, owes its origin to the discovery of gold there in the early fifties; like Bendigo it saw huge fortunes made, immense wealth won from the soil; like Bendigo it saw its mines dwindle in production. But, more fortunate than Bendigo, it had a better back-country to depend on, and never had to suffer the hard times which its sister underwent. To-day, with a population equal to that which it had in the fifties—forty thousand or more—it is the largest inland city in Australia, the centre of a very wealthy agricultural and pastoral district. It acts as a distributing centre for the famous Western District, perhaps one of the richest tracts of country in the whole of Australia, comparable to the Darling Downs of Queensland. On it there are the station homes of all the best-known pastoralists of the State, and to the south-west, as the Mayor proudly told the Duke, what is acknowledged to be the finest merino wool in the world is grown. In addition it is a growing manufacturing centre, and along the route of the Royal procession out to the Arch of Victory the many well-built, well-kept homes of the citizens bore eloquent witness to the solid prosperity of the place, while evidence of the continued growth was afforded by the sight of new buildings, both business and private, being erected in all directions. Ballarat is very proud of its Avenue of Honour, a memorial to the soldiers and nurses who enlisted from the town and district. It owes its creation to the unremitting efforts of about five hundred girls of the city, known as the "Lucas Girls," who were there



when the Duke and Duchess arrived at the entrance. They canvassed the town until their ambition was accomplished, and three thousand trees, each with a soldier's name on it, stretching away for fourteen miles, bear witness to their energy and enthusiasm. The entrance to the avenue is a very substantially built Arch of Victory spanning the wide roadway. It is of semi-classic character, though rounded domes as finials to the two side pillars, while quite unnecessary, rather spoil the severity and dignity of the design. Its foundation-stone was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1920, so that the Duke of York's visit to it had a double significance. Here the Duchess laid her bouquet at the foot of the memorial.

Another feature of the city of which Ballarat is proud is Sturt Street, a very wide boulevard set in the centre with lawns and gardens and with so many groups of statuary that at one time Ballarat was known as the City of Statues. It was up one side of this street and down the other that the Royal procession passed. In motor-cars, it lacked the spectacular entry of the first member of the Duke's house to visit the place. When the Duke of Edinburgh made his entry in 1867 it was in a massive coach drawn by eight galloping horses, but there was the same spontaneity of welcome from the people as they displayed towards him, towards the King and Queen when they spent a day there in 1901, and to the Prince of Wales. The civic welcome was held on the Town Hall dais fronting the city Square, and though mining has practically ceased in the district, still it was possible to hand to the Duke a casket containing specimens of gold which had been unearthed locally during the current month, and later on a napkin ring for the Princess Elizabeth, made out of Ballarat gold, was handed to the Duchess by the President of the Caledonian Society, whose broad Doric must have been as a breath of the heather to the Duchess. It was nearly dark before the Royal procession again reached the station and entrained for

Adelaide, to the customary accompaniment of fervent bursts of cheering.

Geelong, the last of the three Victorian towns to be visited, and second only to Ballarat in population (37,000), had to wait for that honour until the Duke was on the return journey from Adelaide. Situated at the head of Corio Bay, an indentation of Port Phillip, Geelong at one time had aspirations to becoming the capital of Victoria, and for many years after Melbourne had been selected the slight rankled. Melbourne's retort to the occasional jibe of being the "upstart" capital was to sneer at Geelong's somnolence. It had many epithets all bearing on the more sedate manners of its people as compared with the quicker-witted Melbournians. But that reproach no longer exists. Geelong is a shipping port of no inconsiderable trade, standing about half-way in the list of the ports of Australia. It is an inlet to the Western District, and even to this day some of the older pastoralists prefer its quieter atmosphere and less hectic town life to Melbourne. It has two of the finest public schools in Australia within its boundaries, and to them go many of the younger generations of the pioneers who first opened up the broad lands of Victoria. It is establishing itself as a very important manufacturing centre, and, as the Mayor told the Duke, hoped soon to win the title of "the Bradford of Australia." It is well situated for such an achievement. There is a good harbour, and its railway service connects it up with Melbourne and the rest of the State by expeditious routes. It is the distributing centre for a wide agricultural and dairying area, rapidly becoming more closely settled, and the fertile Werribee Plains are at its doors. Some of that country, typical of the surrounding lands, T.R.H. saw as their train hurried toward Geelong after leaving Ballarat in its journey back from South Australia. It was a real Australian autumn day, and the whole of the visit was made under brilliant sunshine, which set off the many picturesque incidents of the

procession very effectively, particularly as the town had used green bowers and festoons more lavishly than usual. A more than ordinary note of youthfulness and excitement was given the proceedings by reason of the fact that the day was also the date for running off the finals of the Head of the River Races, wherein the six great public schools of Victoria yearly compete. The town was filled, therefore, with the crews and their supporters, and these formed strong posts where, with the use of the megaphones to be called into action later in the afternoon on the banks of the Barwon, they succeeded in creating a volume of sound that almost rent the eardrums. The lavish display of streamers and colours of all six schools added a further brilliant note, and anyone looking for omens could find one in the fact that the colour of the Royal car—cardinal—was the same as that of Scotch College, whose eight eventually won the race. The fact was not unnoticed by the boys in their welcome of the morning. As soon as the car came into sight of the spot where the crew and their hundreds of supporters stood, there was a tornado of shouting, "Come on, Scotch." A further omen, too, was given when the Duke caught a Scotch College rosette thrown at him from the crowd. No wonder that the crew went to the starting-boat with the will to win. Geelong has a beautiful Peace Memorial foyer, built at a cost of something like £20,000, on the black panelled walls of which are inscribed in gilt letters the names of the men who had enlisted from the Geelong District. This the Duke and Duchess visited, and signed their names in the visitors' book, and then from another memorial, the Hitchcock Bandstand, they viewed a children's demonstration before going back to the train which ran them to Melbourne and the *Renown*, where they were to rest before resuming their journey to Canberra in the afternoon.

Though Bendigo, Ballarat and Geelong were the only Victorian towns to be visited in the strict sense of the word, several of the centres fortunate enough to be on

the railway routes traversed by the Royal train were able to have a brief sight of T.R.H. In this Seymour was particularly to be envied. It is a railway centre about two hours' journey from Melbourne, and when the Royal train arrived on the journey to Canberra, the station gates had been barricaded and the public were massed in the roadway outside in hopes of catching that much-prized glimpse. The barricade was "official," but the Duke's consideration for the people had to be reckoned with, and as soon as he had learnt the true state of affairs he expressed a wish that they should be admitted, which, of course, they were—much to their delight. Not only that, but the enterprising secretary of the local branch of the Returned Soldiers' Association pleaded hard that, on the return from Canberra, the train would stop long enough to allow the "Diggers" to give some sort of welcome to their patron. The story of how everything was done by officials to side-track this idea is too long to be told here; but all the same there was a stoppage, and the Duke and Duchess delighted the residents by stepping from the train to the dais and going through all the details of a civic reception at the train-side. The optimism of the people and the conviction that the Duke would keep his word had their reward. Benalla, another roadside station where the train stopped for water on the way down, was also honoured, though the gathering there had to be content to gaze for some minutes at the Duke and Duchess on the platform of the observation car. Euroa was also lucky in this respect. Another characteristic incident of the Duke's consideration occurred at Horsham, on the way to Adelaide. There the train stopped for water, and in response to thunderous shouts of "We want the Duke," H.R.H. stepped out on the platform and walked the full length of the train. Of course, the wayside demonstrations were innumerable and of all descriptions, from the lonely swagman waving a hat beside the line to the total population of a township grouped on a platform and cheering as

the train thundered by. It seemed, indeed, that no opportunity was missed by anybody who saw the slightest chance of paying his little tribute to the beloved Duke and Duchess, his little homage to the Throne.

Though these journeys undertaken by T.R.H. were long and arduous, fatigue was lessened by the very excellent Royal train which had been made up for their convenience. From Adelaide right round to Albury the track is of the five-foot-three gauge, and this extra width above the standard gauge seems to add more than its proportionate comfort. The Royal car was a model of what such a car should be. A drawing-room with an observation platform and very luxurious easy-chairs, a small dining saloon with a self-contained kitchen attached, a large bedroom with twin beds and a bathroom leading from it, with two smaller sleeping compartments for the personal staff, left nothing more to be desired. For the remaining members of the Royal party, the officials and others travelling on the train, there had been provided the standard Pullmans—large, commodious, two-berth sleeping compartments, high and airy, and furnished with all the latest devices for the convenience and comfort of the travelling public. The dining-car was a delight and the catering particularly good. Altogether, travelling in Victoria and South Australia could not have been under better conditions, and the Duke in his farewell letter to the Governor drew special attention to the railway service. “We would specially mention,” he wrote, “the railway and the police service. Nothing could have been more comfortable than the railway journeys, and the police arrangements everywhere deserve the highest commendation.”

In the same letter the Duke referred again to his impressions of Victoria :—

“We shall never forget the day of our arrival in Victoria and our drive through the streets of your capital city. Two other days also will stand out in our memory—the march of

the returned soldiers and the children's display at Melbourne Cricket Ground. The period of our visit has perforce been limited, and I wish that there had been more time available to see more of the primary and secondary industries to which the State owes its development. But what I have seen has impressed me with its immense actual and potential resources, and I am convinced that Victoria is assured of a great future."

H.R.H. also wrote to the Lord Mayor :—

"The day of our arrival, with its drive through the broad and beautiful streets of your city, will always remain vivid in our memory. We shall remember, too, especially the striking illuminations of the city by night and the magnificence of the ball tendered us by you and the members of the City Council, with its wonderful transformation of the Exhibition building. . . . We say good-bye with the greatest regret."

## CHAPTER XX

### ADELAIDE AND SOUTH AUSTRALIA

THE Royal train crossed the border from Victoria into South Australia at Serviceton in the very small hours of the morning of Saturday, April 30th. The progress was leisurely, for the big engine had been running well within itself and there was ample margin to do the remaining miles into Adelaide—indeed, when the quaintly named station, Tailem Bend, was reached, five hours were left for the last seventy-five miles of the journey. Some of it, however, consisted of heavy grades through the Mount Lofty Ranges which cover Adelaide to the east, and for the surmounting of them the mammoth Mountain engine was backed down to the train. This locomotive, weighing 220 tons, is 80 feet long and 14 feet high and is bigger than any locomotive in any European country, though, of course, it does not vie with the enormous bulk of some of the American engines. But its appearance is impressive enough, and it certainly can do all that it was called on to do in the hauling of the 700 feet of the Royal train into Adelaide Railway Station punctually to time. The first hours of the journey into Adelaide after sunrise were spent in glorious autumn sunshine, which etched out the tall gum-trees as on a backcloth of golden light and helped to turn into fairyland the somewhat uninteresting scenery that lies on each side of the railway line as it winds through the hills. It is not country which suggests rich soil, and not until the hills are surmounted and the eye takes in the wide plains that stretch to the sea and as far as the

eye can reach to the north does one realize that South Australia has every reason to be optimistic about the future of the State which its citizens like to call the "great central State of Australia."

Considering the fact that its existence dates back only ninety-one years, it has made remarkable progress, and none so remarkable as during the present century, when the western wheat-lands were opened up. Both South Australia and its capital are, in a manner of speaking, machine-made. They owe their foundation to the genius of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who spent years in London trying to persuade officialdom to adopt his system of colonization, the main features of which were the sale of Crown lands at a sufficient price and the creation from the money so accumulated of an emigration fund with which to finance the sending of settlers and labourers to the colonies. South Australia was the first part of the continent upon which Wakefield concentrated, and in 1836 the first three ships with settlers aboard arrived, to be followed a few weeks later by the Governor and other officials charged from the first with the initiation of a policy of land distribution based on the Wakefield scheme and with a plan of the capital city, the laying out of which was entrusted to Colonel Light. So that while other States just grew from chance beginnings and evolved their functions as they went along, and while other cities went from hamlet to village, village to town, town to city, South Australia began at once with a knowledge of what it wanted and what was expected of it, and Adelaide had a notion of what it would be in years to come before more than a few buildings had been erected on the plains. Not always successful were the dreams of Gibbon Wakefield. Land speculation and the preference of the settlers for the city rather than the country upset his plans and the prosperity of the infant State alike. In the end the Colonial Office had to come to the rescue and put it on its feet again with grants of money and the appointment of



a Governor—the famous Sir George Grey—charged with the initiation of a rigorous policy of retrenchment. That was in the early forties, and the success of the measures he took was at once apparent—so apparent that in that year the colony began its career as a wheat-exporting country and drove a thriving trade in food-stuffs with the Eastern States. Wheat has always been the staple product of South Australian farming, and will probably continue to be, for the soil and climate are ideal for the harvesting in relatively heavy yields and at a low cost of production—more especially since the system of dry farming has thrown open uncounted acres of new lands in districts where the rainfall is not so bountiful as it is over the rich volcanic regions of the south-east. Fruit culture and wine production in the fertile valleys running back into the Adelaide hills and elsewhere form another very important industry, and in the Murray River basin, where irrigation can be had, there are many thousand acres under grape-vines. The more northerly districts are given over mostly to pastoral pursuits, and the country deteriorates in value and productivity as the centre of Australia is reached.

Adelaide, the third largest city of the Commonwealth, provides an enduring example of what town-planning can accomplish when carried out with vision and from the very inception of things. It is to-day still regarded by town-planning experts as a model of what a city should be, and its citizens are justly proud of it. It was fortunate that Edward Gibbon Wakefield had as his lieutenant in founding the city a man with such imagination and foresight as Colonel Light. He planned the city in two sections, the first, which originally was to be a mile square, bounded by terraces, is the business section now; beyond that again is a wide expanse of park lands dedicated to the people in perpetuity. These park lands are 1,900 acres in extent and completely surround the city proper, and also North Adelaide, a separate entity, north of the Torrens River,

which to-day is a prominent residential section. Adelaide—the residential portion of it—has grown far beyond the original limits set by Colonel Light, and many fine suburbs have been founded, stretching away on one side to the sea and on the other to the foothills of the Mount Lofty Ranges, which are Adelaide's pride. The park lands are inviolate, though, and save for buildings such as Government House, the University, Art Gallery, Hospital and other public institutions which have been built on these lands along the imposing North Terrace, they still remain open fields. It is perhaps a pity that more effort has not been made to beautify them in the interests of the people who own them. It must be confessed that parts of the parks look unkempt and uncared for, though elsewhere that reproach falls to the ground. With these broad acres surrounding it, and rejoicing in wide streets and five spacious public squares most symmetrically placed, Adelaide is perhaps the most fortunate city in the Commonwealth in its layout and the lungs it affords its residents. To quote the late Viscount Bryce as the spokesman of its myriad admirers: "Adelaide thoroughly deserves all, and more than all, that travellers have said of its beauties and charms. It stands upon a rich, fertile plain, like my own beloved Oxford, and reminds me much of that place. Oxford, however, does not possess the lovely mountain range holding in its recesses such a beautiful variety of entrancing scenery. What a pleasure it must be to have those hills close at hand, and to be able to commune with Nature in her inmost secrets! What a delight it must be to be able to view from the summit those exquisite lights and colours stretching down to the blue expanse of ocean in the distance!" Those lights seen from the nearby hill-tops at night-time are, of a truth, a revelation—a carpet of stars, asphodel in the Elysian Fields, all shimmering and glancing in the velvet darkness, in long parallel lines that mark out the streets, clustered in glowing effulgence where the shops and theatres con-

tribute their greater quota, and fading away in a dim radiance to the north and west and south until they die out in the far horizons.

That Adelaide keeps to the town-planning spirit that was instilled into her citizens from the beginning of their corporate existence—and with such happy results—is patent when one considers their efforts of to-day. Though there was no time to take the Duke out to see them, one of the real sights in Adelaide is the collection of houses known as the Thousand Homes Scheme, a result of the housing shortage which in Adelaide, as elsewhere, was an aftermath of the war. It is a garden suburb—known as Colonel Light Gardens, after the original surveyor of Adelaide—and in it a very genuine effort is being made to find real homes for artisans and people of small incomes. They are given advances from the State Bank, the repayment of which is spread over a very long period. Under the scheme over £9,000,000 has already been advanced. The great feature of the town-planning is the total elimination of the terrace of houses—a feature that is present in too many of the English and Scottish “working-class suburbs.” There are no depressing rows of cottages all with exactly the same front and exactly the same aspidistra in the window. Every house must, under the regulations governing the scheme, stand in its own ground, and its fortunate owner can walk all the way round it and plot out his own garden to suit his own taste. It was Lord Burnham who, when the Empire Press Delegation visited the suburb, said that in many of its features it was a great improvement upon anything the Delegation had seen at home or in other lands in the way of housing the working people. He did not know any other big scheme in which a great area had been covered by excellent dwellings fitted with all the sanitary conveniences and pleasant accommodation such as they had seen, at such a low rate of expenditure per house and with the same measure of social amenities. Considering the interest

Lord Burnham has always taken in the matter of housing, the compliment is a very weighty one.

With Canberra in the near future and the necessity of taking no chances with the health or endurance of T.R.H. in view of the supreme importance of that event, the authorities thoughtfully refrained from making their Adelaide visit at all exacting. There was a four-mile procession through crowded streets on their arrival, a feature of it being that nowhere was the National Anthem played more frequently or more fervently. As a matter of fact, it was done four times before the procession moved off from the railway station, and every band along the route broke into it as soon as the Royal car approached. The renderings, in all manner of times, must have exceeded a score. The civic welcome was held at the Town Hall, lavishly decorated for the occasion and flanked by two specially erected stands for the more distinguished guests. The municipal buildings stand about half-way along the very broad King William Street, which measures 132 feet from building line to building line. With lines of tramway standards down its centre, it lent itself to a very effective scheme of decoration, the festoons of bunting being crossed from standard to standard and to the sides of the street buildings. Striking enough in the daytime, the effect was greatly enhanced at night, when the city was illuminated and the festoons became long lines of coloured lights crossing and recrossing each other in a *treillage* of brightness. As the procession passed the Adelaide Hospital, the nurses had all the patients possible to move out in the roadway in their cots, men, women and children, all lying there in the strong sunlight, ill and maimed alike striving, piteously sometimes, to join in the welcome. The only other public function of the day was a review of Girl Guides and Boy Scouts on the Exhibition Oval, to which T.R.H. went in their appropriate uniforms, the Duke as a Scoutmaster, the Duchess as a Commissioner of the Girl Guides. There was an excellent turn-out of

both corps and a stirring march-past of Scouts and Cubs, Guides and Brownies, the latter going past, as is their custom, at the trot, knees lifting high and eyes so "righted" in an endeavour to keep the Duke and Duchess in sight as long as possible that alignment went by the board and even keeping step grew difficult.

It was a merry morning on the Monday, when T.R.H. attended a reception at the Town Hall given by returned soldiers, sailors and nurses, who tendered them an address of welcome and allowed the formal proceedings to go forward somewhat impatiently until the Duke rose to reply to his fellow "Diggers." Then the applause broke out, the barriers were down, and after the Duke had finished his speech there was an impromptu concert of old-time war-songs, in the choruses of which both the Duke and the Duchess joined heartily. The "Diggers" swarmed out of the hall as T.R.H. left, and formed a sort of unofficial escort to the car, cheering resonantly as it drove off on a round of visits to the military hospitals and a civic welcome by the Mayor of Unley, concluding the round with a visit to the Returned Soldiers' Club, there to meet about forty members of the South Australian Corps of Veterans. No one can be a member of that corps who has not seen service in a war dating back at least thirty years, and there are members of it who were in the Indian Mutiny and even in the Crimea. One of the latter, a Mr. Reid, once of the Royal Navy, had fought in the Rangoon War before the Crimea, and was also a member of Captain Peel's brigade in the Indian Mutiny operations. He is on the verge of being a centenarian, and can still chatter in Hindustani, though, as the Duke told him, he did not get many chances of speaking it out in Australia. Some very out-of-the-way medals and decorations were worn, including one of the Franco-Prussian War, another of the American Civil War and a Hazara Campaign medal. It was a most interesting experience for the Duke, who never seemed to tire of

talking with the old soldiers and in garnering details of their past. The afternoon was spent in the reception of addresses from a number of societies and organizations, which preceded a delightful garden-party at Government House, notable in the minds of those who had accompanied the Royal tour throughout for the exceptionally large number of silk hats observable, side by side with some sartorial eccentricities which were, to say the least, startling—as, for example, the gentleman who wore a dinner-suit with a bowler hat or the other gentleman who donned a very brightly beflowered red silk waistcoat.

The industrial suburbs of Woodville, Hindmarsh and Port Adelaide were first on the list of engagements for Tuesday, but it cannot be said that the visit afforded the Duke any opportunity at all for studying industrial conditions at first hand. T.R.H. only left their car to receive the various civic welcomes, and the journey to and from the Port, which is nine miles distant from the city, was made at a high speed in order that they might keep faith with the nine or ten thousand people who had assembled for the public reception in Government House grounds. A very orderly procession, it went by the Duke and Duchess, eight abreast, in three-quarters of an hour, thanks to expert marshalling and the good-humour of the citizens themselves, who fully realized the old tramway adjuration to “move up and make room for others.”

One pleasant little episode may, perhaps, be mentioned. About half-way through, two tiny girls fell out of the ranks and, shyly advancing to the dais, handed up to the Duchess two threepenny-pieces “for Baby Betty’s money-box.” It appealed to the Duchess, who very smilingly acknowledged the gift. The afternoon was the children’s chance, and right well did they avail themselves of it. Twelve thousand assembled on the Adelaide Oval in massed bands of gorgeous colours, there to go through a programme of rhythmic dancing, folk-dancing and

physical exercises with that delightful earnestness and energy which had been throughout the tour a marked characteristic of the Australian youngsters. They meant to do their very best—and no doubt they did it. The afternoon's display was crowned by the formation, first, of a huge living map of Australia, encircling the word "Welcome," in which nearly every child on the ground must have participated, making the familiar outlines a glowing, throbbing mass, typifying, surely, the inspiration of their country, its forward-looking idealism and trust in its future in the hands of the coming generation. Then, to remind the sixty thousand spectators who packed the stands and mounds round the arena that the day was specially an Empire day, with the Empire's Ambassadors there to be acclaimed, the final figures of that wonderful display took the form of the crosses of St. Andrew, St. Patrick and St. George, with a Union Jack to symbolize the unity of the Empire that every one of those young Australians would live and work for in the years that were to come for them. The scenes as the Duke and Duchess drove off the ground were on similar lines as a score of other children's demonstrations—wildly cheering crowds of frantically excited boys and girls anxious to keep up to the very last their topmost note of exultant loyalty.

The day's functions ended with a brilliant ball given by the Lord Mayor (Sir Wallace Bruce) and Lady Bruce at the Exhibition building, which had been most artistically transformed into the semblance of an old-world garden, or rather a series of old-world gardens, prim with lawns or gay with flowers, redolent of English villages.

There remained only a few more functions in Adelaide. First of all, the Duke was admitted *ad eundem gradum* of Doctor of Laws of the Adelaide University. It was a dignified ceremony, distinguished most of all by the Duke's speech, in which, after referring to the fact that both the

King and the Prince of Wales had been similarly invested, he went on to say :—

“There are two matters upon which I desire to congratulate you. The first is the celebration of your jubilee last year ; and the second the possession of an agricultural institute. If I understand the object of the institute aright, it will draw closer the bonds between Australia and the Mother Country. It will serve a great Imperial purpose—a purpose which the Duchess and I are, for our part, trying to carry out in our tour through the Commonwealth. The main object of our mission is, indeed, to inaugurate as His Majesty’s representatives the new Federal Capital, but that is not all. We are also trying to learn something of the life of your people and to understand their conditions by seeing them for ourselves. We believe that is the only way to master our subject, and we are anxious by this means to promote a spirit of mutual sympathy and co-operation within the Empire, such as exists here between the citizens of Adelaide and the members of the University—indeed, I should be glad to see an occasional interchange of some of the professors and students of Australia and Great Britain. I do not know if such a scheme is practicable. If it is, I for one am convinced it would establish a personal touch which would prove of incalculable benefit to the British Empire.”

The investiture over, there was a mild enough little rag by the students who had assembled outside the Hall, the noteworthy feature of which was their swarming round the Royal car like bees, clambering on the foot-board and riding on the luggage-carrier as it drove back to Government House. But they were very biddable, and when told that there had been enough fun for the time being they dropped away with rousing cheers. While the Duke was at the University the Duchess was attending a reception by the National Council of Women at the Town Hall, and in the afternoon they both went to the races to see the Adelaide Cup run and won by Three Kings—a win which, as the bookmakers afterwards said,

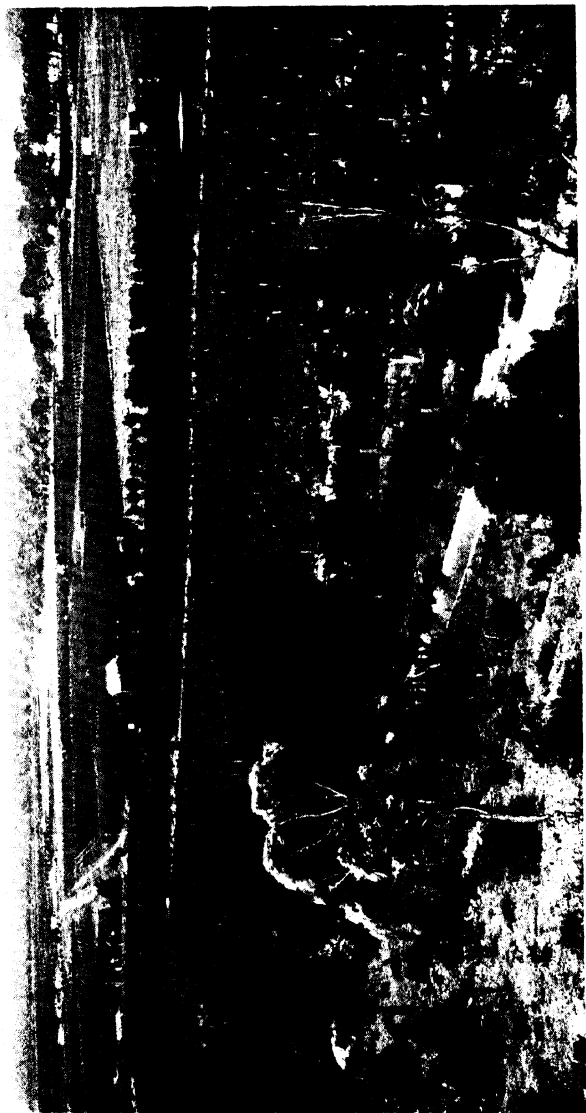


"tipped itself," more especially as the Duke is said to have backed it himself. Apart from the racing, the Duke and Duchess found very great interest in the working of the totalizator, which is claimed to be the most complete and up-to-date in Australia. It is certainly a wonderful machine, designed to handle the betting of many hundred punters just as expeditiously as possible, and at the same time indicate to other expectant bettors exactly the amount that has been invested on each horse and what the dividend is likely to be. For the most part it is electrically driven and is most ingeniously contrived.

This was the last official function attended by T.R.H. in Adelaide, and next morning, to the accompaniment of a really warm-hearted farewell, they left for a day's visit to the country. The feelings of Adelaide and South Australia in particular were well voiced by the Premier (the Hon. R. L. Butler) in the farewell message he sent to them, which read thus :—

"On the eve of the departure of Your Royal Highnesses from our midst, I respectfully desire, on behalf of the Government and people of South Australia, to convey to you a farewell greeting. Our greatest hopes and anticipations regarding your memorable visit have been more than fully realized. The graciousness and charm of Your Royal Highnesses have endeared you to all classes of the community, and your presence has stimulated that loyal love for King and Empire which has been demonstrated in no unmistakable manner during your brief sojourn among us. As a people we are deeply impressed with the unique privileges we enjoy and the great responsibilities which devolve upon us as an integral part of the British Empire. We shall follow with intense interest the further travels of Your Royal Highnesses, and in saying farewell would express the wish that you may have long life, health and happiness, and a safe return to the Motherland."

The trip into the country, which was quite a private affair, was broken on the train journey outwards by a



*Gen. Photo.*

BERRI IRRIGATION AREA, RIVER MURRAY.



reception at Murray Bridge, and finished at Tailem Bend with another brief stop—the only occasions on which T.R.H. met country people throughout their visit to the State.

From Tailem Bend the Royal party motored thirteen miles to "Wellington Lodge," the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Macfarlane, on the shores of Lake Alexandrina, which was named after Queen Victoria in the first place, the name being changed afterwards for another of Her Majesty's Christian names. "Wellington Lodge" itself takes its name from the nearby town of Wellington, which was laid out in 1842 and named after the Duke of Wellington, who had done a very great deal for the infant State in piloting the Colonization Bill through the House of Lords. As a matter of fact, it had been promised that the capital should be named after him, but King William IV practically insisted that it should be named after his consort. Their Royal Highnesses' host, Mr. Allan Macfarlane, is the third of that name to own the property, the first having been a very well-known pioneer before he settled down at "Wellington Lodge" in 1845. Scottish interests are strong in the locality, since one of the original Macfarlane's sons returned to Scotland and represented Argyllshire in the House of Commons, while Mr. Macfarlane's neighbour, Mr. Keith Bowman, lives on an estate called "Poltalloch," which was named after an Argyllshire property by the grandfather of the present owner of the latter, Sir Ian Malcolm. It was on "Poltalloch" that the Duke had a good run after a deer the day after his arrival. It was eventually lassoed and allowed to run free. He also got a fine bag of rabbits, and, crowning excitement of all, ran down a kangaroo, the Duchess following the galloping horsemen in a car. After a great run, the animal was captured by Mr. Allan Macfarlane, who, quite in the cowboy style, leant over from the saddle and caught it by the tail. It was held until the Duchess came up and "snapped" it, and then was allowed

to go. Altogether, as the Duke said, it was one of the best days' sport he had had during the tour, and it was with real regret that he and the Duchess took motor again to rejoin the Royal train at Tailem Bend for the long journey to Canberra.

## CHAPTER XXI

### CANBERRA—ITS HISTORY

THE Federal capital city of Canberra represents yet another victory for that great and glorious British institution—Compromise. From its very inception—nay, before it (or any other city) was even thought of as the site of a future capital—compromise was at work. When as the result of years—half a century of years—of working, striving for the Federation of the Australian States by all manner of men, idealists, statesmen, public-spirited citizens, and just plain politicians, the culmination came in the submission of the question to the people, New South Wales at the first referendum alone of the four States which took that referendum stood out. True, its people registered an affirmative vote; but a very astute State Premier, Sir George Reid, had had inserted in the Act authorizing a referendum a provision that there should be a minimum of eighty thousand votes cast for Federation. The votes in the State, or colony as it then was, fell short of that total by eight thousand odd, and, so far as New South Wales was concerned, Federation was dead, though Victoria, Tasmania and West Australia had accepted it by large majorities—so large that the affirmative vote, even with the slender balance of “Yeses” from New South Wales, was two to one and more in favour. Here was a magnificent bargaining-point for Sir George Reid, and very quickly he took advantage of it. In the original Federal Constitution Act there was no mention of the actual site, or rather State, in which the Federal capital

should eventually lie, convinced though all parties were that it was imperative to have a Federal capital free from the inter-city jealousies which infected the capital cities of Australia, and especially Melbourne and Sydney. Sir George Reid, after being somewhat chastened by an election in his State, in which Federation was the chief question and his majority fell from a comfortable one to four only, called a meeting of the Premiers of all the States except West Australia to discuss what should be done. That conference met in Melbourne in January 1899, and Sir George Reid was able, among other things, to convince the other Premiers that if the Constitution was altered so that a provision was inserted that the Federal capital should be in New South Wales, there was every chance of a second referendum accepting it. The other States, hopeless of ever having the Federal capital within their boundaries, were apathetic. Victoria had registered so large a majority for Federation that no Premier could take the responsibility of any action that might wreck it; so her Premier, Sir George Turner, had to content himself with stipulating that, if the capital was to be in New South Wales, it should not be within a hundred miles of Sydney, and that till it was established the Federal Parliament should meet in Melbourne. There was the first and a twofold compromise. Sir George Reid had part of his way in having the capital in New South Wales; Sir George Turner saw to it that his beloved Melbourne should never suffer the humiliation of having the hated Sydney crow over her as the chief city of the Commonwealth, and at the same time should enjoy for a precarious period the honour of housing the Federal Parliament. The Clause in the Commonwealth Constitution Act—Section 125—which settles the question runs:—

The seat of Government of the Commonwealth shall be determined by the Parliament and shall be within territory which shall have been granted to or acquired

by the Commonwealth, and shall be vested in and belong to the Commonwealth, and shall be in the State of New South Wales and be distant not less than a hundred miles from Sydney.

Such territory shall contain an area of not less than a hundred square miles, and such portion thereof as shall consist of Crown lands shall be granted to the Commonwealth without any payment therefor.

The Parliament shall sit at Melbourne until it meet at the seat of Government.

That amendment, among others of which it was the chief, placated New South Wales, and the next referendum, with New South Wales voting a simple majority, put Federation beyond doubt. But compromise was at work again almost before the referendum was taken. Every town outside the hundred-mile radius of Sydney imagined itself eminently fitted to be the capital of Australia. The local member went to work at once, long before Federation was an accomplished fact, and much was the log-rolling and the intriguing before the New South Wales Parliament appointed a Royal Commission to report. They chose three districts, none of which included Canberra, though one of them—Yass—which was placed last in the order of suitability, was near. But no one could expect a Federal Parliament to be dictated to by a State, and the Commonwealth Parliament appointed a commission of its own which selected twelve sites, Albury being placed first and Tumut next, while Canberra was not even mentioned, nor was Yass, though again the locality came in for attention in having a site near Lake George mentioned.

The battle of the sites was on with a vengeance, and to those privileged to be in the Press Gallery at the time, it was a most inspiring thing to look down and watch the lobbying that went on for the different sites when the Federal Capital Bill was introduced. Two exceptionally



clever parliamentarians, the late Sir William Lyne and the late Sir Austin Chapman, in whose electorates were four or five of the sites, were well to the fore, and such a tangle did things eventually get into that when Tumut was finally selected by the Representatives, it was promptly thrown out by the Senate and Bombala substituted. Next year another Capital Act was introduced and passed, establishing Dalgety as the capital and providing for an area for the Federal territory of 900 square miles. This shocked New South Wales so much that they absolutely refused to consent to any such huge alienation of their State, though the real reason for their enmity was the distance of the selected site from Sydney. Politicians tried to argue that when Section 125 was inserted in the Constitution it meant that the capital should be as near as possible to the hundred-mile radius, and that the Federal territory should not be more than 100 square miles in area. Parliament authorized the New South Wales Government to offer 100 square miles at or near Tumut, Lyndhurst, or Yass. This peremptory attitude of New South Wales brought about a deadlock, and the matter of the site was allowed to lapse for three years.

In 1907, however, Canberra first attracted the attention of members as a supremely suitable site for a Federal capital, and when once more the Federal Government of the day brought in a Seat of Government Bill, it appeared on the list of sites which were submitted to the ballot. Even then compromise had to be resorted to, and Sir Elliot Johnson (then Mr. Johnson) nominated the site as Yass-Canberra, while Mr. Harry Willis plumped for Canberra. Other sites nominated were Dalgety (which had once been actually chosen for the capital), Tumut, Lyndhurst, Albury, Armidale, Tooma, Lake George, Bombala, and Orange. Early in the balloting that went on in the House, Canberra as Canberra was thrown out. Still there was something to say for the cleverness of Sir Elliot Johnson in securing, as it were, two nominations for his

favoured site, though the method was objected to—again compromise. He himself favoured the district surrounding Canberra itself, but realized that the drawback to its acceptance was the uncertainty as to its water-supply, while Dalgety, its chief rival, had abundance of water close at hand in the famous Snowy River. It was with a view to embracing within the territory other sources of water-supply that Sir Elliot Johnson nominated Yass-Canberra. Again there was lobbying and there was log-rolling, and all the arts of the trained politician were brought into play. Finally Yass-Canberra won, with Dalgety as the “runner-up”—a humorous commentary on the fact that the Bill’s short title described it as “a Bill to determine more definitely the seat of Government in the neighbourhood of Dalgety”—and Dalgety is well over a hundred miles away! The Senate acquiesced in the choice; the name was substituted in the Seat of Government Bill, and New South Wales this time proving more amenable, the necessary 900 square miles were handed over. The battle of the sites was ended.

Although it was hardly known prior to the day in 1907 when the Federal politicians, on a fishing trip, were struck by its suitability, Canberra is one of the oldest settled parts of New South Wales—if, indeed, the selection of a grant of land and the stocking it with sheep can really be called settlement. The territory was discovered in 1820–21 by Dr. Throsby, who came out to Australia as a ship’s surgeon and remained as a squatter. Under the urge of Governor Macquarie, who was then encouraging exploration by all the means in his power, Throsby made several expeditions to the south and west of Sydney, his chief objective being the finding of a large river, rumours of which had come to him at several times and places. That river—the Murrumbidgee—he reached in April 1821, passing over what is now Federal territory to reach it. He reported to Governor Macquarie that he had passed “through a large, clear plain, well watered and of

considerable extent, of very useful and good grazing country."

The locality was known as Limestone Plains, and it is doubtful when the name Canberra, or rather its first variant, was substituted. Throsby's opinion of the excellence of the land on the Limestone Plains was confirmed by later explorers, and Sydney began to think that it would be worth settling. At least two of its residents did—Robert Campbell and Joshua John Moore, the Registrar of the Governor's Court. Who was actually the pioneer cannot be determined, but there can have been only a few weeks between the two establishing their stations on the Molonglo River in 1823, Moore choosing a point on the north bank which he referred to indiscriminately as "Canberry" or "Canburry," while the surveyors used "Canberry," "Canbury" and "Cambury," and a Polish naturalist labelled it "Kembery." Moore says that he settled there himself in 1823, but the Campbell station was taken up by an agent, Trooper James Ainslie, a Waterloo veteran, who brought over six thousand ewes from Bathurst and was guided to the Limestone Plains by a tribe of friendly natives, where he took up land at a place then called Pialligo. He disputes with Moore the distinction of being the first settler on the Federal capital site, but the latter, except for building Acton House—which still stands—does not appear very much in the early history of the place, while Ainslie's connection with it is kept alive by the name of Mount Ainslie, which will be eventually a busy shopping and industrial centre of the new capital.

It was the Campbells whose name and whose benefactions alike are most associated with Canberra. Robert Campbell was in every sense a remarkable man, one of those typical Scotch pioneer merchantmen who go out from their native land to carve a way for themselves in the remote places of the earth. In his case it was India to which he first turned his attention, but the wreck

of one of his firm's ships off the Australian coast sent him there to investigate it and spy out the land generally. So impressed was he with its possibilities that he eventually settled there as the first free and non-military merchant, trading hitherto having been in the hands of officers of the New South Wales Corps, who were not too squeamish about their monopolies and the exactions their favoured position enabled them to impose on the unfortunate citizens of Sydney and the rest of the inhabitants. Campbell became known as a "fair-dealing merchant," the epithet Governor King first applied to him. For the first thirty years of last century he prospered exceedingly, was involved, always honourably, in the civic and administrative life of the infant colony, and was ever, like Macarthur, on the watch for its interests. When he retired from active business life in 1833 he repaired to Canberra, where on his station, now named "Duntroon," he settled down to spend the evening of his days. Such a man, still in the vigour of the early fifties, still pulsing with the wine of hard work and high achievement, could not ever contemplate "rusting out." At once he identified himself with the life of the district—such a sparsely settled district, its homes so widely spaced. He became the leading spirit of the community, and, although devoting himself to the improvement of his property, he never forgot the men around him, regarding himself rather in the light of their squire and feudal lord. Not that his fellow station-owners came under that sway; it was the farm labourers, the shepherds and boundary riders to whom Robert Campbell proved so good a friend. When he took up residence at Duntroon there was no church, no school, and the people were without the ministrations of religion, their children without education. To Robert Campbell the building of the church at Canberra was due, for he contributed not only most of the money for building it, but endowed it with a hundred acres of glebe. That church became the centre of what will one day be known

perhaps as "Old Canberra." Robert Campbell and his sons still continued their benefactions to the district, and when the head of the family died—peacefully in his garden at Duntroon—in 1846, the traditions were carried on worthily, and to-day the fourth generation of the fine old family is still in residence in the district. The head station, still standing, was acquired by the Commonwealth Government in 1911 and became the Duntroon Military College, the house itself now acting as the officers' mess.

Another historic house in the Federal territory is "Yarralumla," to-day the official residence of the Governor-General. It is on the site of one of the oldest stations in the district, originally known as "J. Taylor's Station." It was selected in 1827, and the land was eventually granted to Terence Murray, the father of Sir Terence Aubrey Murray, who was a leading politician and a member for the district in the fifties. The property passed through several hands before it was bought by a grandson of "Merchant" Campbell, and he built the present house, which, however, has been very considerably altered for the Viceregal requirements.

Canberra itself, shorn of these station homes that rimmed the central plain, was never more than a few scattered cottages at varying distances from the church, round which there clustered the parsonage and the school. Near at hand was a smithy and a store—little else. Writing of it in 1872 a visitor said: "We had a most lovely view on our way back as we came over the range. Just at the foot of it was a pond surrounded by willows and cattle grazing quietly on the fresh grass. On the right was the pretty church, with the ivy growing over it and the new parsonage not far off. In front the plain rolled away right up to the foot of the hills, becoming more and more wooded, until it joined the black forests with which all the hills are covered. Here and there in the plain one caught sight of a rustic cottage, with its

bark roof and rough-looking sheds attached ; and about two miles off was the house (Acton House) nestling among its acres, and its grove of willows below looking so fresh and green. The blue hills and mountains formed a grand background for this lovely picture." Those words were written in 1872 ; in 1913 photographs from the same spot show that view practically unchanged. So it is that, in choosing Canberra as the site for the future capital, the Federal Parliament could hardly have selected a place more untouched by the hand of man. There has been nothing to break down, nothing to adapt to modern uses. It is to be a city without a history, standing on a plain that has only the barest outlines of a record. In that way the situation makes for good. The builders of the capital start untrammelled. Mistakes will have to be made—some have already been made—but those with the higher vision and the broader outlook have faith in Canberra and its ultimate destiny. None of them—or few of them—will see it take shape from the amorphous gatherings of buildings it is to-day. Some may be fortunate enough to be able to visualize a quarter of a century hence what the city of their children's children will be like. To-day the plain rolls wide and bare, almost as bare as it was when Trooper Ainslie drove his flocks across it to Duntroon. It is still possible to look out over it and see hardly a roof showing. The river still flows between its willow-fringed banks, and cattle and sheep still graze quietly in the folds of the low hills. How long-visioned one has to be in contemplating the future history of Canberra can be gauged from something Sir James Butters, the Chairman of the Federal Capital Commission, had to say when discussing the subject recently :—

"Ample provision has been made in the developmental plans for every possible requirement that can be expected for the next eighty years, and the Federal Capital Commission can see daylight in connection with the development of Canberra for the next hundred years or more,

even to a size exceeding Washington, the capital of the United States."

A hundred years of building and development! What can be said of a nation—a mere handful as nations go—who can cheerfully shoulder that responsibility, because, like the Robert Campbells, the Macarthurs, the Moores of a century ago, they have the faith and the vision, strong belief in the destiny of their country, strong trust in the men who will come after them and follow the lead they are giving them to-day?

## CHAPTER XXII

### CANBERRA—THE CITY

“**F**OR here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come.” That epitaph, cut in 1845 on a tombstone in the quiet churchyard of St. John the Baptist at Canberra, is often quoted as “the prophetic tombstone.” It is one of the oldest there, and was raised to the memory of Sarah Webb, wife of one of the older generation of pioneers who were there when Robert Campbell still ruled at Duntroon and when Canberra was a veritable outpost of settlement. What strange foreknowledge inspired the choice of that particular text? Or was it the strong belief in the future destiny of the little settlement that found expression thus? Seventy years after the stone was erected Canberra looked no different than it did on the day the grave of Sarah Webb was first sealed. A world at war kept it so for several more years, and then suddenly the whole face of the plain began to change: its broad meadows were cut here and there by roadways; construction gangs of men dug and felled and sank and reared; hutments huddled here and there, and buildings seemed to be springing up in all manner of unrelated places. The building of “the city to come” had begun.

After the question of the capital territory had finally left the hands of the Legislature and become a departmental matter, the first thing to be done was to select the actual site for the city out of the 900 square miles of land ceded to the Commonwealth by the New South Wales Parliament.



There was little doubt as to the locality that would be chosen. Canberra in its aspect and its accessibility brooked no alternative and was unanimously approved. The topographical details show that the site has an area of about twelve square miles, lying on both sides of the River Molonglo, a sluggishly flowing stream which in flood-time spreads out into a chain of lakes along the river flats, a feature which in the future will be used to create a long necklace of ornamental waters, lakes and basins which will bisect the city, dividing the administrative portion from the business portion. The site itself, though usually referred to as a plain, is a succession of small rises and depressions eminently suitable for the application of landscape gardening and planning on a giant scale. It lies between two parallel ridges of thickly wooded hills, and there are five mountain peaks looking down upon it: Mount Ainslie (2,762 ft.), Black Mountain (2,658 ft.), to the north-east and north-west; Mugga Mountain (2,662 ft.) to the south; and to the west Mounts Taylor (2,800 ft.) and Stromlo (2,570 ft.). Farther away rise grandly the peaks of the Australian Alps, some of the tallest peaks in Australia, among them such as Bimlie (6,264 ft.), Morgan (6,144 ft.) and Tidbinbilla (5,115 ft.), while not far below the horizon's rim, 75 miles distant, is Mount Kosciusko, the tallest mountain in the Commonwealth. The lower, nearer hills afford the site shelter from north and west winds, the former the hot summer breeze, the latter the freezingly cold winter wind pouring down from the snow-capped Alps. The site of the city itself is about 1,800 feet above sea-level, rising to 2,000 feet in places by gently sloped hills. One of the more prominent of these rises is set aside for the apex of the city as it will eventually be—the Capitol. Canberra is about 75 miles from the coast, to which a railway line will eventually connect it, finishing in the Federal Naval Base at Jervis Bay. It is 204 miles from Sydney by rail, 429 miles from Melbourne, and a project of the future is

a well-made motor-road to connect with both capitals. As it is, there is a daily motor-bus service plying from Sydney. Standing at the height it does, the seasons are more sharply differentiated than usual. Its summer mean is  $67\cdot5^{\circ}$  F. and its winter mean  $41\cdot8^{\circ}$  F., making it warmer than Melbourne in summer and cooler than any State capital in winter, which latter season lasts longer than in other parts of New South Wales, though the climate during the colder months is cold, frosty and invigorating.

Territory and capital site having been settled, the next step was the design for the city itself. Parliament, no less than the people, was determined that the future centre of legislative and national life should be no haphazard affair, a thing of shreds and patches, but should rise from its beginnings as one ordered whole, its first design being its last expression. They knew (if not, they were told to satiety) that for decades Canberra would vie with the early days of Washington as "the city of magnificent distances." They were asked over and over again what need there was for a city in the wilderness when they had a perfectly good city—Melbourne to wit—at their hands to fulfil all their needs. But the men who were in charge of Australia's fate in the early years of this century were, it may be, long-sighted and filled with a sense of duty to the coming generations rather than to their then constituents; so in 1911 the Commonwealth invited designs for the lay-out of the Federal city. They made the premiums big enough to attract designs from all over the world, and in the end the premiated plans were those of Walter Burley Griffen, architect and landscape architect, of Chicago; Eliel Saarinen, architect, of Helsingfors, Finland; D. Alf. Agache, architect, of Paris—a sufficiently cosmopolitan selection. Immediately there arose a violent campaign against the accepted design. Board after board met and reported its findings, mostly contradictory. The Federal Works Department advised that all the designs should be rejected and that a composite

“departmental plan” should be substituted. Once more, in fact, the bugbear of compromise reared its head. The Minister in charge of the matter concurred with his officers and announced that he did so. In the end the Griffen design was finally adopted, with some modifications from other designs—compromise again—and Mr. Griffen himself was invited to come to Australia in 1912 as “Director of Federal Capital Design and Construction,” a position he held for seven years, until a temporary “advisory committee,” and finally the Federal Capital Commission, took over the work of supervision.

Mr. Griffen’s design, subject to the modifications introduced from other designs, is governed by the fact that the Molonglo River runs through the centre of the selected site. As already mentioned, that river, like most inland Australian rivers, is subject to extremes of poverty and riches. At one time it is a trickling streamlet hardly moving between its willows; at others a turbid river many hundred yards wide. Both aspects of the stream would be unsightly, and therefore the design provides for harnessing it into a chain of lakes that would maintain a constant level and also be of service in checking and controlling the flood waters when they should come down. The ornamental water will eventually divide the business side of the city, and to some extent the civic side from the administrative side. The one will be on the north bank, the other, dominated by the Capitol and the Parliament House, on the south side. Having established this division, Mr. Griffen next adopted a feature of the Washington of to-day, where Capitol, Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial all lie in one straight line, except that he took two axes both passing through the Capitol Hill. The Capitol itself is designed as the symbolic centre of the city, standing for all things functional and æsthetic. From it, almost due northward, will run a noble Commonwealth Avenue, through Civic Place, standing in its turn for the municipal life of the community, out into

one of the residential suburbs about midway between Ainslie and Black Mountains. The other axis, running in its turn through the Capitol from south-west to north-east, terminates in the Central Railway Station Place and the grounds of Duntroon College. Midway between these two main axes there will be from the Capitol Hill across the valley of the Molonglo, and over the triangle where are to be the administrative offices, a noble vista of the National Soldiers' Memorial, up to which will lead a wide boulevard to be known as Prospect Parkway. The permanent Parliament House, when built, will be on the shoulder of the Capitol Hill, and grouped round it and below it will be all the executive and administrative offices. Capitol Hill itself is laid out as to roadways in a series of concentric circles, on the outer rim of which will be grouped the inner suburban centres, some of which have already sprung into being—pleasant, wide, tree-lined streets, giving grace to comfortable and artistically designed villas of the typical Australian type. In that area, too, are built two very modern hotels with all the conveniences one looks for in metropolitan houses, as well as several "guest-houses" designed for those whose incomes will not permit their patronizing the more expensive establishments. All these are under the control of the Federal Capital Commission, which, indeed, controls everything within the capital territory. Provision for expansion is already made, but is not likely to be seriously required for several decades. When it does arrive, however, the city will grow towards the north, where it is hoped that the industrial side will lie.

The design once settled, it was intended that work on the city should begin at once, and in 1913 the foundation-stone of a commencement column on Capitol Hill was laid by Lady Denman, the wife of the then Governor-General. It was evident from the first that the men in charge of the works were not leaving anything to chance and had determined that Canberra should begin, not from

the ground up, but from underneath the ground. The first works to be undertaken were a dam for water-supply, a sewerage scheme and an electric-lighting plant. The water-supply was got by damming back the Cotter River at a spot about fourteen miles away. The dam is 60 feet in height, so built that its height can be doubled when occasion warrants, and it already holds back 380,000,000 gallons, sufficient supply for many years to come for a population of seventy thousand. The sewage scheme is on the same big scale. A 6-foot tunnel runs under the city for a distance of seven miles, and the branch pipes extend to all buildings already completed. There was also erected in this period a power house with a capacity that will supply light and power for domestic and industrial purposes for fifty years or more, and a brickworks with a capacity of 45,000 bricks and 6,000 tiles per day. The modernity of the city may be noted from the fact that there is no gas plant, it being considered that cooking by electricity is the more up-to-date method. At the same time, however, some residents still cling to the primitive wood stove. Another work that was put in hand at this period was the afforestation scheme, whereby a nursery was established for the propagation of thousands of pine-trees, to be used when grown for the lining of the many fine boulevards, roads and streets which have already been laid down or are now being extended in every direction. There are at present, all told, some seventy-five miles of roadway in the city, including excellent tar pavements and ordinary metalled roads, but all embody the latest ideas in road construction. Canberra is to be a garden city, with all that the term implies, and already the roads are flanked by trees, plantations and garden beds bright with flowers or showing only the upturned red earth waiting hungrily for seed or cuttings. One of the ordinances of the city lays it down that there shall be no front fences to the house plots, and so the pathways in the residential sections are pleasingly flanked by gay

gardens or with the promise of them when the owner shall have had time to delve into the fruitful soil waiting for his spade. All the approach and arterial roads, as well as the main avenues, have been planted with trees, and this planting is steadily going on.

The work of construction was, of course, much delayed by the war—in fact, it was practically stopped from 1916 to 1920. But all this preliminary work absorbed money, and when the Federal Capital Commission took over control in 1925 a total of £3,129,191 had been spent. In the next two years, to December, another £3,014,911 was absorbed, and since then it is estimated that very nearly another million has been spent. So that the ultimate total, having in view what little has been done and what a vast amount is still undone, will be staggering. To look at a plan of the city is to wonder how a small nation can possibly face the task so confidently as the Australians are doing.

One aspect of Canberra that creates some misgiving is the rigidity with which the original idea of isolating the various activities of the city is being carried out. It is all very well in theory to have everything in watertight compartments, so to speak, and in some respects it is a wise precaution—as, for example, to have the heavy industries (when they come) segregated in one quarter, far away from the centre, where their inevitably utilitarian buildings will not offend the eye—but it is rather different to find that the plans provide for shopping centres where shops only will be permitted. At present there is one in Eastlake, a suburb rather far to the south, and another is in process of erection at Ainslie, at the northern extremity of the city. Between them there is nothing in the nature of a place where things can be bought, and from the published plan there seems to be little chance of there ever being any. The consequence is, as one writer has put it, that if you want a collar-stud it will cost you 3s. 3d., the odd three shillings being for motor hire. But every-

thing is zoned in Canberra. There is a suburb—Blandfordia—where it is not permitted to build a house below a certain fixed cost; another suburb must only have houses of two stories in it; in a third, an area is set aside for timber cottages, elsewhere they must be brick. Public servants are classified according to salary and their residential area awarded accordingly—a bad system which will certainly lead to “class consciousness.” On the other hand, to group the departmental and administrative buildings in one area and the civic and municipal in another is certainly good, and where the departments are apart, as in the case of the Government printing office, which is two and a half miles from the Parliament House and Secretariat, there is an underground pneumatic tube connecting the two localities, so that quickness of communication is secured. Blocks for dairies have all been allotted in one quarter; small orchard holdings have been set aside in another; minor industries, such as a model laundry, bakery, and so on, are provided for in still another direction. Of course, the tradesmen and the housewives alike are adapting themselves to the conditions. The one calls and brings his goods as ordered; the other applies foresight to her marketing, and when she does make a shopping excursion, she takes care that she forgets none of her needs. But one result of the system will be that everybody will have a motor-car who can possibly afford it, and that the hire traffic, either by taxis or buses (some of which are already running), will tend to street congestion at the peak hours of the day.

As to the buildings already erected, it is impossible to deduce from them what the city will eventually be like. The chief of them, Parliament House, is a “temporary” structure, though built of solid brick and concrete and likely to last a hundred years. The greater part of that time will in all probability have gone by before the real Parliament House, which is to cost a million, is built. But the “temporary” structure is a very dignified, handsome

building. Limited to two stories in height, it stretches wide-flanked and solid-looking across the slope of Capitol Hill, its white walls making a striking landmark from everywhere on the surrounding plain. Much controversy has been aroused in Australia about its architectural features. It certainly makes an interesting departure from the accepted canons of style in public buildings. But in those surroundings, and with a life which for fifty years or so will be isolated from other buildings to a greater or less extent, the architect has very wisely refrained from taking any older style of architecture as his foundation. Nothing would be more incongruous, for instance, than to see a Gothic or pseudo-Gothic building standing out on that typically Australian hill-side, looking down on a country-side that is replete with Australian characteristics. There has been a fair amount of ill-natured criticism about it. One writer, for example, complained that it was nothing more than a Wembley Pavilion, but as in the same article he advocated the building of a "fine central hall, something after the style of the Albert Hall in London" (!), his opinion could not be taken for much. Internally the building is most luxuriously fitted and furnished. Its central features are the two legislative chambers and a fine hall of assembly, where stands the King's statue by Sir Bertram Mackennall, himself an Australian. Round its walls are bas-reliefs of the early workers for Federation and the leaders of the first Parliament, and also two fine paintings of Canberra as it was by Penleigh Boyd and Lister Lister. The two chambers are well proportioned, and some beautiful effects have been gained by the use of Australian timbers. Australian material, indeed, has been used wherever possible. Back of the main building is the library, and the comfort of the members, having in mind their natural reluctance to leave the more settled city of Melbourne, has been luxuriously catered for. Billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms and dining-rooms are all on a lavish scale and



almost as theatrical as an American movie-director's idea of what a Parliament should be like. Even in the chamber itself each member has attached to his seat a warming device which he can operate to suit himself. Some idea of the luxury of it all can be gauged from the fact that though the original estimate was for £300,000, that sum has been doubled, with very nearly £150,000 more for interior fittings and furniture. As the estimate for the permanent Parliament House is £1,000,000, it is not very probable that the country will be anxious to see it go up for a generation or two yet. The one they already have serves all their needs. The other Government buildings which flank Parliament House—the Secretariat, which contains the Post Office, and the Public Library buildings, which house some of the office staffs—are not particularly distinguished-looking, though perhaps they are dwarfed by the stately distinction of Parliament House. Mention has been made of the dwelling-houses already settling into a "lived-in-for-years" air, and there is a well-planned school at Telopea, one of the inner suburbs, which when completed can take a thousand pupils. But the most important building, next to the Parliament House, is the Hotel Canberra—at any rate from the point of view of cost. It has absorbed £140,000. It is, of course, the property of the Federal Capital Commission, and has been laid out on the pavilion system, to give the maximum amount of light and air. The centre has two stories, and there are six one-story pavilions radiating from the central block. Grassed courtyards and sunken gardens, tennis-courts and spacious lawns make it a most charming place, and internally the equipment is quite modern. The other hotels and hostels built by the Commission are on a less lavish scale, but still very comfortable, and there is no doubt that every effort is being made to make life at Canberra for the permanent dweller there, no less than the transient and the tourist, as attractive as possible. For the rest, Canberra is mostly, as the Prince of Wales

described it, a "city of hope and foundation-stones." Some of the foundation-stones already laid are for the Capitol—which the Prince laid himself—the Anglican and Roman Catholic cathedrals and a central Presbyterian church. Sites have been marked out for a University, for Methodist, Baptist and Congregational churches and for a Roman Catholic convent. Most of these buildings will, it is promised, be put in hand before many more months have passed, but their completion will be delayed for several years, and it is probable that in some cases the buildings will be brought into use long before they are finished—as, indeed, is somehow often the way with religious buildings in Australia. Walking through the long roads and wide boulevards of Canberra to-day, the imagination is deeply stirred. Striving to visualize the city of the future, one wonders whether the ideals of its planners, the devotion of its architects and builders, the faith of its founders will have their reward, or whether the city that will be builded a hundred years from now will be laughed at as old-fashioned and drab compared with the new ideas that the world will then have as to town-planning and architecture. But whatever the verdict of posterity may be on the city, there can be only one verdict as to the courage and high-mindedness of the Parliament and people who made such a city possible.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### CANBERRA—THE CEREMONIAL

THE culminating ceremonies of the Duke of York's tour of the world were in every way worthy the high occasion. Not one hitch took place, and but for an unfortunate flying fatality at the military review in the afternoon of the day on which Parliament was opened, there could have been nothing but unalloyed satisfaction for the way in which everything passed off. The day was one of cloudless skies and radiant sun. The morning had in it just a bite to remind everyone that autumn was really the season of the year, but as the sun gathered power it poured its rays down unstintedly till the day became a veritable Australian summer one. For the setting of the scene the organizers had prepared the stage with an eye to colour and impressiveness, the success of their efforts being undeniable. As their focal point they had, of course, to take the wide doors that led into the central hall—King's Hall—of Parliament House. Very modern doors they were, panelled in plate glass in keeping with the modernity of the building itself. The architectural depth of the portico had been increased by a deep canopy of purple and gold, and above that again waved a row of large flags hung on horizontal poles from the walls of the building—this was the only meretricious effect of the day. Parliament House would have been far more imposing in its sheer white dignity if they had left the façade entirely alone, except for the steps and the flags floating in the air from the staffs on the roof.



*Photo: Official Press Agency*

THE NEW FEDERAL PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA.



From the head of the steps the stands reserved for the guests of the Commonwealth, draped in scarlet and gold, flared away outwards in a V-shape to the broad roadway along which the Royal party would approach. Across that roadway on a freshly sown lawn were two other stands for visitors from the various States and for the general public, as the expected number of the former did not materialize, transport and accommodation difficulties standing in the way of any enormous attendance.

So much for the setting of the stage. In the way they dressed it, still to pursue the theatrical analogy, the organizers were no less successful. The guests who were invited into the inner ceremonies were chosen with a liberal admixture of naval and military representatives, swelled as to the former by several of the officers from the *Renown*. Their uniforms made brilliant splashes of colour on the two stands, eclipsing in some instances the dresses of the ladies. At the feet of the V were drawn up on one side the Naval Cadets from the Jervis Bay College, and on the other the Corps of Staff Cadets from Duntroon. Across the roadway, the three guards of honour—naval, military and air force—were paraded, each with its own band, that for the naval guard coming from the *Renown*. With the stark white bulk of Parliament House backing it all, the scene was a gorgeous one of deeply massed colour, dominated by the blue of the sky and the vivid greens of lawns and shrubs. Everywhere there was a throb of expectancy, the thrill of being present at one of the most memorable occasions in Australia's history. The spectators began to arrive almost before the sun had driven away the night's mists, and from then onwards to the actual time for the ceremonial to commence, it was a busy scene all round the Parliament House and the slopes of Capitol Hill. Into that typically Australian atmosphere was introduced a pageantry that was essentially English, a ceremonial to which one had been accustomed in Royal progresses down Whitehall or

through the City. One of the most remarkable tributes to the perfection of the arrangements and the restraint with which they had been planned lay in the fact that in such absolutely unfamiliar surroundings there was not a trace of incongruity. It would have seemed impossible to drive on to a wide Australian plain, shimmering under the heat haze, a State carriage with postilions and outriders all complete with perukes and cockaded hats, without tempting the fates to reduce the whole thing to an absurdity. But, on the contrary, everything seemed to fit into its appointed place, just as though the new bright Parliament House had taken on in some mysterious way the attributes of "the Hall of a thousand years."

Perhaps one of the reasons for this was the fact that the ceremony of declaring the Parliament of the Commonwealth open had been made as simple as possible, having regard to the importance of the occasion. When the time approached for the arrival of the Duke and Duchess, there were assembled at the top of the steps leading to the doors of the King's Hall the State Governors and their wives, the Lieutenant-Governors and their wives, the Federal Ministers and their wives, the Chief Justices and Judges (Federal and State), the heads of the Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, and the representatives of other parts of the Empire. These latter included Mr. E. Lapointe, M.P. (Canada), who later offered, on behalf of Canada, a President's chair for the Senate; Mr. McLeod from New Zealand; Mr. Cresswell from South Africa; and Diwan Bahadur Rangachariar from India. The other stands were filled with Federal members and their wives, leading officials of Parliament and the public service, and prominent public men from all over Australia. Among them were four ladies whose husbands had played most prominent parts in the achievement of Federation and in the conduct of the infant nation in the first years of its emergence. They were: Lady Barton, the widow of the first Prime Minister of the

Commonwealth, the man who had perhaps done more than anybody else to bring the whole movement to fruition; Mrs. Deakin, the widow of Alfred Deakin, whose fervid eloquence drew the whole of Victoria into the ranks of those who worked and prayed for "Federation in our time," and who was the second Prime Minister of the Commonwealth; Lady Reid, the widow of Sir George Reid, the third Prime Minister of the Commonwealth; and Lady Chapman, whose husband, Sir Austin Chapman, did not live to see the realization of his political ambition—the foundation of a Federal capital in the part of Australia he had made his own.

To this gathering, so fraught with historical significance and promise of the future alike, there came first of all the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven, in a State carriage with postilions. They were received at the foot of the steps by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Bruce and by the Minister for Home and Territories and Mrs. Marr, by whom they were escorted to the top of the steps. Five minutes later came the State carriage of T.R.H. with outriders and postilions, escorted by a detachment of the 7th Australian Light Horse, carrying lances and wearing the old familiar slouch hat with emu plumes at the side of the turned-up brim—that hat which conjured up memories not only of the Great War, but also of that earlier campaign in South Africa. Followed by another State carriage, in which were the Chief of Staff (Lord Cavan), the two Ladies-in-Waiting (Lady Cavan and Mrs. Gilmour) and an equerry, the Duke (who was in full naval uniform, with the riband of the G.C.M.G. and the collar of the Garter) and the Duchess were driven through a cheering crowd along a route lined by representatives of all branches of the three services. Their approach was heralded by a fanfare of bugles sounded by eight buglers from the *Renown* on silver bugles to which a history is attached. They were lent to the *Renown* for the Royal



cruise by the Corps of Royal Marines, from the thirty-two silver bugles purchased or dedicated to the Corps to perpetuate the memory of the officers who were killed in the Great War. Hitherto these bugles have only been used on shore and on special occasions, but the officers of the Corps requested that two bugles from each division, Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth and Deal, might be allowed to accompany the Royal Marine Detachment to Australia on the *Renown*, the first time these bugles were to be used on one of the King's ships. The State carriage turned aside before reaching the steps and drove round the hollow square made by the two stands on the lawn and by the deeply banked rows of cheering people on the farther side, while the Royal salute boomed out from the farther hill-side. At the steps T.R.H. were received by the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven and the Prime Minister and Mrs. Bruce, and after the inspection of the several guards of honour, as well as of the Cadet Midshipmen and the Corps of Staff Cadets, a procession was formed, headed by the heads of the three services, followed by the staffs of the Governor-General and T.R.H., then the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven, and finally the Duke and Duchess of York. It was preceded by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and conducted to the head of the steps by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Bruce, where they were received by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The Duke of York's standard was broken from the flag-pole on the top of the Parliament buildings as H.R.H. arrived. It was a very solemn entry, and there came hardly any applause from the public, hushed to a realization of its significance. There was, indeed, only the drone of the aeroplanes, which had escorted the procession from Government House, to break the stillness.

Then the glorious voice of Dame Nellie Melba, crystal-clear in that crystal atmosphere, rang out in the first verse of the National Anthem, to be taken up by the full-throated

chorus of the assembled people, led by a choir from the Canberra Philharmonic Society. Then Mr. Bruce began his speech :—

“It is my privilege,” he said, “to invite you to open the door of this building, the future home of the Parliament of the Commonwealth.

“We recognize that this occasion marks the beginning of a new era in the history of Australia. We look back on a story of accomplishment that fills us with pride. We look forward with confidence that we will prove worthy of the great destiny that lies before us.

“In this, our hour of national heart-searching, we rejoice at your presence with us. His Majesty the King is the visible symbol of our unity. He is the centre of all our loyalties. That he should associate himself with his Australian subjects in this historic ceremony by commissioning Your Royal Highness to represent him is a source of deep gratification to us all. We ask you to convey to His Majesty our devoted homage and an assurance of our loyalty and affection to his Throne and person.

“Twenty-six years have passed since the King was pleased to inaugurate the first Parliament of the Commonwealth. In those days our national aspirations were vague and almost undefined. Full of high hope and brave endeavour we were launching on an uncharted sea. We have emerged with a definite national consciousness. We have evolved great policies, which are so embedded in the soul of the nation that they not only govern our lives, but point the course which we and future generations must inevitably follow.

“We have played our part in war and proved ourselves worthy to endure. The sacrifices, sufferings and untold trials of those who went and those who waited have bound us inseparably together. Within this period of little more than a quarter of a century a nation has been born.

“With humility in our hearts, we render thanks to Divine Providence for all that we have done and are. We remember with gratitude the fostering care of the Mother Country and the protection we have enjoyed under the British flag.

"To-day it is our solemn duty to reaffirm our faith in our country and our devotion to the Crown and Empire.

"Great though our progress has been, Australia is but on the threshold of achievement. In the future millions of the British race will people this continent. In numbers surpassing the Motherland, standing resolutely for those principles of Freedom and Justice upon which the Empire is based, who can foretell how great may be the part our nation will play in the years to come ?

"To-day we look back and renew our faith by remembering what has been achieved. Thus we will strengthen ourselves for the greater accomplishment that lies before us.

"Within these portals will be framed those laws which will mould the destiny of a people. May those who enter this open door govern with justice, reason and equal favour to all. May they do so in humility and without self-interest. May they think and act nationally. May they speak with the voice of those who sent them here—the voice of the people.

"Inspired by those who have gone before us, let us dedicate ourselves to service and march forward to our destiny with firm purpose and high resolve."

It was a fine utterance, impressively delivered and listened to with complete attention. At its conclusion H.R.H., at the request of Mr. Bruce, opened the door with a golden key, and returning to his place at the head of the steps, he spoke to the assembled throng in words no less solemn and inspiring than those of the Prime Minister :—

"We are gathered here this morning to open the first meeting of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia in a new capital city, and I should like, if I may, to try and give expression to some of the thoughts that come to me at this historic moment. It is impossible not to be moved by the significance of to-day's events in the history of Australia. I say this not only because this day sees the opening of a new capital city, but more because one feels the stirring of a new birth of quickened national activity, of a fuller consciousness

of your destiny as one of the great self-governing units of the British Empire.

"It seems peculiarly fitting that the inauguration of your capital should come so soon after the Imperial Conference, with its recognition of the growth to full nationhood of the members of the British Commonwealth.

"To-day marks the end of an epoch and the beginning of another, and one's thoughts turn instinctively to what the future may have in store. One's own life would hardly be worth living without its dreams of better things, and the life of a nation without such dreams of a better and a larger future would be poor indeed.

"Standing on this spot which has been chosen for the Federal capital, I think of those great men who worked for a Federated Australia, and whose aim was realized when my father opened the first Federal Parliament in 1901. We are now building on the foundations which they laid.

"I think we should all have in our hearts one other vision. On Anzac Day we commemorated those gallant men and women who laid down their lives in the war. Though they have passed into the great beyond, they are still speaking to those who choose to listen, and if Australia listens to the voices of the noble army of the dead, and if the great army of the living and those yet unborn are determined to march in step with them towards the ideals for which they died, then the glorious destiny of this country will be assured for all time."

The Prime Minister then handed H.R.H. a golden key as a souvenir, and keys were also handed by him to the Speaker and the President of the Senate, as a symbol that from then onwards all authority for the premises vests in the Parliament itself. A brief religious service, conducted by the heads of the Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, followed, and the first and more public part of the ceremony was at an end. T.R.H., conducted by the Speaker and the President and attended by the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Bruce, the State Governors and their

wives and the Federal Ministers and their wives, with the respective staffs, passed within the doors of Parliament House. There, after a brief interval and in the presence of the invited guests, the Duke unveiled a statue of H.M. the King in the King's Hall. The scene in the Hall, though shorn of the brilliance of sunlight, was resplendent with colour and life as the guests thronged round the barrier to watch the unveiling. From the Hall they went immediately to their places in the Senate, changing that somewhat austere chamber into a foyer of life and movement. Floor and galleries were packed with people, and when all were present a procession entered, led by the Usher of the Black Rod. First came the State Governors and their wives, then Lieutenant-Governors and their wives, the Governor-General and Lady Stonehaven, all with their respective staffs, and finally the Duke and Duchess of York with their staff, T.R.H. walking last and at a considerable distance from the others. The whole aspect of the chamber changed completely with the entrance. Uniforms and robes made a brave show on the red-carpeted floor and against the upholstery of the seats, while accoutrements and jewels flashed back reflections from the battery of photographic lamps which had been hung from the ceiling. Altogether it was the most brilliant scene that could be imagined, and underlying its colour and movement was the thought that here assembled was perhaps the cream of all Australian brains, whether political, legal, business or financial. Here, too, were men—few but still actively serving their country—who had been present at that other historic gathering twenty-six years before. One wondered if their imaginations, finding expression at that far-distant ceremony, ever visualized anything like the realization that was passing before their eyes.

When the Royal party were in their places on the dais, the Duke and Duchess sitting in two throne chairs forward of all the others, the Clerk of the Senate read the King's



*Photo: General News Ltd.*

OPENING THE NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA.



commission empowering H.R.H. to open the first meeting of the Commonwealth at Canberra. Then the Duke stood up, a slight figure in whom was centred all the purport and the solemnity of the occasion.

"The King, my dear father," he began, "desiring to mark the importance of this, the first meeting of the Federal Parliament in the new capital city of the Commonwealth of Australia, and to show his keen interest in all that concerns the welfare and advancement of his loyal subjects in Australia, has granted me the special commission which has just been read. Unable himself to be present in person, His Majesty has, by that commission, charged me as his representative to perform to-day's ceremony which inaugurates the new capital of Australia.

"I am commanded by the King to say that his thoughts are with you in this hour. To-day's historic occasion brings back vivid memories of that other May 9th, twenty-six years ago, when, as Duke of Cornwall and York, His Majesty opened the first Parliament of the Commonwealth. Both he and the Queen retain the happiest recollections of that great event and of their visit to Australia, of which it formed so memorable a part. They will never forget the manifestations of loyalty with which they were everywhere received.

"The Duchess and I are proud to be following in their footsteps, and we thank you with full hearts for the welcome we have received and the kindnesses which have been showered on us in every part of Australia we have visited. How much has happened in the quarter of a century since the opening of the first Commonwealth Parliament! What changes in the world! What revolution in human life and thought! What marvellous progress in the means of communication and locomotion! For Australia and the whole Empire it has been a period of extraordinary evolution and development. It has been a testing-time when, under the stress of the greatest war of our history, the Empire has found new meaning and new strength.

"Quickened by these influences, without and within, the British Empire has advanced to a new conception of autonomy and freedom, to the idea of a system of British nations, each



freely ordering its own individual life, but bound together in unity, with allegiance to one Crown, and co-operating with one another in all that concerns the common weal.

"It is the King's earnest prayer, in which I fervently join, that under Divine Providence the future years may see the same advance in the development and prosperity of the Empire and all its parts, the same spirit of mutual understanding and sympathy, and the same determination to support one another to the uttermost, should need come. It is perhaps peculiarly fitting that we should celebrate the birth of this new capital city just after the close of an Imperial Conference which represents the beginning of another chapter in our Empire story. May this day's ceremony mark the re-dedication of the Commonwealth to those great ideals of liberty, fair dealing, justice and devotion to the cause of peace for which the Empire and all its members stand.

"We turn to-day a new page of history. May it be a page glorious for Australia and the whole Empire."

There came then from the Duke the reading of a message from the King to conclude the proceedings:—

"Our thoughts are more than ever with you on this day of happy memories. On this occasion of signal importance in the history of Australia I ask you to assure the people of the Commonwealth of my heartfelt wishes for their continued happiness and progress. I share their pride in their new capital city, and join in their prayers for its successful future."

A fanfare of bugles, a Royal salute of twenty-one guns just at noon, and the Parliament of the Commonwealth was open. The remaining features of the visit to Canberra may be briefly described. Immediately after the opening ceremony the Duke of York held an investiture, conferring various honours on Mr. Bruce (C.H.), Sir George Foster-Pearce, Sir John Newlands, Major-General Brudenell-White, Sir John Butters, the Chairman of the Federal Capital Commission, to whom and to Sir Brudenell White, also knighted, must be credited the fullest meed of praise for the magnificent organization of the whole

ceremony. Many others were also honoured to mark the historic occasion of the inauguration of the capital and also in token of all that had been done for T.R.H. during the tour. Lunch for the five hundred invited guests followed, a lunch distinguished from all similar celebratory meals by the fact that there were no speeches and none but temperance drinks were served—for the Federal territory is dry, "officially" so at any rate. In the afternoon there was an imposing review on a wide parade ground, the Duke wearing his military uniform as Colonel-in-Chief of the 11th Hussars. Detachments of troops had been drawn from all over Australia for the review, and they made a brave show. Every regiment had sent down a colour party with its regimental colours or guidons, and, according to high military authority, the display of these colours and guidons was the largest ever witnessed in any part of the world. There were sixty-two King's colours, sixty regimental colours and eighteen Light Horse guidons, all emblazoned with the battle honours won during the war. They represented an army of one hundred thousand men, though, of course, only a very small section of these—some three thousand—were present on the parade ground. After the Duke's inspection of the troops they were marched past, two hundred ex-Service men leading. Massed bands from the three services played the troops past the base, and then the whole line advanced in review order, halting thirty paces in front of the saluting-point for the Royal salute. The fluttering flags, the flashing of swords and the mingling of the uniforms—blue for the *Renown* detachment and the Royal Australian Navy, a brighter blue for the Air Force, and the familiar khaki for the infantry—left an impression of colour, surging colour, as the troops moved about the ground, that will remain long in the memory.

Except for receiving the loyal addresses from the Senate and the House of Representatives, which he did that night at Government House, this concluded the Duke's

duties for the day, though there was a Federal reception for the oversea visitors in the Parliament House that night. When day dawned on the Tuesday, Canberra wore a profoundly different aspect. Gone were the lines of motor-cars, the hurrying buses, the expectant pedestrians; the meadows where motor parties had camped for the week-end to see the ceremony were bare and deserted; the roads were free of all traffic save that which bore the visitors away to the station or to neighbouring towns. Canberra had returned to normal, and one gained a vivid impression of what the city will be like under everyday conditions, a sedate, self-centred place calmly going about its business of growing into a capital worthy of its foundation and of the destiny of Australia, its citizens for the most part engaged in the task of shaping that destiny either in the legislative or in the administrative functions to which so large a section of them will belong. There were enough people left, however, to furnish fifteen hundred or so for a public reception on the steps of Parliament House, at which there were present some forty pioneers of the district, led by one ninety-six years old. After the reception T.R.H. received Federal Ministers and their wives, as well as members of both Houses and their wives, and then made an inspection of Parliament House. In the afternoon there was a pleasing ceremony at Duntroon, the Military College, where the staff cadets put up a splendid drill and march-past, after the Duke had presented the Corps with King's and regimental colours. That was the final function at Canberra, and the Duke and Duchess departed again for Melbourne after dining at Government House. A heavy thunderstorm broke just before they left, and some indication was afforded them of what Canberra would be like in wet weather. Wherever the roadways were not metalled a thick red mud made its appearance as if from the heavens, and walking became a most unpleasant proceeding, while even wheeled traffic was making heavy weather of it. The journey down

through New South Wales and Victoria has already been dealt with under the chapters devoted to those two States, and this chapter may be fittingly closed with the King's message acknowledging the cablegram from Lord Stonehaven which detailed the events of the day of the opening :—

“I hasten to thank you for your message. . . . I rejoice to think that my son represented me at the inauguration of this further landmark in the political history of the Commonwealth. I am proud to know that you find the immortal spirit of the Anzacs animating this fresh and invigorating impulse in the national life, and it is reassuring that the people of Australia, strong in their loyalty and devotion to their Throne, confidently look forward to a new era of development and well-being.”

## CHAPTER XXIV

### WEST AUSTRALIA

PORT MELBOURNE was left on May 12th in the bleak dawn of a Victorian autumn day, but despite the discomfort a great crowd assembled outside the pier gates to say farewell, proof positive, if proof were needed, of the intense affection inspired by T.R.H. during their stay in Melbourne. It was too much to expect that at that early hour, and after so very strenuous a time, either the Duke or the Duchess would appear on deck, but the crowd hoped against hope. They were not even allowed on the pier until the *Renown* had cast off, but as soon as the gates were unbarred they swept in a mighty torrent to the wharf's edge and stood there waving and cheering until the long grey bulk of the battle-cruiser melted into the haze down-channel, with the escorting cruiser *Melbourne* close astern and a squadron from the Point Cook aerodrome dipping to the Royal Standard as a last salute from the Air Force. One plane—a Seagull—flew all the way to the Heads with the *Renown* and swooped low round her as the pilot left and the last link with Victoria parted. Salutes were fired by the battery at Queenscliff, just inside the entrance, and the tricky navigation of the Rip—as the narrow channel into Port Phillip is called—having been successfully accomplished, the *Melbourne* sheered away to port and fired her three-pounders in the required twenty-one gun salute before she, too, turned her nose to harbour once more, and the *Renown* shaped her course south-westerly on the first leg of

the long voyage which was to end at Portsmouth on June 27th.

The first days at sea were spent quietly enough in well-earned rest and relaxation. Not only had the Royal party spent every minute of their time ashore in genuine hard work or in the preparation for it, but the officers and the ship's company had faced a regular barrage of invitations and social functions of all sorts. It was characteristic Australian hospitality they met, and very much did they appreciate it; but in their efforts to do full justice to the brilliant round of dinners, parties and dances that fell to their lot, physical stress was bound to be felt sooner or later, and the appearance of the ward-room at any time during the two or three days after sailing gave irrefutable evidence that many of the officers had some considerable arrears of sleep to make up.

But peace was not to spread her wings for long. On the fourth night out, when the *Renown* was well south of the dreaded Bight, where, according to tradition, the sea is always rough and the conditions always unpleasant, a heavy south-westerly gale struck her. All that night and the next day it continued, and the Duke of York found himself undergoing the same experiences as befell his brother, the Prince of Wales, when he made the same voyage over the same waters in the same ship seven years previously. Conditions during the night were most trying. Boats had to be brought inboard and secured in lashing spray and howling wind, all movable gear had to be stowed, and continually there were minor breakages. At one time the ladder leading from the Royal deck to the shelter deck was carried away and crashed down just outside the Duchess's cabin. The gale continued all the next day, though the sky was clear, and in the bright sunlight the sight from the bridge was a magnificent one. Great waves marched out of the horizon upon the *Renown*, flung themselves over the bow and smashed down on the fo'c'sle. Tons of broken water swept to leeward, breaking in great

sheets of spray against the forward turrets, while the sun etched out many rainbows as the spray whirled downwind. Sometimes the whole ship forward of the turrets was buried under green water. The *Renown* stood the hammering well, though she was slowed in order not to put too great a strain upon the hull. There were several minor casualties among the ship's company and breakages everywhere. It seemed as though Australia was determined the Royal party should have samples of every kind of weather at her command, and that they should not leave without knowing something at least about a storm in the Great Australian Bight. The gale blew itself out during the day, but left a heavy swell behind it which carried the ship almost to the gates of Fremantle, where she arrived on the morning of May 18th.

West Australians are proud of their chief port of Fremantle, and that pride is well justified when it is possible to meet men there in hale middle-age who remember spearing crabs in the shallows where now a dredged channel, 36 feet deep, carries the largest ocean-going vessels visiting Australia up to the quays. The harbour is an entirely artificial one, made at the mouth of the Swan River, where once, not so long ago, it meandered to the sea. Now that mouth is a channel 5,000 feet long with a depth at lowest of low water of 36 feet, a width of 450 feet at the bottom, a swinging basin 1,400 feet wide, and wharfage accommodation of over 10,000 feet. It is claimed that it is one of the easiest worked and most efficient ports in Australia—perhaps in the world—and is worthy of its place as the main western sea-gate to the Commonwealth. Considering that the total population of the State is only 332,732, it speaks volumes for their enterprise that with the developmental railway work to do they should also have had the fore-vision to spend upwards of £2,000,000 on the building of the port. It was an easy matter for the *Renown* to enter a harbour of such dimensions and swing in a basin where her bigger

sister, the *Hood*, had swung a few years before. All Fremantle had turned out for the occasion. After the Governor (Sir William Robert Campion) had paid his official call, T.R.H. landed, to be received by the Premier (the Hon. P. Collier) and members of his Ministry, as well as other dignitaries, before they embarked upon the twelve-mile drive to Perth—the longest Royal progress of the tour. After the streets of Fremantle, a typical seaport, not very engaging to regard, the route led through more open country, between the smiling Indian Ocean on the one side and sandhills on the other, where already the hand of the builder was being laid; bungalows sprouting here and there spoke of an expanding population. The outer suburbs of Perth made a pleasant introduction to the city proper, with their cosy villas tucked away in gardens still blooming with roses and all the flowers we in England associate with the balmy days of early summer, though the time was late autumn.

Wisely the authorities had so arranged the procession that its culminating point where the civic welcome was held was on Mount Eliza, in King's Park, a people's domain of over a thousand acres, dedicated to the city in perpetuity. There the Duke and Duchess saw a magnificent panorama of Perth laid out beneath them as a carpet. The Swan River broadens here into wide-flung reaches of sparkling water stretching away into the sun-haze miles distant. So far-extending is Perth Water and Melville Water that it is possible for the inter-State three-mile eight-oar race for the King's Cup to be rowed there in a straightaway course, with the finish right under the high ground of the King's Park, from which, as from a natural grand-stand, the whole population of the city can view the race. From the same point can be seen the pleasant suburbs where the residents have made their homes, sloping down to the shores of Perth Water and making gay spots of colour against the blue of the waters and the green of the surrounding trees. Perth itself is an excellent example



of a modern city. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that 80 per cent. of the buildings are less than a quarter of a century old. Here and there one comes across a typical old-fashioned house, once a home, now turned into business premises. But when the gold-fields rush commenced in the early nineties and tens of thousands of people invaded the State in a few short years, Perth, old-fashioned and sleepy, woke from its lethargy and blossomed forth into a bustling city full of energy and zeal. It was imperative to cater for the ever-increasing needs of the population, which swelled by 300 per cent. in ten years and doubled itself again in the next twenty.

The capital had to be worthy of a State so full of promise and of destiny, and the citizens of Perth saw to it that they were not remiss. It is a strange thing to walk the streets of the city to-day with men still actively employed in its civic life and have them point out places where towering buildings stand as spots where they remembered open fields and virgin bush, or indicate in the middle of a busy shopping street the site where Lord Forrest lived in a bungalow which matched the house still standing on the next block. Within their memory the city population has grown from 20,000 to 160,000 and the one-storied shops and offices have become solid piles of masonry which make St. George's Terrace and other of the wide and well-kept streets as imposing as anything the Eastern States have to offer. A ring of residential suburbs surrounds the city, and with Perth and Melville Waters at its doors and the open ocean ten or twelve miles away, life in Perth must be very enjoyable.

It was into this city and along these busy streets, thronged with thousands upon thousands of loyalists, that T.R.H. drove in the clear sunlight of a May morning. Everywhere there were decorations, some of a most elaborate nature, everywhere there were flags and festoons, and there was over and above that the general air of friendly hospitality which it is the special prerogative of the smaller towns to

impart. It was felt in Brisbane, in Hobart, and for the last time in Australia in Perth, so that in a special degree the Duke and Duchess were assured again and more emphatically of the abounding popularity which was and which will continue to be theirs in the Commonwealth.

So far as functions went, the demands upon their time in Perth were by no means exacting. There was a garden-party on the afternoon of their arrival, where, in the ordered grounds of Government House, they met the society of the city and took the opportunity also of receiving the addresses of welcome and of loyalty which had been prepared against their coming. The same afternoon they met the returned soldiers and sailors and nurses at a function where everybody was jovial, everybody enjoyed themselves with their fellow "Digger," and where the fellow "Digger" and his "Missus," as one unconventional gentleman referred to the Duchess, were quite as happy as any in the gathering. They sang songs to the Royal pair, "I love a lassie" to the Duchess, making free with the last line of the chorus, which they changed appositely to "Betty, ma Scotch bluebell," and to the Duke it was "Hello! hello! who's your lady friend?" There were four thousand present, and the Duke was told without bombast that, in proportion, West Australia, which sent thirty-two thousand men and women overseas to the Great War—a tenth of the population—was far and away ahead in this respect of the eastern States. The troops from the State were among the first to land in Gallipoli, and another troop was the first to enter the gates of Jerusalem and receive the surrender of that city.

The next day was the most interesting of the visit and one of the most interesting of the whole tour. The Duke and Duchess were taken for the day to Pinjarra, about fifty miles from Perth, where is founded the Fairbridge Farm School, one of the most successful efforts at securing the right type of migrant that Australia has to-day. It represents one of the two migration schemes now operating

in the State in the effort to do something to fill its vast unoccupied acres. The other, to which reference will be made later, is the "Group Settlement" scheme, and both are the result of the practical idealism evidenced in numerous ways which has had such an influence on all the years of Australian progress. The Fairbridge Farm Schools may truly be said to be the result of the high endeavour, the uncompromising enthusiasm, the splendid courage of one man—Kingsley Fairbridge—who, after spending his boyhood in South Africa, went to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. There, distressed by what he saw of the squalor of England's industrial cities, despairing of the future of children brought up in such surroundings, he conceived the idea of relieving the pressure and poverty that had become a byword of the slums by sending the small children out to the healthier, happier surroundings afforded by the newer countries of the South. There, while still mouldable and still with habits unfixed, they could be trained in all the work which a man on the land in Australia has to face in his task of opening up his own property or in working for others, while the girl can be likewise trained in the duties which she would have to fulfil on a farm or as the wife of a settler. The children thus taken young from their unhealthy environment and transplanted to happier surroundings grow insensibly to the soil, so that when their time of manhood or womanhood comes they are in every sense Australians, with an Australian's love and understanding for his own country. That is, to the minds of many who have studied the question deeply, the true solution of the migration problem. Australia does not want, and will not take, the incapables and the unemployables who have failed in the older lands. Britain grudges rightly the depletion of her ranks of skilled and agricultural workers, but to take the children at once relieves the pressure of the coming generation on the already overfilled ranks of industrial and other trades, and gives to the newer countries material which can be

fashioned to the needs of those countries without hardship—nay, with joy to the budding Australian.

For no one who sees the Fairbridge Schools can believe anything but that the children are supremely happy in their new life, and to those who have also seen the children in London before they set out on their long journey half across the world, that belief is intensified. The contrast between the pale-faced, undersized youngster so usual a product of the London streets and the brown-faced, brown-legged strip of hardy bone and muscle into which he or she develops under the kindly skies of West Australia is amazing. The system worked out by Fairbridge saw to it that the new life for the youngsters should be as free as it possibly could from anything so deadening as institutional discipline. On board the ship that takes them out, they are divided into the groups which will remain together when the farms are reached. They are in charge of the matron who will have charge of them on the farm, and they learn to know her and each other in the friendly atmosphere of shipboard life. On arrival they find a well-built cottage with an airy dormitory waiting for them—there are many such scattered about the thousand acres of the School lands; they find, too, a State school to teach them their three “R’s”—a better education than an orphanage usually affords; and they find finally an open, free life, with all sorts of exciting things to discover in the bush, all manner of new tasks to master pleasantly and with the help of kindly teachers. There they put on their weight and height until they are fifteen, and then, with a grounding in the “chores” required by a farmer’s boy, they are sent away to some farmer—and most farmers are anxious to have a Fairbridge boy, as anxious as their wives are for a Fairbridge girl—and work for him until the time of apprenticeship is passed. Touch is always maintained with the boys and girls, their wages, or part of them, are banked against the time when they shall grow beyond the control of the

Schools, and in the secretary's office at Pinjarra there is a wall-map stuck with coloured pins showing where each of the youngsters is. The scheme can already show results. One of the first boys to be taken out by Kingsley Fairbridge himself is now a prosperous farmer with a farm of his own. But he does not forget the Farm, and goes back there for holidays as he would to his own home. As time goes on there will be more and more Fairbridge farmers—the best type, be sure, that a young country can wish for.

If there is one fault in the scheme, from the State point of view, it is the slowness of its growth. The boys and girls brought out under it do not commence to function as citizens for several years, and West Australia, with its vast undeveloped area and its wonderful riches, wants that area, those riches, brought under toll as soon as possible. It is difficult to realize that in an area eleven times the size of England and Wales there are only 365,000 people, and most of them are in the south-west segment. So many million acres wait the plough or the herd or the flock. Up in the north-west there are leagues of rolling pasture sufficient to feed millions of cattle and sheep. Wheatlands are being brought under the plough in an ever-increasing and always capable of increasing area, stretching in a wide belt from two hundred miles north of Perth to the eastern boundary of the State, in a great sickle-shaped tract one hundred miles wide by six hundred miles long. Production over that area has gone up by leaps and bounds, and in a quarter of a century the yield has grown from three-quarters of a million bushels to twenty-three million bushels. Farms are easily procurable and easily worked, and there seems no limit to what will be accomplished there within the next twenty-five years. Down to the south of Perth and reaching to the southern coast are the fruit-lands and dairying and the great jarrah and karri forests from which West Australia earned its first big oversea export income.

It is in the south-west, where dairying is most practised,

that West Australia's other migration scheme is centralized. Dairying is of all the primary industries perhaps the quickest in returns, and therefore suitable for migrants who have not very much to come and go upon till the farm commences to produce. The land down in that section, however, is more or less heavily timbered, though extremely fertile, and the first settlers, lonely and single-handed, were faced with an almost superhuman task. It was far easier to "get going" in the wheat areas, where farms were almost ready for the seed, without much to be done in the way of clearing. But that so much excellent land should be left unproductive was most uneconomic, especially as the State was spending millions in importing dairy produce. Team-work and co-operation were essential if the area was to be brought quickly into productivity. So the "Group Settlement" scheme was evolved and enthusiastically taken up, not only by the then Premier, Sir James Mitchell, but also by the Imperial Government, as a first-class proposal for the settlement of migrants on Dominion lands. To describe it briefly, a group consists of about twenty men—married men are the only ones selected—and they undertake to continue with the group, working co-operatively under a group foreman, until all the preliminary work for the group farms is completed. Each member of the group is given a block of about one hundred and sixty acres, which are balloted for, and all the members must work on all the blocks till the clearing, etc., of the first twenty-five acres is finished on them all; then title is given to the owner of each block. Each farmer is given a substantial four-roomed cottage, stock and implements. During the time the blocks are being cleared and brought to the productive stage the men are paid 10s. a day sustenance allowance. The amount expended on the work is charged against each block, interest being capitalized until the block is productive. The farm itself is given free, with only survey fees, but plant and stock are charged for, the Agricultural Bank

making the advance, repayable in eight years; but the outlay on the block itself is treated as an advance repayable in thirty years, interest only being charged for the first ten years. Up to date there have been one hundred and thirty-six groups established, with a total expenditure of £4,276,777. The number of settlers is 2,135, and the total population—men, women and children—9,423. The area sown amounts to 48,458 acres, and the stock totals 9,423 cows and heifers, 3,339 pigs and 2,096 horses. Schools and hospitals have been set up, and gradually the amenities of modern life are becoming more and more developed.

With only a life of four years behind it, and the inevitable errors of a new experiment to be adjusted, it is impossible to dogmatize on the "Group Settlement" scheme. Comment on it was pithily put by the Controller in giving evidence before a Royal Commission when he said: "Comparing the wheat-belt conditions with those of the south-west, I consider the final issue is determined on the following basis: Wheat-belt, land 75 per cent., personal equation 25 per cent.; south-west, land 25 per cent., personal equation 75 per cent." In other words, the man who takes up the task in the south-west must have the will to "stick it," and he must have a help-meet who will stand by him and see it through with him. Life at first will be hard and to the town-dweller very strange and unfamiliar; but not for long. When muscles are hardened and conditions adapted, the new way of living becomes attractive, and as one of the wives, standing on her own verandah with a group of healthy children round her, said: "Do you think I want to go back to a place where we lived on tea, bread and margarine all the week round, and where the boss could say to my husband any Monday morning that he would not be needed? Here, at any rate, we can stay as long as we work, and we're working for ourselves all the time." As the women are a very important factor for good on the settlements, so they can

be a very bad influence. Life in a small community can be made most unpleasant by one or two quarrelsome ladies, and therefore it is important, when selecting the settlers, to pay attention to the woman as well as to the man. That there have been failures no one will deny—mistakes in the selection of the sites for the settlement, a disinclination on the part of some of the settlers to pull their weight, petty squabbles among the wives, all operated against success in some cases. But against these temporary set-backs is the undeniable fact that many groups and many members of the groups have won through in unmistakable fashion. Moreover, as these successes increase so will the percentage of failures drop. Discouraged settlers, inclined to give up, can see for themselves more and more as time goes on, from practical examples before their eyes, that it is possible to become a prosperous, contented farmer with all sorts of good prospects for the future. The scheme is there—a splendid scheme—and the men and women will be there to make it a success.

It is a thousand pities that distance from Perth made it impossible for the Duke to visit any of these settlements. With his keenness to see industrial and agricultural conditions and developments for himself, it would have been one of the most interesting experiences of the tour. But he had to be content with discussing it at second-hand and confining himself to the round of official functions in Perth itself, or in Fremantle, where T.R.H. went for a civic welcome and a children's display on the afternoon of May 20th. The same night there was a reception and ball at Government House, and next day a people's reception in the King's Park, distinguished by some very fine singing by the school-children, who were obviously excellently trained. A humorous touch was added to the proceedings by the enterprise of a Girl Guide, who established herself firmly in the crotch of a tree directly opposite to the dais on which the Duke and Duchess stood. There



she occupied herself steadily for an hour or more in "snapping" T.R.H. with the cameras of all her friends, handed up to her for that purpose, as well as any others from the crowd below anxious for such a fine "close-up" to be registered on their own films. It is to be assumed that she did it as her good deed for the day, but one wonders whether the financial possibilities of the scheme ever struck her. A quiet Sunday in the country and a visit to the Hospital on the Monday morning, when the Duke and Duchess must have talked to every patient, concluded the West Australian stay. Their send-off was very fine, as though Perth and Fremantle were united in the realization that they represented the whole of Australia in the duty of expressing to T.R.H. the genuineness of their regret, the depth of the people's love and the soundness of their loyalty. As for the impressions of T.R.H., the Duke's last message to the Governor-General speaks for itself :—

"With very great and genuine regret the Duchess of York and myself must now say 'Good-bye' to Australia. I find it difficult to express in words our gratitude to the Government and people of the Commonwealth for the wonderful welcome everywhere accorded to us and the countless kindnesses we have received.

"The demonstrations of loyalty and wholehearted affection and devotion to the Throne have far surpassed anything we had imagined, and have most deeply moved us. That loyalty to the British ideals for which the Throne and Empire stand found its highest expression in the commemoration of Anzac Day, at which it was our privilege to be present.

"We have been greatly impressed by the general appearance of virility and well-being of the people of this great continent. The strong, healthy children whom we have seen everywhere inspire a faith in the future.

"We have been no less struck by the marvellous development and progress of the country, which has taken place within a period of three generations and is still making rapid strides. A land so rich in natural resources cannot fail to

achieve its high destiny if her people continue to display those qualities of courage and perseverance which they showed in the war.

"The purpose of our mission has been fulfilled, and it will always be among the proudest memories of my life that I was called upon, as the representative of His Majesty the King, to perform the ceremony of the inauguration of the new capital city of Canberra. That event marks the opening of a new and, I am confident, glorious chapter in the history of Australia.

"We shall always take the keenest interest in the progress of this land, which we have learned to love so much, and we pray that under Divine Providence its people may continue to be blessed with happiness and prosperity."

## CHAPTER XXV

### MAURITIUS

**A**FTER leaving Fremantle, the whole ship sank into a condition of lethargy, in the endeavour to recover the energy and briskness which had been temporarily lost in the wild whirl of Society doings in the eastern States, and to some extent in Perth, and had only been partially recovered in the Bight. But the "rest cure" was rudely broken into on May 26th. On that day, in the middle of the Indian Ocean, a thousand miles from land in any direction and almost as far from the nearest ship, a very serious fire broke out in "D" boiler-room. Caused by an overflow of fuel-oil from one of the tanks, it was due to a mistake on the part of a stoker. The fire, which began in the most inaccessible part of the stokehold, quickly gained full control. The boiler-room had to be abandoned at once and flooded with water. The usual plan in cases where fire occurs in oil-burning ships is to cut off all air and let the fire burn itself out, but in this instance the presence of a large indraught fan working on its own steam made matters all the more complicated. The Engineer-Commander and his staff made superhuman efforts to reach the fan through an inferno of smoke and gas fumes and terrifying heat welling up from the flaming oil floating on the top of the water ten feet or so below the gratings. To cut the steam off at the source—the engine-room—would have meant that a very valuable adjunct in keeping the flames in check would have been lost. There was nothing for it but to make dash after

dash along the gratings, give the control gear a twitch or two and dash back again before falling exhausted. It was done at last and the boiler-room completely sealed. There was a very real danger, however, of the flames spreading to other parts of the ship and no knowing where, if that happened, the next outbreak would occur—indeed, there was one outbreak in an adjacent boiler-room, but that was quickly got under control. The bulkheads all round the burning room and the decks above it were red-hot and blistering, and on the boys' mess deck, which was directly above the seat of the fire, the water which had been poured on to it to keep the corticine from catching alight was steaming.

If there had been a spread of the fire to other parts—say to the oil tanks, which were fairly close—then it would have been a question of abandoning ship. There would not—or at any rate it is very improbable—have been an explosion of the magazines. From the very first alarm a gunner's mate was stationed in each, standing by to flood if the temperature rose above danger-point. But there might have been minor explosions in the oil tanks and thereabouts, and in that case there would have been no alternative but to leave the *Renown*. The *Sydney*, which had left Fremantle with the *Renown* for the north-west coast, was warned and altered course immediately in the direction of the battle-cruiser, and all precautions were taken, happily not to be needed. There was a complete absence of panic aboard. The ship's company went about their work, afternoon tea was served in ward-room, gun-room and on mess decks, and dinner went on as usual, though it was ten o'clock before all danger was over. There were a few anxious glances at the funnels, which were belching forth great clouds of oil fumes and steam, and a few—very few—anxious inquiries as to what the prospects were. To that calmness the attitude of the Duke and Duchess and the Royal party generally contributed much. The Duke was down as near as possible

to the seat of the fire soon after it started, while the Duchess seemed totally unconcerned at the prospect—remote or not—of a long sojourn in a small barge in the middle of those wastes of waters.

Considering the fierceness of the fire, there was considerably less damage than might have been expected. The boiler-room was naturally quite out of action and the electric light fittings completely gone, but a temporary system was immediately run. Some of the bulkheads and angle irons were warped and buckled out of line, and paint peeled off everywhere. There were only four hospital cases. One stoker was badly gassed, but quickly recovered, and there were three others of the engine-room staff who suffered from burns and scalds—one man had his feet scalded through walking in the water slopping about on the deck twenty feet away from the fire! The most striking thing about the occurrence was the manner in which the ship and the ship's company "carried on," not only when the fire was raging, but after it had been extinguished. Certainly she was stopped for two hours when the fire was at its worst, but that was a precautionary measure to reduce the indraught of air. But steam was up in another boiler three hours after the first outbreak, and the *Renown* was again doing her customary sixteen knots. In the engine-room the staff had soon removed all but the ineffaceable traces of the fire. Even on the boys' mess deck, where the corticine had been destroyed by the intense heat, there were new floor-coverings down in twenty-four hours. The British Navy does not believe in letting the grass grow under its feet.

That was practically the only incident—and an outstanding one—of the voyage across the Indian Ocean to Mauritius, that Cinderella of Great Britain's Crown Colonies. Set away like an emerald in the blue wilderness of the Indian Ocean, on no trade route, with irregular communications to any part of the world, the island lies shorn of all its glories. There was a time, before the Suez

Canal was pierced and all traffic to India and the East thereby diverted, when the harbour of Port Louis was thronged with ships throughout the year, calling there to revictual on the long northward slant from the Cape of Good Hope up to Asia. Now, save for occasional visits from the French Mail and Union Castle steamers, there is very little shipping except in the sugar season or for some inter-island traders with Rodrigues and Madagascar, Reunion and the Oil Islands. There are idealists in Mauritius who dream of the day when aerial routes are opened up and Mauritius will become a very important calling station on the way between Europe and Australia, India and South Africa. But to-day there is a drowsiness about the place as if stalled on a dead centre. Not that there is any decadence—far from it. The people to be met there are keen and up to date, keeping themselves abreast of the times by all the means in their power. They are alike proud of their French ancestry and their loyalty to the British Empire. Their sons are educated indiscriminately in England or in France, according to tradition; their wives order their dresses sometimes from the one, sometimes from the other home of fashion. Like all communities which depend for their very existence upon one staple crop—in this case sugar—Mauritius has its ups and downs. A few years ago everybody was making money hand over fist; if the price of sugar drops or the crop fails, then hard times come again. When the American operators tried to corner the total sugar output of the world, and demanded exorbitant terms from the British Sugar Commission in 1920, it was Mauritius that placed its entire crop at the disposal of the Commission at a much lower price, saving the situation and breaking the Wall Street ring.

To the cursory visitor, unversed in local politics and prejudices, the one outstanding fact about the inhabitants of Mauritius—French, Creole or Indian—is their unswerving loyalty to the Empire. New Zealand is wont to make

the proud boast—and Australia too—that they are “more British than the British.” It would be no exaggeration to apply the same epithet to Mauritians. They impress it upon one at every turn with complete sincerity and lack of lip-service. The most telling sentence in the Duke of York’s reply to the many addresses of welcome presented to him on landing ran thus: “This island will always be associated with naval engagements equally glorious to both combatants. It rejoices me to think that those age-long rivals, Britain and France, are now linked together in the bonds of a firm friendship, and that it was through their co-operation and alliance that the greatest war in history was won for the cause of liberty and right.” That sentiment brought forth the warmest applause; it struck exactly the right note—the note that sums up the Mauritian attitude to a nicety. In some ways it is curious that it should be so, for Mauritius is by no manner of means uni-racial. There are the descendants of the original French settlers, some of them refugees of the Revolution; there are a few full-blooded African negroes, the remnant of the old slave days of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; there are, as in Louisiana and the Southern States of America, Creoles; and also offspring of the French and the negroes; there are a few thousand Chinese; and, finally, there are the Indians imported to work the sugar-fields when the abolition of the slave trade cut off the labour supply from Africa. To-day these Indians and their descendants form the greater proportion of the population—two-thirds, to be exact—the figures being, according to the census of 1921: Indian population, 265,884; general population, 112,370; Chinese, 6,820; total, 385,074. Not only do they outnumber the other elements of the population, but they are gradually getting possession of the land of the island. They are good workers and they save their money. Some of them are the second or third generation of the original sugar labourers, and they still to a great extent keep their dress, habits

and customs. Since the white residents have adopted the habit of working in Port Louis and living in the hill-stations round about Curepipe, most of the property in Port Louis has passed into the hands of the Indian community, who are the landlords of both residential and business premises. That they are well-to-do there is no gainsaying. In no place during the tour were the gifts tendered to T.R.H.—the caskets and the containers of the addresses of welcome—richer or more lavish, and some of the caskets of Indian workmanship were exquisite. One specially attractive piece was a blotter on the cover of which there was a map of Mauritius in chased silver, with all the sugar-mills marked in diamonds, Port Louis by an emerald, and the two light-houses by rubies. This, however, though of local workmanship, was not the gift of any Indian community but of the sugar-growers.

After the thoroughly Western civilization of Australia and New Zealand, it was coming to the East to land at Port Louis and find the whole of the residents grouped on the sea-front in their gala attire. The Indians, in their bright-coloured dresses and richly ornamented head-dresses or snowy turbans, splashed the whole of the route from the landing-stage, where the Governor, Sir Herbert James Reid, met T.R.H., through the Place des Armes to Government House, with glowing hues all the more striking in that they were massed under the swinging fronds of palms. At Government House the ceremony of welcome took place within the two wings of an ancient French building covering three sides of a rectangle. In the courtyard were grouped the different communities, each bearing gifts of divers things. In turn they walked up a long flight of steps to the top, where stood the Duke and Duchess of York, and handed them over. It was a strange sight to see the gaily dressed Indians followed by a deputation of Frenchmen in the most correct of frock-coats and tall hats. The same effect was to be seen again in the afternoon when, on the fine race-course on the



Champ de Mars, within five minutes of the centre of the town, the Jockey Club had organized a meeting in honour of the Duke and Duchess. It is an excellently planned course, not, the Mauritians say, as good as Longchamp, but certainly as good as some of the minor courses round Paris—and they have ground for their opinion. It was a day of brilliant sunshine, and the Indians, great gamblers as they are, had turned out in force. Everywhere the eye fell there was colour in masses of flashing hues, vying with the satin coats of the jockeys and the pastel tints of the modern dresses moving about the comfortable stands and the shady lawns. T.R.H., who had lunched at Government House in company with three or four hundred of the leading men and women of the place, were present, staying until the last race, and it was a lesson to less-disciplined crowds to watch the entirely orderly way in which the crowd, surging homeward, parted to allow the Royal car to go through. There was no trouble and little delay, and, moreover, a good deal of enthusiasm.

From the races T.R.H. drove up into the hills to the summer residence—indeed, the residence all the year round now—of the Governor at Reduit. It is a gorgeous place, an old house in a modified French style with touches of English influence, standing in most spacious and splendidly laid out grounds, overlooking flourishing valleys and distant hills. Flowers were everywhere, and in the evening, at the ball given to the society of the island, illuminations enhanced the beauty of the palms and tropical trees waving in the cool mountain breeze. T.R.H. thoroughly enjoyed themselves, of that there was no doubt, seeing that for the first time on the tour they stayed and danced after they had been in to supper. The coolness of the night and the freshness of the breeze must have been welcome to them when they finally retired for the night. Next morning there was *la chasse* for the Duke. This is the name given to the elaborate deer-drives arranged by the shooting clubs every week-end during the season.

In this instance it was organized by Mr. Georges Antelme, whose father had made a lifelong study of deer-preserving and had been responsible for the *chasse* in honour of H.M. the King when he visited Mauritius in 1901. The deer—there are thousands of them in the island—were originally brought there by the Dutch when they occupied Mauritius before the French, and, it is thought, came from their East Indian possessions; at any rate, they have been two or three centuries on the island and have thriven amazingly—so much so that when a coat-of-arms was designed for the colony, it had for its supporters a dodo and a deer, the former being one of the extinct birds of the island. The method of the *chasse* is simple. The deer are driven by beaters through the low brush on the flank of a hill towards a long strip of cleared country about a mile and a half long with a width of about three or four hundred yards. The guns are stationed along one side of this and fire at the deer as they break cover from the other. Most of the butts are improvised screens of boughs, but there is one concrete one, which the Duke occupied. No does are ever shot unless by accident. The stags are lively enough, and it takes a good shot to bring down one in full career. Only a few fell to the guns on this occasion. The Duke was unlucky, but Lord Cavan and Lieutenant-Commander Buist each bagged one, so that the *Renown* feasted on venison on the way north to the Red Sea.

But the day was well worth while, apart from the sport altogether. The shoot was on the side of a hill just outside Curepipe, the second largest and the highest town in the island. From an elevation of over fifteen hundred feet the eye could take in half the island. To the north there were the fantastically shaped peaks of Pieter Botte—another reminder of Dutch occupation—and the Pouce, two of the highest points in the island, behind whose range lay Port Louis. In front, as the ground fell away eastward, there could be seen in the valley half-way across the island

the vivid green of sugar plantations, which are everywhere it is possible for them to be. Beyond that again the ground rose to higher land, getting more rugged towards the south, where, through a gap in the range, could be caught a glimmer of the Indian Ocean just north of the fine harbour of Grand Port, where was fought one of the sea battles to which the Duke referred in his speech. It was a beautiful panorama, conveying all the wealth of scenic beauty Mauritius possesses.

The Duke drove to the *chasse* through a succession of small hill-side towns all in gala garb, culminating in Curepipe, a picturesque place, where he laid a wreath on the Soldiers' Memorial—a fine piece of statuary in bronze, adapted from a cartoon by Bernard Partridge. It represents a Tommy and a Poilu, in service kit, each grasping the laurel wreath with outflung hand, symbolic of the equal heroism and equal sacrifice of the war—symbolic, too, of the twofold love that Mauritius has for the two countries. After laying the wreath the Duke made a slight detour to see the well-placed Hôtel de Ville, in the midst of its gardens and lawns, and then drove straight to the place where the *chasse* was held. The Duchess spent the morning quietly in the Government House and grounds, resting and admiring the many delightful views that the situation afforded. About noon she set out to join the Duke, driving, as he did, through the hill-side towns and being everywhere welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm. Bouquets were presented to her at half a dozen places, and at Curepipe an album subscribed for by the women—of all nationalities—of the district. She joined the Duke for lunch after the *chasse*. This lunch was held in what the Mauritians call a *salle vert*, a huge pavilion of green boughs interlaced through timber uprights and thatched with dried grasses and palm and sugar-cane leaves. The whole interior was a mass of greenery, walls and ceilings both, even the rafters being covered with festoons of deep green foliage. Through the

green electric lights peeped at intervals and tables were heaped with tropical blooms. The whole thing was most effectively picturesque, especially when, after the lunch, the guests walked out from the cool green interior into the strong sunlight and saw the wide panorama laid out before them.

From the lunch, at which there were no speeches and only the loyal toast, T.R.H. drove back to Reduit through the same villages, still protesting their loyalty vigorously, or else through veritable groves of healthy-looking sugarcane growing right up to the roadway. For they do not trouble about footpaths in Mauritius. The population take the middle of the road, though they have a healthy respect for the many motor-cars which the exceptionally well-made roads of the island tempt to speed trials—indeed, that is at once the pride and the sore point of the island. The authorities have driven excellent roads in all the chief directions through the island, and the result has been that the railways are struggling from hand to mouth from year to year. Motor traffic, both for goods and passengers, is far to be preferred, and, except for the heavy traffic at crushing-time, the railways do not pay as they should.

From Government House the Duke returned to the *Renown*, from which he paid his official call on the *Effingham*, the Flagship of the East Indian Squadron, which had welcomed the battle-cruiser to Port Louis. The Duchess spent most of her afternoon in paying a visit to the famous Pamplemousse Gardens, about fifteen miles out of St. Louis. There, among the beautiful shady groves, beside the stretches of water, along the avenues of stately trees, she saw what the genius and the art of a long-dead French Governor had done to beautify the surroundings of his home. When he died the place was kept until to-day in almost the same condition as he left it, and now it stands a monument for all time. Within its grounds stands the mausoleum of Paul and Virginia, hero and

heroine alike of the famous romance which has Mauritius as its background. The Duchess also returned to the ship before the evening, and an official dinner-party closed the visit to the island, which it is safe to say T.R.H. left most regretfully, despite the implication of the unfortunate misprint which occurred in one of the papers when it was arranged that the visit should be curtailed by a day. The official announcement sent out from the Colonial Secretary was made to read: "The Colonial Secretary announces that Their Royal Highnesses cannot *stand* more than two days in Mauritius!" The word should have been "stay."

## CHAPTER XXVI

### MALTA

THE voyage homewards through the tropics was much pleasanter than had been the journey outwards. Then the *Renown* clung to the latitudes nearest the Equator on a long slant from Jamaica to Fiji; on the return she mercifully took the direct route and crossed the tropics and the Equator almost at a right angle, so that the hot weather did not last nearly as long nor was it anything like as trying. There was one day in the Red Sea, though, that was almost unbearable, fittingly illustrating why the southern entrance to that dreadful stretch of water is called Bab-el-Mandeb—the Gates of Hell. The *Renown* anchored for oiling at Great Hanish Island, a bare, desolate, volcanic patch without inhabitants and almost without vegetation. The oiler was waiting there and came alongside at once—indeed, so anxious was her skipper to get away from the terrifying heat that he “shoved off” as soon as ever the work of filling the *Renown*’s tanks was completed, and without anchoring made straight for Aden. He declared he wanted to go “somewhere where it was cool”! That in itself is significant of what the ship’s company had to endure, when anyone can evince a preference for Aden against any other place in the world. But oiling was not the only purpose of the stay. After completing three-quarters and more of the trip round the world the ship was in need of painting, and it was unthinkable that she should enter into the stronghold of the Mediterranean Fleet at Malta looking like a “dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smokestack.”

So, as was the case when the *Renown* was there before—for, incredible as it may appear, she has been twice to the spot, with both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York—it was all hands to the paint pots and brushes. Stagings were rigged overside, and from the first sign of daylight the painting parties were at it—hard. They seemed to feel that the harder they worked the sooner they would be away out of that stifling atmosphere, to breathe which was like breathing warm cotton-wool. There was no breeze to bring relief, except little vagrant puffs now and then to tantalize with their promise, unfulfilled, of more. Seaward there was nothing to break the level line of the horizon except once a dhow creeping in to the fishing-grounds. Shoreward the raw red and black lava cliffs blistered with heat and tumbling down haphazardly to a beach that was strewn with rotten and rotting seaweed and fish—an infernal place. Nevertheless, the Duke was so keen on sport that he landed one afternoon and again in the very early hours of the next morning for a shot at the gazelles which somehow manage to find enough to eat on the slopes of the hill-sides and along the foreshore. He got one, too, thereby earning a reward which he thoroughly deserved. Meanwhile the painting parties had done their part so expeditiously, that the ship was ready for sea again several hours before the arranged hour of departure, and no time was lost in weighing anchor.

Up the Red Sea a northerly breeze tempered conditions, and by the time Suez was reached the tropics were behind and everybody began to feel more comfortable. The *Renown* hardly stopped her engines at the entrance to the Canal and went right through, taking the whole of the day to do the journey. There was some political controversy on at the time, and as Egyptian extremists are never very controllable, it was thought wiser for T.R.H. not to land anywhere, and also that the *Renown*, on reaching Port Said, should not moor in the harbour but go right

on into the roadstead five miles out. Lord Lloyd, the High Commissioner, however, found time from his exacting duties to call on T.R.H. as the *Renown* steamed up the Canal. Coming through by train from Cairo, he boarded one of the speed-boats maintained by the Canal Company, and foamed up to the *Renown* at thirty or more knots. Transferring to a more sedate launch, he came aboard with all due compliments, and spent some time with the Duke, acquainting him with all the latest developments of the political crisis, which happily at the moment had taken a very favourable turn.

The passage of the *Renown* through Port Said had a very spectacular side. It was dark when she made her exit from the Canal and into the harbour. Dimly on either side could be seen the bows of merchantmen, anchored there for the morrow's trip through the Canal or out to sea. On each bow there were grouped the crews. From them, all the way, came bursts of cheering, the National Anthem sung lustily, if without accompaniment, or sometimes "For they are jolly good fellows." A light flashed here and there to throw the buildings on the water-front into high relief for an instant or two. Rowing-boats and motor-launches played round the ship with men and women on them in evening dress, all in the half-light and with a sense of the mystery of the East translated into a Western environment. The *Renown* stopped her engines outside the harbour to land the pilot and take on provisions, the latter the result of a foray by the messmen, who had "landed and proceeded by train" from Suez very early that morning. By nine o'clock she was under way again and soon at her anchorage. There she stayed only long enough to receive the mails from England, which the *Mooltan* brought, and at six o'clock in the morning the run to Malta was commenced.

It was at Malta that the *Renown* once more found herself in touch again with the real Navy. Though depleted by the absence of the battleships *Malaya*, *Barham*



and *Royal Sovereign*, which were in Egyptian waters, there were sufficient King's ships left to make the arrival and the entry a most imposing one. Well outside Valetta Harbour, a complete destroyer flotilla met and escorted the *Renown* to the entrance. As she straightened up after passing the breakwaters she moved between two long lines of grey warships, the ungainly bulk of the aircraft carrier *Eagle* contrasting with the graceful little *Bryony*, now acting as the Admiral's yacht. Dominating the scene was the Flagship, the *Warspite*, her battleship lines and much-accentuated bulges giving her a stance in the water that reminded one of a bulldog. Every ship was dressed and manned, and as the Royal battle-cruiser moved stately through the crowded waters under a cloudless sky of Mediterranean blue, every ship fired its Royal salute, to be answered by the batteries on shore. It really seemed that the siege of the island by the Turks was again in progress, and that the batteries of Christians and Infidels were answering one another across the narrow waters. The whole ceremonial was an impressive piece of Navy work, and there was no hitch to mar the dignity of it all—that is, viewing it from a civilian's and not through naval eyes, though it is extremely doubtful whether a critic could have picked holes in the ceremony. As soon as the *Renown* was secured to her buoys, the picturesque *dghaisas*, as the shore-boats are called, with their gaily painted hulls and galley-like stem and stern posts, clustered thickly round, each with its cargo of enthusiasts keen for the first sight of the Royal pair. Here and there were more modern craft—a motor-launch, a ferry steamer pressed into the excursion business, some typical Western rowboats, all rather spoiling the Byzantine effect of it. Set on the green of the harbour waters, the changing colours of the quickly shifting throng of craft made a most spectacular kaleidoscope, while ashore the dun-coloured massifs of the fortifications, crowned by the populace of Valetta in gay summer garb and with flags

fluttering everywhere in the brisk breeze, made an effective background to the whole scene.

Formal calls were soon in progress, headed by the official one from the Governor-General, Sir John Du Cane, and followed by the Acting Bishop of Malta, Mgr. L. Camilleri, the Admiral of the Station, Sir Roger Keyes, several naval and air force officers, and Sir Ugo Mifsud, the Head of the Ministry. As usual, these visits were followed at a short interval by the landing of T.R.H. with their suite. They were met at the Custom House steps by the Ministers of the Malta Government, the Chief Justice (Sir Arturo Merciaeca), the Commissioner of Police and various other officials and dignitaries, who were all presented to the Duke and Duchess. Addresses of welcome were read by the Head of the Ministry on behalf of the people of Malta and by Colonel Sir Edgar Bernard on behalf of the Overseas League, and the Duke having replied, the procession passed on its way, through continuous lines of cheering people, who varied the cheers by salvos of vigorous hand-clapping, the Maltese way of showing their enthusiasm. The streets were well and tastefully decorated, the Strada Reale, narrow though it is, looking particularly effective with its cross-garlands of flags and greenery and its Venetian masts with bannerets fluttering. At the ancient palace, which when it was the castle of the Grand Master of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem must have witnessed many pageants as rich and imposing, the Duke remained long enough for an investiture of Sir Ugo Mifsud with his order of K.B.E., and Dr. A. Critien and Mr. E. R. Mifsud with the insignia of O.B.E. There were many presentations in the throne-room of the leading personages of the island. At the close of this reception T.R.H. were shown over the palace by the Governor, and for the first time since they landed came into close touch with the vanished glories of Malta when it was the home of the Knights of St. John, ablaze with riches and armour redolent of all that chivalry meant,

all that spirit of the sixteenth century which gave us Drake and Frobisher, Howard and Grenville, and gave the Knights a succession of noble Masters and Knights, scions of all the highest houses of Europe, pledged to make war on the Infidels whenever they should meet them, and bound by the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. As the Order became more military than religious, however, the vow of poverty was very lightly regarded, and when the Knights were recruited from the reigning houses of Europe's many principalities and powers money flowed in from all quarters. The evidence of the wealth of these Knights even now existent in Malta is almost unbelievable. In the famous armoury of the palace there are suits of armour that are almost literally priceless, as is the case with the panoply for man and horse made for Grand Master Alof de Wignacourt, all of steel inlaid with gold. It is not too much to say that a million pounds and more is represented in that room alone. Almost as richly endowed is another room of the palace, the legislative chamber, where both the Representatives and the Senate meet. It was used by the Knights as a council chamber, and was known by them as the Hall of the Animals, because the walls were covered then, as now, by a gorgeous set of Gobelin tapestries, representing the animals and birds of South America from designs by the Prince of Nassau. They were presented to the Order by Grand Master Perellos, and as the Turks captured them when they were on their way to Malta, the Master had to pay their worth again to ransom them. But that did not seem to deter him from spending the wealth that was so easily come by. He it was who presented to the Church of St. John, the Conventual Church of the Order, what is perhaps the most famous set of Gobelin tapestries in the world. They are only hung during Pentecost and on a few feast-days, and are truly magnificent specimens of the art of the tapestry-makers of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Rubens designed the cartoons,

and the work came from the factory of Judecos de Vos. The cathedral was among the earliest works to be taken in hand when it was decided to abandon the St. Angelo side of the harbour, after the Turks had been beaten off in 1565 by the Knights under Grand Master Valetta. Valetta was to be an impregnable barrier against the Infidels and, more, it was to be a city of palaces and churches worthy in every way of the Order and its high ideals. So every Grand Master took special pride in beautifying the church of their Order. One is hardly prepared for the magnificence of the interior, judging from the dignified simplicity of the exterior. The walls soar upwards to the high vaulted roof, painted from end to end with wondrous scenes from the Bible and other religious episodes, divided from each other by ribs of heavily gilded stone. At the end of the vast nave towers the high altar, designed by Bernini, the Italian sculptor and architect, whose greatest achievement is the colossal colonnade of St. Peter's at Rome. The chapels surrounding the nave were each allotted to a different "language," into eight of which the Order was divided, corresponding really to the eight nations who had Knights in the Order. These "languages" were especially proud to embellish their own chapels, and the results are that these chapels vie with the cathedral itself in the richness of their appointments and the beauty of their carved and cast monuments. The whole floor of the church and chapels alike is covered with beautifully worked memorial mosaics, each commemorating a Grand Master or a famous Knight of the Order. The whole environment leaves the ordinary visitor despairing of ever being able to take in all its glories or adequately to describe them.

When the palace had been inspected by T.R.H. they left for San Antonio Palace, stopping on the way to lay the foundation-stone of Greater Valetta, as its people like to refer to the proposed extension of the city. Its purpose is to develop the area, at present unused, between

Valetta proper and the suburban—or rather urban—area of Floriana, with a new road of access to Valetta as its axis. The Duke and Duchess rested at the palace for the remainder of the afternoon, and in the evening they were the guests of Sir Roger Keyes for a dinner and dance at Admiralty House.

Saturday morning was “officially” free, but that fact did not deter the Duke and Duchess from their wonted activities. The Duke tried out some of the ponies he was to ride the same afternoon in a game of polo, and the Duchess spent an hour or two in exploring the palace and grounds. At noon two functions occurred which were not on the list, but which in both cases concerned institutions which have never failed to appeal to T.R.H. The first was a visit to the Malta War Memorial Hospital, which, touchingly enough, has been devoted to sick children, as though the Maltese were determined that the children of the generation who had fought their battles and “gone on” should know and remember that it was for them that the supreme sacrifice had been made. The other visit was to the Sailors’ Rest, where they made careful inquiry into the domestic and financial arrangements of the Rest, and took the keenest interest in the class of food and refreshments provided. A Ministerial luncheon, tendered by the head of the Ministry, Sir Ugo Mifsud, followed in the No. 10, Downing Street of Malta, the Auberge d’Aragon, in itself an interesting survival of the days of the Knights. Each of the “languages,” to which reference has already been made, had an auberge or palace, where the young Knights of the Order were housed and trained and such of the elder Knights who did not keep up a State of their own lived, as well as the squires, or, as they were termed, “serving brothers.” There are seven of these auberges left in Valetta to-day, all, of course, doing duty as business premises or public institutions. The Auberge de Provence, for example, is the Union Club, the Auberge d’Auvergne the Courts of

Justice, the Auberge d'Italie the National Museum, the Auberge d'Aragon the Ministerial headquarters. The Auberge de Castille, a splendid example of how a Maltese architect could impose a Spanish influence on the native style, is used for various public purposes. There remain the auberges of France and of Great Britain, though as the English were never very numerous in the Order they shared their palace with the Bavarians, another small community in the Order.

In the afternoon, on her arrival at San Antonio after the luncheon, the Duchess found awaiting her a very special specimen of Maltese lace in the form of a scarf presented to her by the ladies of Malta. The Duke, acting on behalf of the admirers of the King's Own Band, which was performing at the garden-party, presented the band with a banner, and in the gardens planted a jacaranda-tree, using for the purpose a spade which had been used by all the members of the Royal Family for similar purposes since King Edward visited the island in April 1903. After the garden-party the Duke hurried off to the Sports Ground, where he had not only the satisfaction of being on the winning side of a spirited game of polo, but hit three out of the four goals himself. A State dinner at the palace and an attendance at the gala performance at the Theatre Royal in the evening completed the day's programme. The gala performance was a most creditable rendering of the *Belle of New York*, that old and tried favourite, well produced and well sung in spite of the handicap of doing it in what was to all the performers—who were Maltese—a more or less foreign language.

Sunday was entirely a day of rest, most of it being spent on Lord Louis Mountbatten's yacht, the *Shrimp*. On it they went round out of Valetta Harbour to St. Paul's Bay, about ten miles or so along the coast, and there T.R.H. "lazed" to their hearts' content. It was from the *Shrimp*, too, that the Duke and Duchess watched the gorgeous aquatic carnival in the evening, which turned the

harbour into fairyland. Every *dghaisa* on the water-front had been requisitioned for the fête, and every one of them carried a lantern, sometimes two or three, so that the water round the *Renown* looked like a moving carpet of stars. Every warship in the harbour was illuminated for the occasion, and the Royal Rose of York and the flaming flambeaux on the *Renown* were answered across the stream by the red and white of the Admiral's flag on the *Warspite*. Most of the privately owned launches and yachts were strung with Chinese lanterns or with wreaths of electric lights, and the occupants were gay in evening frocks and white flannels. Finally, there was a procession of illuminated boats competing for prizes for the most artistic and the most original designs. Here the resourcefulness of the Navy vied with that of the Maltese in the devising of effective tableaux. Perhaps the best entry was a barge from the *Warspite*, decked in the semblance of an old-world garden, embowered with roses and trellises of flowers, boasting a summer-house and fountain and, so that the illusion should be complete, a belle and beau in furbelows and periwig strolling through its fragrant pathways. Another striking exhibit was a sinuous Chinese dragon about forty feet long, breathing veritable green flames and brimstone, and manœuvring through the crowded harbour with a good deal of skill. The evening ended with the Duke and Duchess steaming through the throng of boats and watching the procession of decorated craft from the *Shrimp*, while the fireworks blazed from the shore and all the fortifications were bathed in light.

Even on the morning of departure the Duke and Duchess found time to visit the King George Memorial Hospital for Seamen and to pay a formal call on the *Warspite*, the Duke taking the salute from the whole ship's company filing past him as he stood on a platform well aft on the quarter-deck. Back on the *Renown*, for departure a little before noon, there followed one of those complicated but nevertheless most dignified ceremonial departures which

only the British Navy can accomplish to perfection. As a matter of course, every ship in the harbour was dressed and manned, as indeed was the *Renown*, for the arrival on board of T.R.H., when the Standard was broken at the masthead and the Royal salute fired. As the big battle-cruiser moved away from her buoys, salutes were fired from every King's ship, and as the *Renown* came abreast of each the crews broke ranks and cheered "Navy fashion," both as regards the volume of sound and the method, the whole of each ship cheering to the word of command and standing with cap aloft until the word was given "On caps." The harbour was again thronged with shore craft, and the departure was just as imposing and memorable as the entry. Outside the breakwaters there lay the *Royal Sovereign*, back from Port Said, the puffs of smoke from her saluting guns being all that showed that she was honouring the departure of the Duke and Duchess, the sound of the firing being carried down-wind. As soon as the *Renown* turned northward to round the island, the destroyer flotilla which had been waiting outside to escort her took station, four on each quarter, with the flotilla leader—the *Montrose*—ahead. They continued for some miles in this formation, and then, as a parting display, the whole flotilla went through a series of complicated evolutions, including a most interesting display of naval mobility, ending with the whole line coming down the starboard side of the *Renown* at about half a cable-length's distance, the crews manning ship and cheering the Duke and Duchess, who were on deck throughout, as they passed abreast and swung away to Valetta again. It was altogether a day which brought us once more into touch with the Royal Navy at its very best, whether that best was in evidence on the *Renown* herself—and we had become used to that—or on the ships of the Mediterranean Fleet.

It was with regret that Malta was watched fading into the summer haze astern. Nearly everybody on board,



from the Duke himself, had spent some part of his service-time there and had of necessity formed an affection for the island and the city that has endured. It is no wonder. Malta, surely more than any other place of like size in the world, possesses most varied attractions for the historian, the romanticist, the anthropologist, the ethnologist, the scientist and the ordinary tourist. It is compact of the romance of history and the history of romance. For the record of the unnumbered centuries lies bare to the sight, from the days when some unknown race of neolithic man scored the island with the extraordinary cart-ruts which cross and recross it in every direction and always disappear (such as can be followed so far) into the sea. Six or seven thousand years ago another race set about building the wonderful neolithic temples at Tarxien, at Hagiar, Kim and Mnajdra—wonderful structures, especially the triple place of worship at the first-named, with its well-cut stones, all worked by flint without a trace of metal, and their surface carved in heavy relief into beautiful spiral design, or in the models of goats, sheep, bulls and sows, evidencing a boldness of line and certainty of touch which sets indubitable proof that the artists who drew and sculptured them were possessed of a very high degree of culture. The same people—whoever they were—hollowed out of the solid rock, many feet below the surface, the marvellous Hypogeum, near Valetta, a series of underground temples and connecting passages which must have been utilized for religious worship of some sort—in fact, their purpose is becoming increasingly plain as investigation proceeds and the facts and indications are becoming correlated. Pottery was found in it when it was excavated—as it was also at the other neolithic temples—of very excellent design, and also clay statuettes that were quite modern in treatment. To hollow out the series of chambers in the rock with nothing more than flint tools must have been a most gigantic task, taking generations to complete, and on such a scale is this temple and the others mentioned

that it is surmised that Malta was once the Holy Island of the Mediterranean race, whither voyaged those in search of spiritual consolation or of oracular advice on their affairs. By some, indeed, it was known as the Sacred Island. Later still, when the people who had built these temples had abandoned them and the pilgrims had ceased to come, a Bronze Age people made their burial-places over the site of the temples. Their incinerary urns in large numbers were found in the dust and debris which had covered the neolithic temples. At Tarxien hundreds of these urns were found, together with typical Bronze Age implements and ornaments.

History proper, except such as can be read into the stones of the temples and the ruts along the living rock, began when the Phœnicians founded trading centres there in the fifteenth century before Christ. It was then called by them Maleth, a place of shelter, a haven of rest, and doubtless earned its title from the storm-tossed mariners who in their little ships were voyaging to and from Britain for tin and down the coast of Africa for gold and for "ivory, apes, and peacocks." Since then every Power which held the Mediterranean held Malta also. The Greeks took it from the Phœnicians, though, as elsewhere in the Greek colonies, they left hardly any traces behind them, unlike the nation they dispossessed, for many graves and other evidences of the Phœnicians are to be found in the island. The Greeks called the island Melita, and it has also been identified by some with the Hyperion or Ogygia of Homer. Carthage revenged the Phœnician dispossession in 480 B.C. when she drove out the Greeks and held the island until the Second Punic War brought it into the hands of Rome, where it remained for centuries, first of all through the mighty days of the Republic and then of the Empire, finally passing to the Eastern Empire. In the years of that Empire's decadence both the Vandals and the Goths harried the island, and although it was recovered by Belisarius in the sixth century A.D., Malta's

glory departed. Rome left many traces of her rule. There is outside Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital, the ruins of a Roman villa of great extent and very evidently the home of a high official. One likes to think that it was the residence of the Governor Publius, "the chief man of the island," who befriended the Apostle Paul when he was wrecked there. Close to that villa was raised the first Christian Church on the island, and in the cathedral to-day, which stands on the very site, there is a painting of the Virgin Mary which tradition ascribes to St. Luke. There, again, we bring Melita into Biblical history, though so far as the actual records go there is very little to be garnered of its story for the next four hundred years or so. The Arabs finally wrecked the Byzantine power in 870 and contemptuously built their tombs on the ruins of the Roman villa in Citta Vecchia. They in turn were driven out by Roger the Norman, the King of Sicily, and a statue stands to his honour still in one of the squares of the outer town of Citta Vecchia. For a century and a half the island was held by Sicily, and was frequently allotted to the creditors of that country, who were bidden recompense themselves out of taxes levied on the inhabitants. Pedro of Aragon conquered it in 1282, and from his hands it passed to the dominions of Charles V. That monarch gave the island in 1530 to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who, driven from Rhodes by the Turks, had wandered homeless for many years.

Of the story through the next three centuries, when Malta rose to magnificence, when chivalry was the watchword, when all Europe trusted to the Knights to keep at bay the power of the Sultans and the Corsairs, much has been written, much more could be written. Few epochs in the Christian era are more redolent of romance. Its Knights came from the greatest families in the whole land, its wealth was prodigious, its power immense. Valetta to-day stands as an embodiment of what that

power must have been in the days of the greatest eminence of the Order. Everywhere one finds evidence of it, from the stupendous fortifications rising tier on tier from the water's edge to the richly furnished churches. In the library there are unending records to be perused that take the reader step by step, year by year, through the glories and the pageantry of that time. When the Order decayed and its members lost the high ideals of that age of chivalry, the downfall of Malta was at hand. When Napoleon was on the way to his disastrous Egyptian campaign, the last Grand Master surrendered the island to him, but the Maltese rebelled against the high-handed actions of the General he left in charge, and after two years they forced the French to capitulate. At their own request England undertook the protection of Malta, and the Treaty of Paris laid it down that "the island of Malta and its dependencies shall belong in full sovereignty to His Britannic Majesty." So it has remained ever since. And if the visit of the Duke and Duchess can be taken as a criterion, its loyalty and its affection for the British Crown stands higher to-day than ever. "In their triumphal progress through the Australasian dominions," said the *Daily Malta Chronicle* in its final editorial, "the Duke and Duchess have everywhere been received with the utmost enthusiasm, but we are perfectly certain that nowhere have loyalty and devotion been more sincerely and enthusiastically expressed than in Little Malta, Gem of the Mediterranean and the proudest nation within the British Empire."

## CHAPTER XXVII

### -AND SO HOME

THERE were only two or three perfect Mediterranean days, with a crisply blue sea reflecting the deep Tyrrhenean sky, before Gibraltar was reached on June 23rd. A clear night gave place, before dawn, to a sea fog, and the *Renown* nosed her way landward, hearing the sirens and receiving the wireless of the two destroyers sent out from the harbour to act as her escort. The ships themselves were absolutely invisible to each other, but they took station in the smother, and when the mists cleared they were in their correct positions astern of the big battle-cruiser—a smart piece of work. As soon as the fog had lifted, the “*Lion couchant*” lay in cloudless sunshine a few miles to the northward, Cape Europa showing up boldly and the wide sweep of Algeciras Bay thrusting welcoming arms forward in greeting. Steaming slowly and yet more slowly along the western face of the Rock, with the town lying clustered thickly at its base, the *Renown*, making more than a right-angled turn, went up to her berth at the main wharf as expeditiously and as effortlessly as she had ever done during the whole cruise. It was truly a brilliant morning, and the grim outlines of the famous fastness were softened in the glow of the sunshine that seemed determined to make the last port of call of T.R.H. as serene and as radiant as any that had gone before. As the warship moved up harbour the ships were dressed and the two destroyers fetched their berths, manned as well. Ashore there could be seen many

decorations and fluttering bunting, and over it all the sun streamed down.

The day's programme was not a very exacting one. The Governor, Sir C. C. Monro, G.C.B., paid his formal call soon after the *Renown* was berthed, and was received with all due formality on the quarter-deck. He was followed a little later by Rear-Admiral Sir C. S. Townsend, who, by the way, was Beachmaster at Gallipoli during the original landing, and so in a measure linked up anew for T.R.H. their Australian associations and memories. Gibraltar is one of the most densely populated places in the world, and when the Duke and Duchess landed for the last "foreign" procession of their tour, it really seemed as though the whole of that available population had poured themselves into the narrow streets of the town to greet them as tumultuously as any other welcoming crowds had ever done. It was a difficult matter for the cars to thread their way slowly through the press, and as soon as the last car had passed, the people broke all barriers and followed in a jostling mass to the square between the Exchange Building and the City Hall. There a dais had been erected and the invited guests were seated in rows before it. Back of them again was the populace, who had eluded the well-meant efforts of an efficient police force to keep them back. A distinct Spanish note was present not only in the dressing but also in the appearance and the carriage of the assemblage, especially as regards the gentler sex, and there was no gainsaying the fact that Andalusia was just across the strip of sandy plain outside the ramparts that is known as North Front or neutral ground. Only two addresses were delivered, one of which was from the newly constituted City Council, a circumstance to which the Duke in his reply very appositely referred. After the formal welcome T.R.H. drove away at a pace which accelerated smartly when the gate in the ramparts known as the Waterport was passed, and the cars began a rather hair-raising ascent to the

Waterworks, along streets still narrow and so steeply pitched that when they stopped marines and soldiers of the garrison were at hand to block the wheels and keep them from sliding backwards downhill again.

The Gibraltar authorities are very justly proud of their water-supply. With no natural reservoir to draw upon, neither in springs nor watercourse, it is entirely on the rainfall that they must rely, and they have had to create large catchment areas on the steep slopes of the Rock to fill the reservoirs. These specially prepared catchment areas are two in number, one on the west side and the other on the east side of the Rock. The former is just the natural rock surface—about fifteen acres in extent—denuded of vegetation and with all the crevices filled up with concrete, and the other is a more artificial one, consisting of twenty-three acres of galvanized sheets laid over a sand slope on timber framing. The water which falls on these areas is collected in reservoirs constructed by tunnelling in the heart of the rock, and distributed therefrom to the houses and other buildings by a system of gravitation. These reservoirs are six in number, the first having been constructed by convict labour in 1866 and the rest between 1898 and 1915. Their total capacity is over eight million gallons, and in a year of normal rainfall they are easily kept filled. It was a distinct shock for the Royal party to arrive outside the tunnel which led to these reservoirs and through the centre of the Rock itself, on a day that was if anything a thought too hot for comfort, and plunge immediately they entered the tunnel into a temperature that demanded thick top-coats or other unseasonable covering. Emerging again, both the Duke and the Duchess planted a tree in honour of the occasion, using for the purpose a gaily decorated spade which had also been used by H.M. the King on a similar occasion. It must be said that the Duke, in a humorous mood, complained rather forcibly about the inadequacy of the working surface of the tool, which indeed resembled

the sand spade of a small child. But it sufficed for its purpose.

After leaving the Waterworks the procession went on a little farther up the winding road which leads to the summit. A sharp look-out was kept for the Barbary apes which once added their own fame to the Rock, but their ranks have been sadly denuded of late years owing to their destructiveness, and only a wretched remnant still live on the rock-bound slopes. Out to the cliffs above Europa Point, where Ceuta could be seen plainly and the Twin Pillars of Hercules were visible, the procession went, and then dipped down sharply into the town again, past comfortable, Spanish-looking residences, and through the Alameda, where, in the midst of flourishing sub-tropical vegetation and well-kept lawns, are situated some of the public buildings of the town. Crowds still thronged the streets to Government House, and were not to be satisfied until they were certain that the Royal visitors had really gone into the Government House grounds and would not be visible again for some time. The drive, short as it was, served very well to emphasize, in the first place, how impregnable a place already defended by nature can be made by engineering. With its precipitous northern and eastern faces and its hardly less steep southern and western massifs, it is a wonderful thing to contemplate that an English force was able to wrest it from the Spanish in 1704, and not so wonderful to realize how it was possible to hold it through the famous siege of 1779-83. It still keeps traces of its Moorish history, and T.R.H. passed on their way to the Waterworks the old Moorish castle which dominates the town to the northward, while, of course, Spanish influence is everywhere apparent.

The rest of the day—afternoon and evening—was devoted to a garden-party in the Government House grounds and the usual presentation of guests, an inspection of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides on the Alameda—quite a creditable turn-out—a dinner-party on board the *Renown*,



and finally, in the evening, a most picturesque harbour fête, with illuminated craft clustering round the bulk of the battle-cruiser and weaving in and out in a measure of gaily coloured lights reflected in the calm waters of the harbour. Here and there the tinkle of a guitar reminded one that Spain was all round us, but the romantic sound was soon drowned in the full-throated chorus of brass and wind from the combined bands of the garrison, who went through a programme on the deck of a harbour tug drifting abeam of the *Renown* and ever and again steaming into position. The programme of items was guilty of a delicious little bit of unconscious humour. First came the list of selections, ranging from "Il Trovatore" to Gilbert and Sullivan, then the "stage direction," "As H.M.S. *Renown* leaves harbour," followed by another list of pieces, including all the regimental marches, and finally the cream of it all, "As H.M.S. *Renown* is about to move off": Hymn, "Now thank we all our God."

The *Renown* did not, however, seem to resent the implication, for as she passed through the entrance and moved more freely in the waters of Algeciras Bay there was a very striking firework display from her fo'c'sle, arranged partly as a farewell to Gibraltar, partly perhaps in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, salutes to which had been fired earlier in the day.

The last four days at sea were spent not only in making all preparations for landing but also in a round of farewells, which were quite saddening to those who had followed the fortunes of the cruise for the past six months and had been identified with it throughout. Even the ship's company had to face the same sobering reflections, for it was known on board well in advance that the same cheery ward-room and gun-room company who had been such welcome companions would never meet as a whole again, my Lords of the Admiralty having already made provision elsewhere for many of the officers, while the midshipmen were, as to a few at any rate, looking forward

to their "Destroyer time." Curiously enough, most of them were anticipating it joyfully, though the difference between the broad decks and comparatively roomy flats of a battle-cruiser and the cramped quarters and general discomfort of a destroyer at sea must be amazing. Leave-takings were the order of the day.

The day after leaving Gibraltar the ward-room "dined" the Duke and Duchess and the whole of the staff, and the Duke, in reply to the toast of their health, proposed by Commander N. C. Moore, as President of the mess, was warmly grateful for the way in which the officers of the ship had done their part in making the tour a success from every point of view. And be it said here that the Duke's encomiums were very richly deserved. No one can have but the slightest conception of the extra work and the extra strain involved in the carrying out of a Royal tour. There is first of all the anxiety consequent on the responsibility devolving upon every officer, from the Captain to the last-joined watch-keeper and the junior midshipman of the watch. There is secondly the keenness to see that every part of the ship is swept and garnished and kept to the highest state of efficiency worthy of the great occasion. That primarily is the responsibility of the Commanders—Commander N. C. Moore, Engineer-Commander E. Sutton and the Major of Marines, Major T. L. Hunton, whose task of supplying innumerable "guards and bands" for the many dignitaries who came aboard, as well as, of course, Royal guards for the Duke and Duchess embarking or disembarking, was always onerous and never in fault. "Pay" and "P.M.O.," one Pay-Commander J. M. Hodges and the other Surgeon-Commander G. R. McCowen, did their part as ably, if less prominently, as their colleagues.

Then there came a long list of Lieutenant-Commanders. No one who met them in the relaxed atmosphere of the ward-room would guess that on duty they were a team so efficient and so keen that in their charge there was not

one serious hitch that could be by any manner of means attributed to them. "Number One," the navigator, Lieutenant-Commander G. Curteis, since deservedly promoted to Commander (N.), and *his* "Number One," Lieutenant-Commander M. J. Mansergh, were both quiet and unassuming, accepting the chaff of the ward-room imperturbably when vociferously congratulated on finding the land, and never for one moment forgetful of their responsibility at sea.

Then there was Lieutenant-Commander J. G. Leach, the popular "Guns," who had been primarily responsible for the "shoot" arranged for the benefit of the Dominion Premiers a few months before, when the *Renown*, but fresh from the Dockyard, had scored a hundred per cent. efficiency test, and was specially congratulated thereon by the Commander-in-Chief of the Battle-Cruiser Squadron when he hauled down his flag. It was "Guns" who, to his other duties, added that of *liaison* officer between the ship's company and the Royal party. His functions, indeed, were innumerable; not only did he act as a connecting-link between the two, but it was his task to organize the attendance of the officers at all the official and private functions for which invitations had been received—of which more anon. "The Chief" (Engineer-Commander E. Sutton) and his "Senior" (Lieutenant-Commander H. E. le Poidevin) made an unbeatable pair in their own sphere, and their work during the outbreak of fire in the Indian Ocean was splendid. Then there was "Torps" (Lieutenant-Commander H. H. J. Hodgson), cumbered about with the cares of much housekeeping, for it was under his charge that the laundry fell, and the laundry was all that the word implies in the pages of the comic papers. In addition, he allotted accommodation and superintended the cinema programmes, and therefore had to run the usual gauntlet of adverse criticism to which every programme, even one of super-productions, is invariably subjected. In between his multifarious duties he found

time to oversee the torpedo department and even to give some demonstrations for the benefit of the Duke and Duchess.

Others whose work was less under the notice of mere civilians were, first, Lieutenant-Commander the Hon. C. E. R. Spencer, who might be described as O.C. Communications, and as such was most rightly quite uncommunicative to the importunate Pres-men as to the actual state of wireless and other transimission—for which they honoured him and loved him. Lieutenant-Commander C. H. Drage's duties were the least conspicuous to the "afterguard" and the most important to the ship's company, for it was on his shoulders that the whole burden lay of seeing that their entertainment and amusement in port and at sea alike were well looked after. For that work he earned the congratulations of the ward-room mess when they assembled on the last night at sea to say farewell, for he was one of those whose departure from the mess was earliest known.

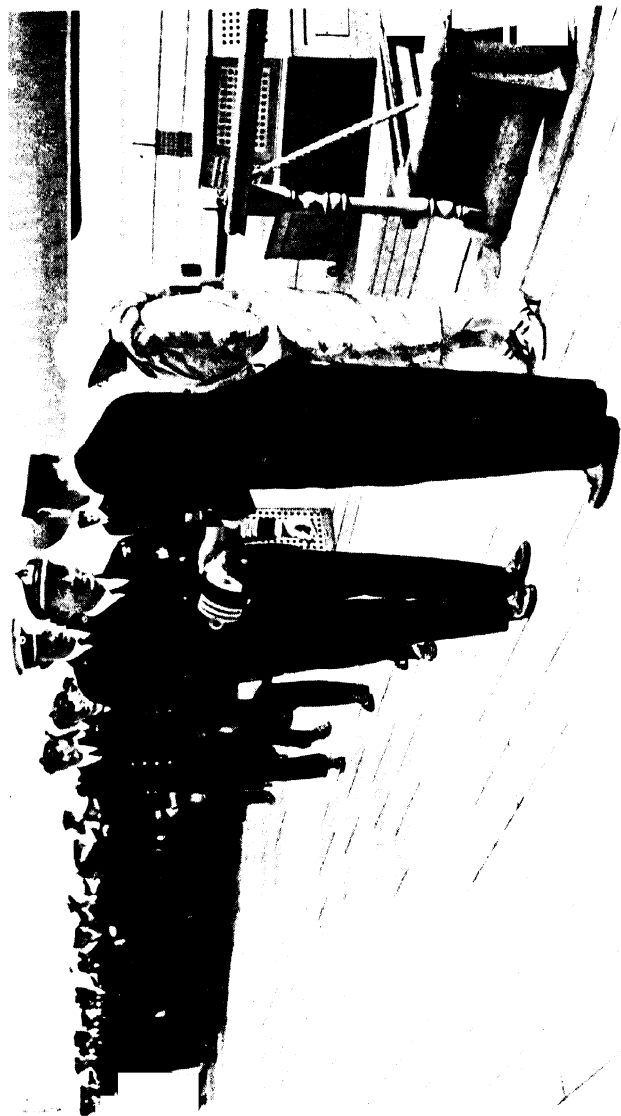
Instructor Lieutenant-Commander A. E. Hall, "Schoolie" to all who knew him, found time between satisfying the aching maws of midshipmen avid for further instruction to act as Mess Secretary and be in the forefront of the battle whenever detail and organization were called for.

Finally, there was Pay-Lieutenant-Commander H. A. Gibbons, who to his very many duties as the executive officer, so to speak, of the Paymaster's Department, cheerfully accepted the added duties of impresario, and "produced" not only the Cabaret in the middle of the Pacific Ocean but various other entertainments, all excellent of their kind, which the ship's company, whose talent was varied and commendable, gave at intervals during the cruise.

To "list" the lieutenants, sub-lieutenants and midshipmen, whose cheery presence and ever-ready help in all emergencies was so very much appreciated, and to award each his due meed of praise, would be to extend the limits

of this chapter to inordinate lengths. Ashore or afloat they were equally of value, equally "on their toes" to fulfil their naval or their social obligations. And the word "social" suggests anew one of the most important, as it was one of the most exacting, duties of "Guns." It was his task before every port and during every stay in port to see that the invitations, which arrived on board in shoals, were properly accepted. It was a real business, too, for, very naturally, everybody was anxious to have as guests the officers of the *Renown*, and there were comparatively few "to go round." There must have been hundreds of such invitations to arrange for, and the thorough way it was done by "Guns" was worthy of all admiration. That feeling was only equalled by the similar emotion evoked by the way in which ward-room and gun-room responded to the call on their health and strength, for it must have been a continual strain in ports where a long stay was made to keep up the pressure of weeks of late nights and very early mornings. Australian and New Zealand hospitality is proverbial, and it transcended anything else of its kind on this cruise. It can only be said that the response of the *Renown's* officers was magnificent, and that they most richly deserved the remarks of the Duke to the ship's company on the final day on board, that they had done more than their share to make the cruise a success. He thanked them all warmly for the way in which they had worked to that end.

Nor must it be forgotten that the "troops" themselves as well as their officers are entitled to the heartiest praise for the way they conducted themselves throughout. It was with a record almost unblemished, so far as crime is concerned, that the tour was conducted and completed; it was with a feeling that they were personally concerned with the success of the tour that the whole of them, from the commissioned warrant officers to the marine drummer-boys or the ship's buglers, strove, day in, day out, to do



*Photo: Central News Lab.*

BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF H.M.S. RENOWN.



their best in whatever state of life they found themselves. No wonder that the Duke in his farewell speech congratulated and thanked them. But there was, as Captain Sullivan pointed out in his reply, another side to the question. The unfailing consideration of the Duke and Duchess for the comfort and convenience of the ship's company made them all the more eager to return the compliment. Never were they called on to perform duties where such would interfere even with their meal hours, if such duties could by any means be dispensed with, especially if they concerned the ceremonial connected with the leaving or arriving on the ship of T.R.H. The Duke, as a naval officer, made himself personally acquainted with the conditions under which the crew lived; the Duchess was no less ready to interest herself in their well-being. With that sort of happy spirit permeating the ship the perfect harmony which prevailed came as a matter of course.

Apart from that harmony, however, something far greater emanated from the cruise. It would seem, indeed, that the good-fellowship on the ship reflected itself on shore—as indeed it did, so soon as ever the fascinating personalities of the Duke and Duchess manifested themselves. Throughout the whole of the tour ashore, as on the cruise afloat, the same spirit of complete harmony existed. In the six months between the departure from and arrival at Portsmouth, some forty thousand land and sea miles were covered. Many diverse places were visited, many different communities met, many million people encountered. Those places, those communities, those people were as apart in their politics as they were distant from each other. Yet from first to last there was not one discordant note struck. Their Royal Highnesses have put a girdle round the earth, and in so doing have linked up the Empire once more with an unbreakable thread, compound not only of loyalty to the Throne and House of Windsor, but also of real personal affection to their own most charming selves. The tour finished, as it



began, in a blaze of enthusiasm. That enthusiasm may have begun as a tribute to Throne and Empire. It progressed from point to point as a token of undying friendship for the two young representatives of that Throne, a friendship which means so much more than lip-service, goes so much deeper than the mere "flag-wagging" of the easy patriotism of a generation ago. It finished in London in an outburst of loyalty which, consciously or not, was a living expression of thanks for a work well done, an Embassy of Empire brought to full fruition.





